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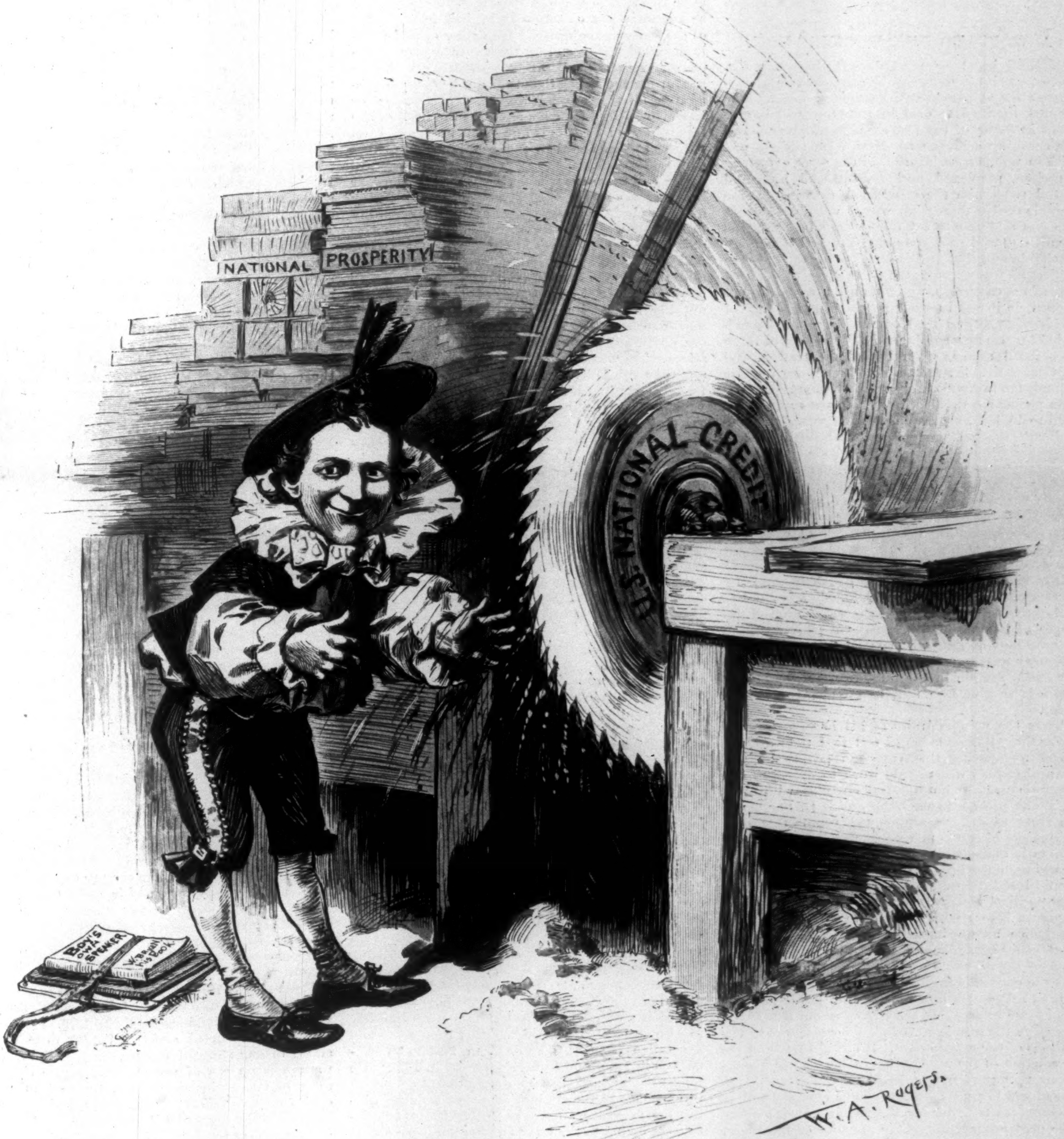
NATIONAL PROSPERITY
U.S. NATIONAL CREDIT
BOY'S OWN SPEAKER
W. BRYAN HIS BOOK
W. A. Rogers.

MONKEYING WITH A "BUZZ-SAW."

LITTLE WILLIE: "I GUESS I'LL STOP IT!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.
For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

A WORD TO THE WORKING-MEN.

THERE has been a significant change in Mr. Bryan's utterances as he proceeded on his hot chase after votes across the country. At first he seemed inclined to deal in something like argument in favor of the free coinage of silver. But the crushing criticism his New York address met with in public speeches and in the press evidently surprised, perplexed, and disheartened him, and forced upon him the conclusion that in his case argumentative discussion would not do. He has had less and less to say about the silver panacea for all our real and pretended ills, and it is a remarkable fact that in his letter of acceptance the subject of free coinage, the great issue of the first part of the campaign, was not only not elaborately argued, as it was in their letters of acceptance of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart, but was hardly alluded to. He now confines himself more and more to spiteful attacks upon the administration, and especially Mr. Carlisle, and to incendiary appeals intended to make his hearers believe that the American people are divided into two great camps—the well-to-do, led by grasping "syndicates," unscrupulous "money-changers," and tyrannical "monopolists," called the "money power," endeavoring to impoverish and enslave the people, on the one hand, and the bread-winners, the "toiling masses," on the other; and these toiling masses he summons to a general uprising to accomplish their emancipation under his leadership. The manner in which he purposes to accomplish this emancipation is not clearly defined. He indicates only a few practical points, such as, aside from the debasement of the currency, the subjection of the judiciary to the will of the popular majority, the destruction of the power of the national government to protect the enforcement of general laws against local revolutionary attempts, the restoration of the scandalous spoils system in the public service, and other methods to give free rein to the elements of disorder.

Thus the principal aim of his harangues is to make the "toiling masses" feel that the different classes composing the American people are not natural friends who should work together for the common welfare, but natural enemies who must fight one another to the bitter end. In one word, he seeks to destroy among the people that consciousness of common interests and common ends which is indispensably necessary to the peaceable working, indeed to the very existence, of democratic institutions. This is a novel experience in our political history. We have indeed had demagogues before who resorted to appeals to class prejudice as an incidental means of agitation. But never before have we had the division of the people according to class and condition into two hostile camps, brought forward as the principal issue of a Presidential election; and never have we had to apprehend that the victory of one side would result in the overthrow of all the conservative traditions of the government. It has always been the prediction of the unbelievers in democratic institutions that government based upon universal suffrage would perish by the poorer classes banding themselves together for the purpose of despoiling the prosperous through the exercise of the power of the majority. For the first time in our history an attempt is now made on a large scale in this direction, putting that theory to a practical test.

The question for the laboring-men of the country to decide is whether they as citizens and voters will lend themselves to such an attempt. No fair-minded person will find fault with them for making any legitimate effort to better their condition. It has happened more than once that when they sought to enforce righteous demands against unfair treatment at the hands of selfish employers, public opinion among the well-to-do stood actively on their side and helped them to success. They found friends in quarters where they least expected them. And even now if the free coinage of silver offered them any advantages promising to ameliorate their lot, the question of their interest would be considered with sympathetic respect. But free coinage offers them no such advantage. On the contrary, it has been shown to them with a clearness so conclusive as effectually to silence all contradiction, that free coinage will inevitably result in robbing them of half the value of their laboriously accumulated savings, in grievously curtailing the purchasing power of their wages, and in bringing on a business paralysis which will throw untold thousands of them upon the streets, and render more precarious than ever the employment of those of them still kept at work. Every sensible man among them will therefore have to admit that their interests as wage-earners would not only not be advanced but disastrously injured by a victory of the free-coinage cause. If in spite of this clearly demonstrated certainty the working-men of the country still adhere to that cause, they will give reason for the belief that they are bent upon promoting all the mischievous tendencies more or less avowed by the demagogues at the head of the free-coinage movement, and that they are even willing to sacrifice their material interests to that end.

We call upon the working-men well to consider how extremely grave a matter this is. If they as a class put themselves in an attitude threatening to the safe working of our democratic institutions and to the general peace and order of society, they will soon find that they have at stake far more even than the value of their savings and the purchasing power of their wages. They certainly can gain nothing by arraying themselves against the conservative forces of society, and by thus arraying the conservative forces of society against themselves. These conservative forces are very strong, and they would be found stronger than ever when forced to act in self-defence. It would be very unwise for the working-men to forget that much of the progress they have made in well-being, as well as in power, has been owing, not to their own skill or strength alone, but to the sincere sympathy they met with among other classes. The history of their strikes will teach them that, as a rule, when a strike was countenanced by public opinion it succeeded, and when public opinion disapproved it, it failed. It is to be hoped that the working-men of the United States will not underestimate the value of that public opinion. They can easily preserve its sympathy and favor by showing in an emergency like the present that they have as just an appreciation as the rest of the people of the communion of interests which is required to bind democratic society together. They would certainly turn that public opinion in a dangerous degree against themselves if, in flagrant disregard of their own obvious interests, they showed themselves capable of following the leadership of demagogues or fanatics who have nothing to offer them but wild schemes of disorder and spoliation.

MORE MONEY NOT DEMANDED.

As Mr. Bryan continues his oratorical journeyings it is becoming more and more impossible to believe him honest. He has made a good many more than a hundred speeches, and in every one of them there is some misstatement of fact that a little investigation would have corrected, or that common honesty would have avoided. The other day, at Charlotte, North Carolina, Mr. Bryan conveyed a bold falsehood by means of a half-truth which he had employed before. He was insisting upon the necessity of more money, and he quoted from the document recently prepared under the direction of Secretary Carlisle to show that there has been a decrease in the total amount of money in circulation. He said truly that the circulation has fallen from $1,660.000,000 in 1894 to $1,601,000,000 in 1895, and to $1.506,000,000 in 1896. He might have added that the total amount of money in existence in the country has been reduced, during the same time, from $2,420.000,000 to $2,345,000,000, owing to the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law. If he had dealt honestly with his audience he would have given both sets of figures, which are to be found in the same table of Mr. Carlisle's document. If he had treated the statistics intelligently, he would have pointed out that while the amount of money in circulation had diminished by the sum of $154,000,000, the amount in existence had diminished only $75,000,000; and that while the amount of money in the country was less for each person by $2 53, the amount in actual use was less by $3 18. He would have further called attention to the fact that money circulates in obedience to the demands of business. Possibly he does not know this, for he seems to be unaware of the fundamental truth about money, that it is a mere measure of value, and that when it is actually in use it is simply a tool for the facilitation of exchange. But not only in this year 1896, but in every year since 1800, as appears in the document from which Mr. Bryan quoted, there has been more money in the country than the business of the country has been able to employ. Since Congress began to legislate "for silver," this difference has increased until in 1896 there is the enormous sum of $839,000,000 more than is demanded for the conduct of business, the carrying on of commerce, of manufactures, of transportation lines, of all the enterprises in which capital and labor are jointly interested. This sum ready for employment, but uncalled-for, is equal to $11 76 for every person in the country, estimating the population at 71,390,000.

But the mendacity of Mr. Bryan goes further. He complains that the "crime" against the circulation was committed in 1873, and that it is since then that the country has suffered from having too little money. It is perfectly well known that the country has not suffered during all of this period, but that, on the contrary, it enjoyed prosperity from 1880 to 1890, and, indeed, until the silver agitation which produced Mr. Bryan, the panic of 1893, and other evils became violent. But the very table from which Mr. Bryan made his misleading quotation refutes Mr. Bryan's assertion that we are suffering from a money famine. It shows that in 1873, the year when the fancied "crime" was committed, there was in existence in this country money to the amount of $774,445,000. Of this sum $751,881,000 was in circulation. Therefore since 1873 there has been an increase to the amount of $1,570,555,000 in the money in existence, and an increase of circulation by the amount of $754,119,000. Mr. Bryan also asserted in the Charlotte speech that the money of the country has not kept pace with the population of the country. Again the very table from which Mr. Bryan quoted shows this statement to be an untruth. In 1873 the amount of money in the country per capita was $18 58, while the amount of money per capita in 1896 is $32 86. Therefore not only has the increase of money kept pace with the increase of population, but in 1896 there are nearly two dollars for each person in the country where there was one dollar in 1873.

The advocates of the quantitative theory of money have had their way since 1878, much to the damage of the business interests of the Union. The amount of money in existence has been more than trebled, while business is demanding only double the sum that was in circulation twenty-three years ago. In 1872, the year before the "crime" was committed, business was employing nearly all the money in the country, but the makers of money, who, like Mr. Bryan, think that the more the better, have gone on adding to the stock of money, until now, as we have pointed out, we have $839,000,000 more than we are using.

Another fact that Mr. Bryan neglected to mention is that the increase in the amount of money has evidently had no connection whatever with the condition of business. The panic of 1873 was followed by nearly seven lean years. Hard times were upon the country, but in 1879 the amount of money in the country had increased from $774,445,000, the sum in existence in 1873, to $1,051,000,000. During the same time the per capita employment of money had decreased from $18 04 to $16 75. In 1877 it was down to $15 58, and in 1878 to $15 32. Here is evidence that ought to enlighten even Mr. Bryan, that however much the amount of money may be increased, business will use only what it needs.

From 1873 to 1879, then, business was in distress, yet the amount of money at its command, though not employed by it, increased. In 1879, specie payments were resumed, and $245,741,000 in gold was added to our store of money. Business revived, there was an era of prosperity, and the employment of money increased until the sum used per capita reached $24 44. Then came the silver agitation and the fears that it engendered, and the use of money decreased until, this year, only $21 10 per capita is employed.

This is the true story of money that is told by the table which Mr. Bryan misrepresented: First, that business uses only the amount of money which it needs; second, that the increase in the amount of money in this country has been much greater than the increase of population; third, that we have now a vast sum of money in excess of the needs and demands of business.

MR. JOHN BOYD THACHER'S SITUATION.

Mr. John Boyd Thacher is evidently very anxious to be Governor of New York, and we believe that as a State executive he would be a capable man. But his ambition has had an ill effect upon his ethics; and in the interest of sound morality, and as an example to the young who may be misled by his curious mental processes, as well as for the good of the country, Mr. Thacher must be defeated, if Tammany does not succeed in compelling his withdrawal.

After his nomination he appeared to be troubled by the fear that somebody would misunderstand his position on the currency question. He therefore did something that, so far as we recollect, is entirely without precedent. He wrote a letter addressed to Elliot Danforth, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, in which he announced his opposition to the principles of the party that had nominated him, and his intention to vote for the national ticket which it preferred and endorsed. He said that he wanted to set himself right before the delegates who had nominated him, and who might desire to change their minds if they knew his inward sentiments. Mr. Thacher, however, was rather late for this purpose. The convention had acted and had adjourned. He was a candidate for its nomination, and during its session, so Sheehan and others asserted, he was frequently communicated with through the telephone by anxious inquirers. Probably if the convention had been told by Mr. Thacher, with all the frankness of his post-convention letter, that he still looked upon Bryan's principles as hostile to the nation's honor, although, in consideration of the gubernatorial nomination, he would vote for those who would put them in practice, the convention would have refused to enter into such a strange compact. The truth is, we fear, that Mr. Thacher remained silent while the convention was in session because he had a gnawing ambition to be a candidate; and that he wrote his letter in order to avert the contempt which he knew would be visited upon him by sound-money Democrats for whom he spoke at the June convention.

Mr. Thacher, in his letter, excuses his turpitude by saying:

> "I have learned from the fathers, and in turn have endeavored to teach, that the Democratic party is a vehicle to carry the will of the people into effect. Such a vehicle is constructed with difficulty, but is easily destroyed. Failure now and then to perform absolutely satisfactory service will not justify the utter destruction of the vehicle. It was not constructed to bear one burden, but many and various burdens. When the financial burden is finally disposed of, the people will still employ the Democratic party to support their purposes and to carry them into effect. When they do thus employ that party, I, for one, do not want it to be shattered and dismembered, but to be strong, united, and efficient. Therefore I shall cast my vote for William Jennings Bryan and Arthur Sewall, the candidates in due and regular form chosen by a majority of that convention."

Mr. Thacher is a victim, or seeks to make others victims, of a confusion of thought produced by the metaphor habit. He is wedded to the idea that the Democratic party is a wagon, that it is a good strong wagon, and that after this campaign it can be cleaned and repaired and be as good as ever. He said in his speech in June, "A political party, after all, is *only* a vehicle to carry principles into effect." This was another view of the character of this vehicle, but the repeated employment of the figure of speech shows how strong the habit is upon him.

Now for the benefit of the young who may be captivated by Mr. Thacher's poetic politics, it ought to be said that the Democratic party is not a vehicle, or mechanical in any way, or even essential. It is, or ought to be, a body of men who act together to carry out certain political principles. When the organization denies those principles, no honest man who continues to believe in them can longer remain a member of the party. He must go out and join those who do not deny the old faith, but who continue to uphold it and contend for it. In June, speaking of the financial theories adopted at Chicago, and endorsed by Sheehan's convention which nominated him at Buffalo, Mr. Thacher said: "A false view of finance is worse than false views on such a question as the tariff. [Therefore Mr. Bryan is worse than Mr. McKinley.] It affects the national credit, and touches with coarse hand the national honor."

If the man who said that in June accepts the Sheehan nomination for Governor, and votes for Mr. Bryan, he is dishonest, an enemy of the country, and therefore deserving of the contempt of every good citizen. And it is true of every professed sound-money Democrat that he is dishonest and unpatriotic if he votes for Bryan or sustains in any way the party that is trying to make him President.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE TROUBLES OF EUROPE.

Some of the English newspapers have suggested that there should be an alliance between Great Britain and the United States for the purpose of protecting the Christians of the Turkish Empire from the murderous assaults and the fearful outrages committed by the Sultan. Every humane person in this country rejoices in the rising tide of popular wrath in England and Germany against the murderous wretch whose mere presence in Europe as a sovereign is a pollution. But there is no reason why the United States should interfere to cure the sore spot. The time is evidently coming when the Christian powers will be compelled to intervene. In the mean time Great Britain is not wholly blameless for the position in which she finds herself. If she must wait upon the assent of the powers before she can put a stop to the murder of Armenians, it is in consequence of a treaty that her statesmen made for the purpose of preventing the southern advance of barbarous Russia. And if the powers do not give their assent, it is clear that any intervention by Great Britain, either alone or in alliance with the United States or any other power, will result in a terrible European war.

Sir Charles Dilke has thus forcibly set forth this phase of the situation:

> "Intervention at Constantinople by force would mean forcing a passage through the Dardanelles, an operation which can be successfully carried through by her Majesty's Mediterranean fleet, but probably not without heavy loss, and possibly not without tremendous loss. The loss of a first-class British ironclad is equivalent, as regards our position in the world, to the absolute destruction of a French or German corps with all its guns."

If intervention is to be successful, it must be made by the powers or with their assent. If they assent, Great Britain can accomplish the desired object alone. If they do not assent, no good can be attained, and a great war will result. If they assent, the proposed alliance between the United States and Great Britain will not be necessary. If they do not assent, the proposed alliance would avail nothing, while the United States would be involved in a disastrous European war. No more dangerous "entangling alliance" was ever suggested.

IS IT OVER-EDUCATION ?

It is really calculated to give us pause that an occasional educated man should succumb to a belief that the free coinage of silver is a public panacea. Of the ordinary free-silver orator of the Bryan type we say with confidence that he is "half-baked," and we maintain that a course of four years in a good college would have saved him from the possibility of a longer detention in an asylum. But when we see graduates of Harvard, for example, and rather shining examples of the scholar in politics, fall easy victims to the craze, what are we to think?

Not only is Mr. George Fred Williams the candidate of such silver men as there may be in Massachusetts, but here it is announced that "Brooks Adams, of Quincy," will write the free-silver platform. Of Mr. George Fred Williams we have no explanation to offer, and none that is satisfactory has ever been furnished. It looks like a pure aberration. It may, indeed, be suggested that Mr. Williams's emotions have always tended to overflow his judgment, and that he has been betrayed through his sympathies, like Mr. St. John, the martyred bank president. But this is not answering the question; it is only putting it in a new form. And, upon the whole, we shall have to abandon Mr. Williams to the psychologists as too much for the plain people.

The case of Mr. Brooks Adams seems to be simpler. He appears to show simply the excess of an inborn tendency. Though hereditarily hard-headed, he is hereditarily eccentric, and in politics, as in steam-engines, an eccentric is a crank. One of his hereditary eccentricities is the fondness for unpopularity, which was exhibited in a very good cause by his immediate ancestor almost fifty years ago. No Adams has ever been accused of courting popularity, and it is credible that in some member of the family the fondness for unpopularity should become a passion and a disease. Of course Mr. Brooks Adams would be a gold-standard man in Wyoming or Mississippi, not so much because it was right as because it was inexpedient. In the same way he rejoices in the advocacy of free silver in the environs of Boston, and almost under the shadow of Harvard. If this be not the explanation of him, we know not what it is; and we know of no explanation of the free-silver literates in general unless it be that of the Duke of Wellington; "That man is intolerable because he has been educated beyond his capacity."

WHO WOULD SUFFER MOST?

There have been countries where the rich have been comfortable and the poor wretched. France had come to be such a country when the revolution broke out there a little more than a century ago. There have also been countries where there was nearly enough of the comforts of life to go around, and where the great majority of the population found the material ingredients of human happiness within their reach. The United States has been such a country most of the time since it became a nation, and if it is not quite such a country to-day, it expects to be so once more as soon as the effects of temporary follies and errors have passed away.

What has never been known on earth is a country where the poor are comfortable and happy while the rich are wretched. There is no record in history of such a land as that. Religion can conceive of it; indeed there are a good many people who have a lively expectation of reaching some such place some time, but it will not be on this earth or in this life. The rule here is that where there is suffering which is due to the lack of material commodities or to unfavorable material conditions, the poor get a deal the worst of it.

There is a sentiment, which is more or less prevalent in this country this year, and which is being carefully cultivated by some dishonest politicians, that the derangement of business and the collapse of credit which would follow the triumph of the free-silver party would help the poor by the same process by which it hurt the rich. If it did it would do what is contrary to all human experience. It would undoubtedly do permanent harm to many well-to-do people, whose holdings would be wrested from them by the exigencies of panic, but in the end the people who would suffer most would be the poor, who would feel the effects of bad times first and longest, and the people who would profit most would be shrewd rich men with ready money to buy, very cheap, property which their poorer brethren could not hold. The men who profit by a wreck are the men who can drag in the wreckage. The men—outside of the silver-mine owners—who would eventually profit most by silver coinage are rich men, most of whom are fighting silver coinage with all their might. The men who would suffer most from it are the wage-earners—the men whom Debs and Altgeld and Bryan himself are trying to array against honest money.

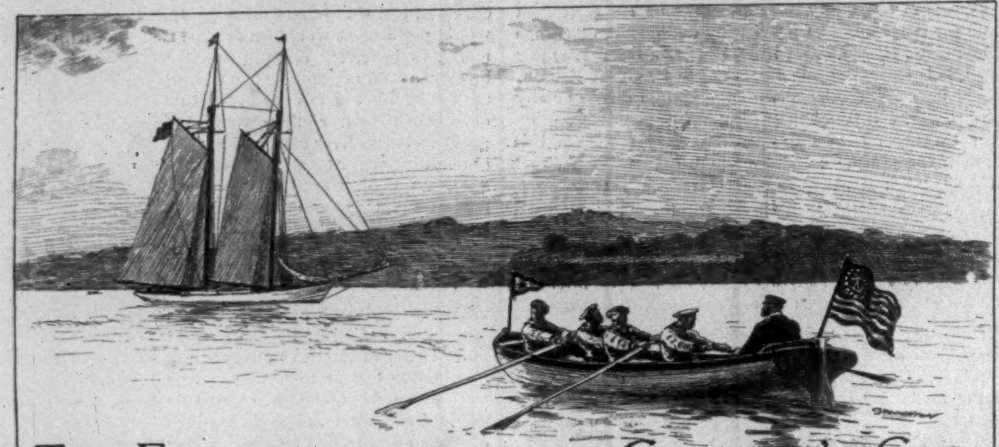
EL BRYAN.

The religious sheik Mohammed Ahmed, who styled himself El Mahdi and ruled the Dervishes, was wont to say, "Drink of the river of my words, and that will be of inestimable benefit to you"; and again, "I destroy this world," he would admit, coupling therewith the assertion, "I construct the world to come." Without the aid of party organization or any of the ordinary methods employed in political campaigns, scorning all suggestions made to him by veterans in past campaigns, laughing at friendly intimations that he might be carrying the sentimental idea too far, he informed those leaders who called upon him and offered their advice that he was not looking to them for help, but that he had implicit faith in his own success, and that he was the chosen of the people. He declared that he was leading the cause of the Sudanese, and would follow his own convictions and own ideas as to how the contest should be waged. And it will be remembered that El Mahdi's fanaticism found favor and acceptance—among the Arabs and Blacks in Central Africa. But a similar attitude assumed by Mr. Bryan towards the managers at the Popocratic headquarters in Washington last week caused the said managers, in the language of a contemporary, to "institute lodges of sorrow to consider the many difficulties and disappointments that have come upon them." A minor consequence of El Mahdi's campaign was that the deportment of Dervishes, marked, when under stress of excitement, by whirling and howling symptoms, has become a byword among civilized nations.

ADMIRERS OF THE ENGLISH.

There is said to be an increasing number of Americans who believe that the British get much better government for their money than we do. Most of us have been used to look upon the American who does not think his own land the most favored on earth and his own government the best as a freak of nature at whom it was commendable to cast a missile if one happened to be at hand and not in use. We still regard him somewhat in that way, but nowadays he dodges our missile, and not only goes on thinking as before, but presumes to talk back at us. When we reproach him he tells us that property in England is more secure than here; that the laws are better enforced; that better order is kept; that the standard of honesty is higher and better lived up to, and other such things. He usually knows where our shoe pinches, both from experience and because he reads the American newspapers, which certainly make no effort to hide the national sins or extenuate our shortcomings. So also he knows to some extent the American people, though not so thoroughly but that he is always ready to exaggerate their faults and minimize their virtues. Whether he knows as much as he thinks he does about folks and affairs in the United Kingdom is doubtful. His Englishman is usually an ideal person, and Utopia seems to have contributed almost as much as England to his notion of English life. He does not wear British shoes, and he seems to think they never pinch. If he talked more with wise Britishers, or even read an English newspaper with some regularity, he would probably be less certain that the ills he knows are so much worse than those he seems to want to fly to.

It is not well for us to be too impatient with our brother who admires the English so much and the Americans so little. Oftentimes he is absurd, but in a good many particulars he is right, and even such of his convictions as are not well grounded may be useful to us if we take them in a tolerant spirit. Comparisons may be odious, but they are often instructive. We should be much more grateful than we are at all likely to be to persons who take the trouble to travel abroad and find out wherein our contemporaries beat us. An American may think the English superior to the Americans and still be a sound patriot, whose zeal for the correction of his country's faults matches his candor in proclaiming them. Such a one we can respect, even when we doubt the accuracy of his diagnoses. The fellow we do not respect is the American who damns his country's politics, curses her morals, is disgusted with her manners, and thinks his whole duty as a citizen is accomplished when he spends all his time and the income her industries provide him with in promoting his personal comfort and pleasure at home and abroad. The man who tries to do his duty as a citizen and as a member of society has a right to criticise his government, and is respectable even when he grumbles; but citizens who won't do their share of the governing have no right to complain of the government that they get. Fat birds who dare not migrate, and simply roost with the American eagle for safety's sake, ought not to caw. The proper example for them is that offered by the wart, which lives without exertion, and is often conspicuous by its position, but has nothing to say, and is abundantly satisfied with mere toleration.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE CAPTAIN'S GIG

FASHION after all has her fair side. She makes some people ape others, to be sure, but if she makes them ape others in a good cause she is as good a reformer as any one else, and we should, of course, give the devil his due. The fashion of the bicycle is leading men and women to take healthy physical exercise who otherwise would not exercise at all. In so far that fad or fashion deserves our approbation.

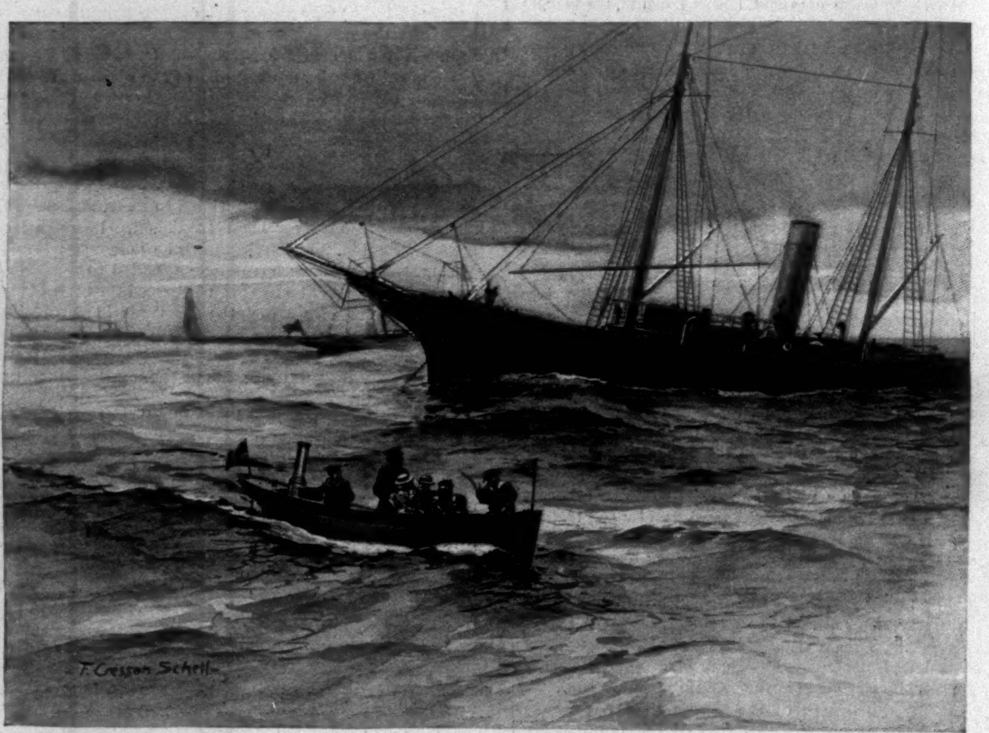
In like manner amateur athletics within the last ten years, encouraged by Fashion, have grown and thrived.

One branch of amateur sport that Fashion has had an enormous influence in extending is yachting, and many a worried millionaire's head has been kept on his shoulders by his ability to escape from telegrams and to go down to the sea in yachts—to say nothing of the others, the commonplace mortals, who are able to go off at the invitation of the millionaire, or in small-boats of their own. Twenty years ago boats like *Shadow*—centreboard sloops of small measurement—were the only yachts except the few big schooners. The owners themselves sailed them in cruises and races, and they carried small crews only for help. Nor were there many *Shadows* at that in America. Now look at *Valiant*, *Defender*, *Ramona*, *Colonia*, and thousands of others! It was not for want of money that we did not have them before, because some people had money even twenty years ago. It has all been done by this same Fashion; to her again thanks are due, because she has started and is keeping up a healthy sport that deserves to live and to stand on its own feet. The growth of the sport is a byword, of course. *Shadow*, *Puritan*, *Defender*, with all the intermediate steps, make a wonderful procession. So do the queer old steam-launches and other steam-yachts down to *Valiant*. The growth has been so rapid that to-day you may see in any fleet half a dozen steam-yachts, built ten years ago, now pulled out like a stick of candy with twenty feet added amidships. They have been outgrown before they grew old.

All this is common talk by day and night, but a little detail of it has not so often been considered, though it is by no means the least interesting. This is the development of the yacht's small-boat. Indeed, during the last five years it has been more interesting to watch the development of the small-boat than that of the mother yacht, for the former's history shows a change from one method of locomotion to another up through a comparatively extensive scale, while the yacht is still propelled either by sail or steam. There seems to be a chance in the future that the child may become the father of the man, as some recent successful experiments seem to demonstrate the practicability of using these other means of locomotion in yachts as auxiliary power to assist their owners in keeping to such things as office hours, and for defence against such *contretemps* as calms.

When the yacht in common use was between thirty and forty feet over all, naturally the small-boat could be no very extensive affair. Thus, twenty years ago there was no demand for anything very unusual in that line. When these thirty-foot yachts were the common type, yachtsmen could run in close to dock, landing-stage, or shore, and to row the remaining distance in a dinghy was no man-killing affair. On the arrival of the day when *Valiant* was born the certainty of often being unable to get within five or even ten miles of land brought up a doubt as to whether even fancy-priced able seamen could stand the strain; and thus the demand for launches and small-boats run by some labor-saving power grew with the increasing size of the yacht. The bigger yacht could carry a bigger boat, and needed one that ran by some power other than an ash breeze. Here were two reasons quite sufficient to start people making something new. *Shadow* and her type carried two boats, a gig and a dinghy. *Valiant*, if she likes, can carry half a dozen long-boats, cutters, gigs, and dinghies, and then add a naphtha-launch, an electric launch, and a half-rater. And the average schooner to-day carries a cutter, a gig, a dinghy, and either a naphtha or an electric launch.

This small-boat growth has been very recent. In fact it has only begun. But it is an interesting growth to any one who knows boating, or who is interested in evolution of any kind. Of course there is something saddening in watching the long-boat with its navy stroke disappear. There is always something sad in seeing humanity give place to machinery; but, on the other hand, it is progressive and modern, and cannot fail to call forth its due amount of credit and admiration. There used to be the little ceremony of entering the cutter or gig as the four men sat upright in the boat lying at the starboard gangway. First the guests boarded her, and then the owner—"treasurer" some wicked people call him nowadays—stepped into his seat. The private signal aft was set in place, and the commands, "Oars apeak," "Let fall," and "Give way," put the men through their pretty movement of raising the oars perpendicularly and then letting them fall into their oar-locks. There was a good deal of big blue sailor collar and gold and so on, and there was something impressive in the long stroke and the style of the whole thing as one came up to the landing.



NAPHTHA-LAUNCH.

Early in the eighties there was no such thing as a yacht's small-boat other than one propelled by oars.

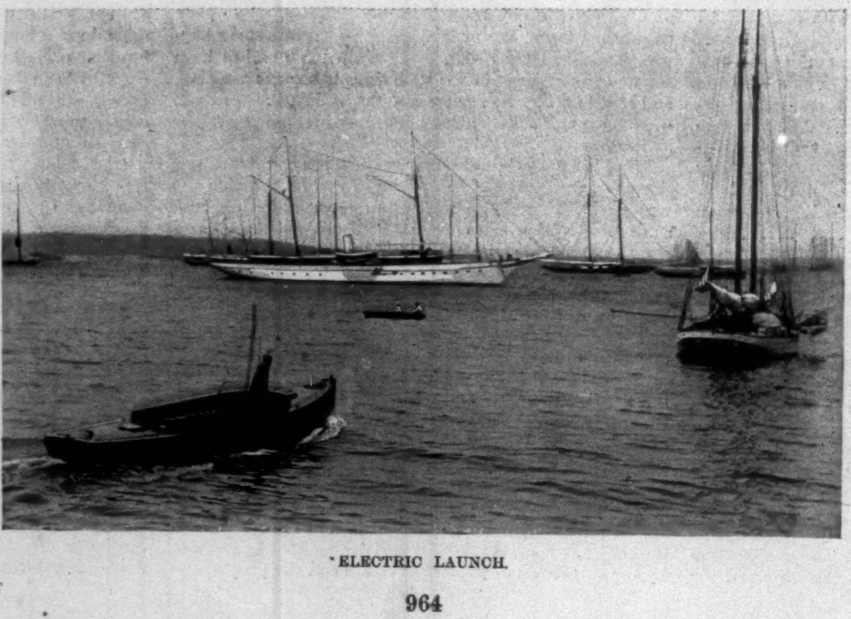
Occasionally in the next few years there were to be seen here and there small steam-launches, but they never came into use in a large way. Steam-launches are still found on *Electra*, *Valiant*, *Nourmahal*, and a few other English-built yachts, but their use is very limited compared with that of the naphtha-launches. They were dirty, hot, smoky, and very heavy to haul up on the davits. The machinery took up a large portion of the available room, and the best portion at that. If steam is to be used at all the boat must be large enough to permit an engine-room and a deck, or portion of a deck, above it. The steam-launch therefore has not had much luck, except where speed is required, such as in despatch-boats, and for what are sometimes called pleasure-trips on rivers and small bays.

When steam was practically demonstrated to have certain disadvantages for small-boat locomotion, the constantly increasing demand for something that would go faster than Jack could send his gig caused somebody to hit on the idea of naphtha locomotion. Naphtha did smell, to be sure, but it did not smoke and it was not heavy. It was of small bulk, and the engine required might be small, and of brass besides. This was somewhere about 1886, and the yacht *Dauntless*, whose name will go down to history for other reasons than this, was the first boat in America to swing one from her davits.

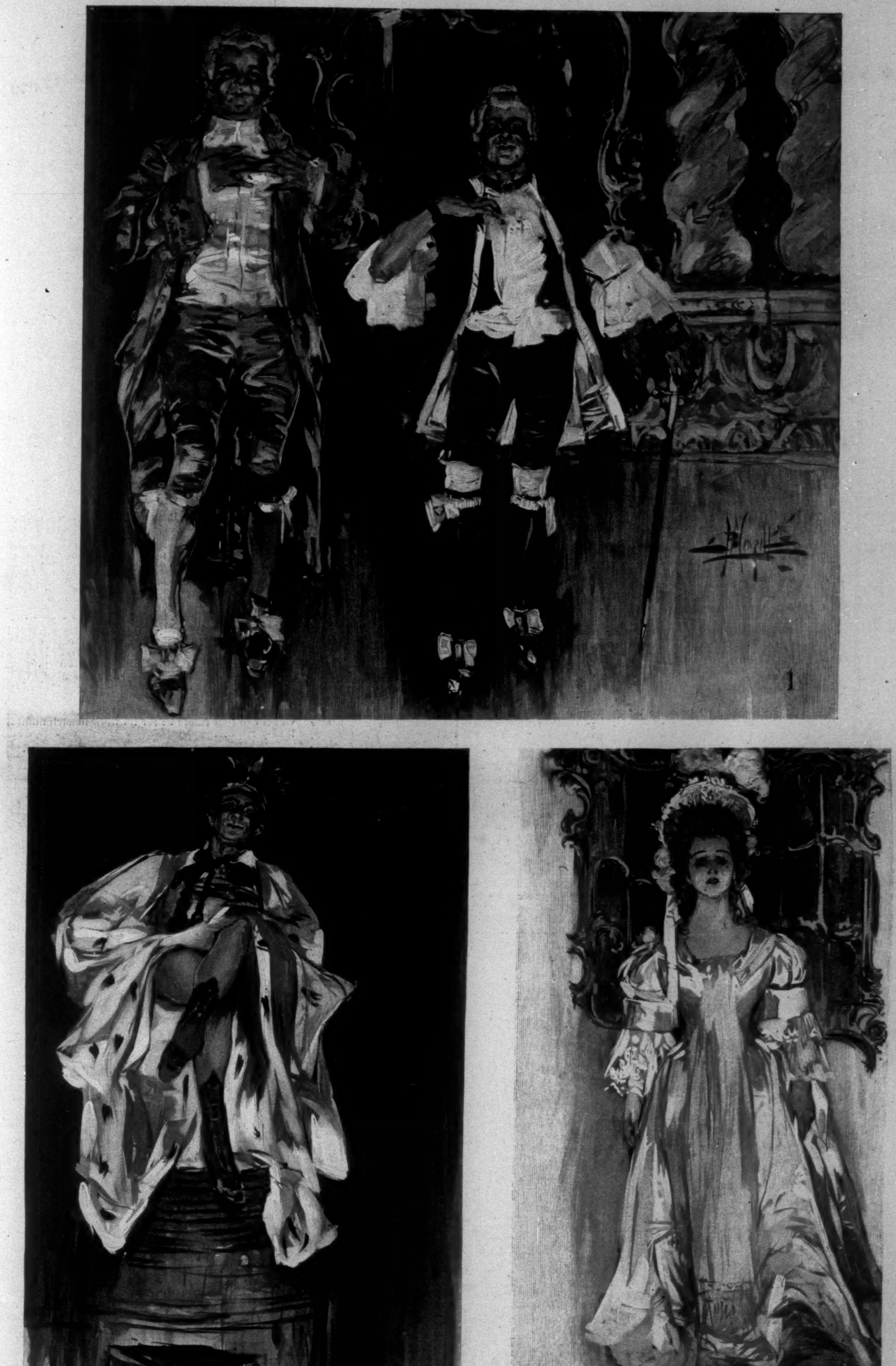
This boat measured 18 feet over all. She was of a somewhat bulkier model than even a ship's boat, with a small deck forward and aft, and the little naphtha-stove and chimney placed as far aft as it would go—a boat, in fact, much like the naphtha-launch of to-day. This, by-the-way, is a criticism on the genius of the men who model these boats. Ten years have passed and not a line changed in the stubby, fat crafts that they make. It is time now that some change of model was made in these boats to give them as graceful lines as the captain's gig, or as nearly so as possible. Still, it is now the exception when one sees a 100-foot yacht without one. While the launch is being lowered from her davits the man in charge lights up, and by the time she is in the water, say after three minutes, the power is ready, and he can run to the gangway almost as quickly—more quickly, probably—than a boat could be rowed round the stern. When the landing is made at the float, out goes the flame.

There was room for improvement, however, even in this growth of the small-boat, and that improvement—the most modern of all—began in 1893, first appearing to practical eyes at the World's Fair. This was the electric launch, which in many ways is the most attractive as well as the most extraordinary affair of its kind that one can imagine. It was made possible by the invention of the storage battery. Nothing appears to the view but a wheel for steering purposes at the forward end of the cockpit, which has attached to it a smaller wheel. And yet the craft runs through the water at from five to fourteen miles an hour. Under the flooring of the cockpit are fifty or sixty storage batteries, and by a quarter turn of the small wheel a speed of five miles an hour is worked off the end of the propeller. Another quarter turn increases the speed; another adds a knot or two more; and the fourth gives a velocity of twelve or fourteen miles an hour—for short spurts only, however.

There are disadvantages in the electric launch that must be overcome before she will be really available as a yacht's small-boat. In the first place, although there is no engine to look out for, there is the necessity of recharging the batteries after they have run about a hundred miles, and this recharging can only be done from some electric plant. However, most steam-yachts nowadays carry an electric



ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

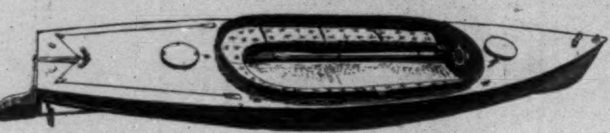


"HALF A KING" AS PERFORMED BY FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.—[SEE PAGE 982.]

1. Act II.—Francis Wilson as Tireschappe, and Peter Lang as Mistigris, "looking noble." 2. Act III.—Francis Wilson as King.
3. Act II.—Pierrette (Miss Lulu Glaser) as the Bride.

plant to light them, and the recharging can be done easily from the dynamo as the boat swings at the davits. The actual recharging itself is accomplished by attaching a wire from a dynamo to a plug switch in the boat's cockpit. This connects with the storage batteries, and it is merely a question of four or five hours' lying at a dock when this recharging will be accomplished. Another difficulty about the electric launch is the fact that an average 21-foot boat weighs about twenty-five hundred pounds, which is a heavy matter for even the largest yachts to carry over their rails.



ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

And yet certain things about the electric launch make it absolutely superior to anything that has ever been used heretofore, and not the least of these was practically demonstrated a short time ago on board the cruiser *New York*. One of the cruiser's small-boats is an electric launch. Not long ago several men fell overboard and were in imminent danger of drowning; indeed, they probably would have drowned had it not been for the electric launch, which was lowered at once, with her screw actually revolving before she struck the water, so that the moment it secured a hold on the water the boat was under way. No crew could have got under way so quickly; no naphtha-launch could have come within five minutes of moving as quickly, and the men's lives were saved by the timeliness of stored power.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IF there were any who followed me in my meanderings at a village circus several weeks ago, I wish to engage their interest for some circus performances which I saw once upon a far nobler scene, and in the light of all manner of historic and romantic associations. I do not, indeed, allow that a circus is in need of any such accessories; it is quite enough in itself, and is fully its own excuse for being; but if it has them, they are just so much to its advantage, and if I could choose now, I think I would rather see a circus in Verona than even in our village.

I.

It was in the old Roman Arena of that beautiful city that the circus events I speak of took place; and in fact I had the honor and profit of seeing two circuses there. Or, strictly speaking, it was one entire circus that I saw, and the unique speciality of another, the dying glory of a circus on its last legs, the triumphal fall of a circus superb in adversity.

The entire circus was altogether Italian, with the exception of the clowns, who, to the credit of our nation, are always Americans, or advertised as such, in Italy. Its chief and almost absorbing event was a reproduction of the tournament which had then lately been held at Rome in celebration of Prince Tommaso's coming of age, and for a copy of a copy, it was really fine. It had fitness in the Arena, which must have witnessed many such medieval shows in their time, and I am sensible still of the pleasure its effects of color gave me. There was one beautiful woman, a red blonde in a green velvet gown, who might have ridden, as she was, out of a canvas of Titian's, if he had ever painted equestrian pictures, and who at any rate was an excellent Carpaccio. Then, the "Clowns Americani" were very amusing, from a platform devoted solely to them, and it was a source of pride if not of joy with me to think that we were almost the only people present who understood their jokes. In the vast oval of the Arena, however, the circus ring looked very little, not half so large, say, as the rim of a lady's hat in front of you at the play; and on the gradines of the ancient amphitheatre we were all such a great way off, that a good field-glass would have been needed to distinguish the features of the actors. I could not make out, therefore, whether the Clowns Americani had the national expression or not, but one of them, I am sorry to say, spoke the United States language with a cockney accent. I suspect that he was an Englishman who had passed himself off upon the poor Italian management as a true Yankee, and who had formed himself upon our school of clowning, just as some of the recent English humorists have patterned after certain famous wits of ours. I do not know that I would have exposed this impostor, even if occasion had offered, for, after all, his fraud was a tribute to our own primacy in clowning, and the Veronese were none the worse for his erring aspirates.

The audience was for me the best part of the spectacle, as the audience always is in Italy, and I indulged my fancy in some cheap excursions concerning the place and people. I reflected that it was the same race essentially as that which used to watch the gladiatorial shows in that Arena when it was new, and that very possibly there were among these spectators persons of the same blood as those Veronese patricians who had left their names carved on the front of the gradines in places, to claim this or that seat for their own. In fact, there was so little difference, probably, in their qualities, from that time to this, that I felt the process of the generations to be a sort of impertinence; and if Nature had been present, I might very well have asked her why, when she had once arrived at a given expression of humanity, she must go on repeating it indefinitely? How were all those similar souls to know themselves apart in their common eternity? Merely to have been differently circumstanced in time, did not seem enough; and I think Nature would have been puzzled to answer me. But perhaps not; she may have had her reasons, as that you cannot have too much of a good thing, and that when type was so fine in most respects as the Italian you could not do better than go on repeating impressions from it.

Certainly I myself could have wished no variation from it in the young officer of *bersaglieri*, who had come down from antiquity to the topmost gradine of the Arena over against me, and stood there defined against the clear evening sky, one hand on his hip, and the other at his side, while his thin cockerel plumes streamed in the light wind. I have since wondered if he knew how beautiful he was, and I am sure that if he did not, all the women there did, and that was doubtless enough for the young officer of *bersaglieri*.

II.

I think that he was preliminary to the sole event of that partial circus I have mentioned. This event was one that I have often witnessed elsewhere, but never in such noble and worthy keeping. The top of the outer Arena wall must itself be fifty feet high, and the pole in the centre of its oval seemed to rise fifty feet higher yet. At its base an immense net was stretched, and a man in a Prince Albert coat and a Derby hat was figuring about, anxiously directing the workmen who were fixing the guy-ropes, and testing every particular of the preparation with his own hands. While this went on, a young girl ran out into the Arena, and after a bow to the spectators, quickly mounted to the top of the pole, where she presently stood in a statuesque beauty that took all eyes even from the loveliness of the officer of *bersaglieri*. Then the man in the Prince Albert coat and the Derby hat stepped back from the net, and looked up at her.

She called down, in English that sounded like some delocalized, denaturalized speech, it was so strange then and there, "Is it all right?"

He shouted back in the same alienated tongue, "Yes; keep to the left," and she dived straight downward in the long plunge, till, just before she reached the net, she turned a quick somersault into its elastic mesh.

It was all so exquisitely graceful that one forgot how wickedly dangerous it was; but I think that the brief English colloquy was the great wonder of the event for me, and I doubt if I could ever have been perfectly happy again, if chance had not amiably suffered me to satisfy my curiosity concerning the speakers. A few evenings after that, I was at that copy of a copy of a tournament, and, a few gradines below me, I saw the man of the Prince Albert coat and the Derby hat. I had already made up my mind that he was an American, for I supposed that an Englishman would rather perish than wear such a coat with such a hat, and as I had wished all my life to speak to a circus-man, I went down and boldly accosted him. "Are you a brother Yankee?" I asked, and he laughed, and confessed that he was an Englishman, but he said he was glad to meet any one who spoke English, and he made a place for me by his side. He was very willing to tell how he happened to be there, and he explained that he was the manager of a circus, which had been playing to very good business all winter in Spain. In an evil hour he decided to come to Italy, but he found the prices so ruinously low that he was forced to disband his company. This diving-girl was all that remained to him of its many attractions, and he was trying to make a living for both in a country where the admission to a circus was thirty centesimi, with fifty for a reserved seat. But he was about to give it up and come to America, where he said Barnum had offered him an engagement. I hope he found it profitable, and is long since an American citizen, with as good right as any of us to wear a Prince Albert coat with a Derby hat.

III.

There used to be very good circuses in Venice, where many Venetians had the only opportunity of their lives to see a horse. The horses were the great attraction for them, and perhaps in concession to their habitual destitution in this respect, the riding was providentially very good. It was so good that it did not bore me, as circus riding mostly does, especially that of the silk-clad jockey who stands in his high boots, on his back-bared horse, and ends by waving an American flag in triumph at having been so tiresome.

I am at a loss to know why they make such an ado about the lady who jumps through paper hoops, which have first had holes poked in them to render her transit easy, or why it should be thought such a merit in her to hop over a succession of banners which are swept under her feet in a manner to minify her exertion almost to nothing, but I observe it is so at all circuses. At my first Venetian circus, which was on a broad expanse of the Riva degli Schiavoni, there was a girl who flung herself to the ground and back to her horse again, holding by his mane with one hand, quite like the goddess out of the bathgown at my village circus the other day; and apparently there are more circuses in the world than circus events. It must be as hard to think up anything new in that kind as in romantic fiction, which circus-acting otherwise largely resembles.

At a circus which played all one winter in Florence, I saw the first time—outside of polite society—the clown in evening dress, who now seems essential to all circuses of metropolitan pretensions, and whom I missed so gladly at my village circus. He is nearly as futile as the lady-clown, who is one of the saddest and strangest developments of New Womanhood.

Of the clowns who do not speak, I believe I like most the clown who catches a succession of peak-crowned soft hats on his head, when thrown across the ring by an accomplice. This is a very pretty sight, always, and at the Hippodrome in Paris I once saw a gifted creature take his stand high up on the benches among the audience and catch these hats on his head from a flight of a hundred feet through the air. This made me proud of human nature, which is often so humiliating; and altogether I do not think that after a real country circus there are many better things in life than the Hippodrome. It has a state, a dignity, a smoothness, a polish, which I should not know where to match, and when the superb coach drives into the ring to convey the lady performers to the scene of their events, there is a majesty in the effect which I doubt if courts have the power to produce. Still, it should be remembered that I have never been at court, and speak from a knowledge of the Hippodrome only.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE erstwhile boy president of Bowdoin College must have nearly reached the age of wisdom (which Thackeray put at forty years), and his views on education, which have always been intelligent, are now entitled to the respect due to matured experience. President Hyde, in his annual report to the Bowdoin trustees, declares that the next step forward in college education will be in the direction of greater personal attention to the individual student. He thinks the weak spot now is the lack of personal contact and oversight. His ideal of college education is Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench and James Garfield at the other, and his method of approaching the realization of that ideal at Bowdoin is to employ tutors who will pay personal attention to individual students, and interest them in their work, and keep them up to it. He thinks that in the physical sciences this is largely done already in connection with laboratory work. He believes that if the study of the classics is to survive, the same intimate personal methods must be applied to it. He declares that for the majority of classical students "Latin and Greek, as taught in our colleges to-day, in spite of the earnest efforts of the able men who are teaching it, are the most enervating and debilitating mental exercise in which they engage during their entire college course"; and he adds:

> "Let these men look forward with absolute certainty to reading a considerable consecutive passage to a tutor who will insist on a thorough appreciation of the force of each Greek or Latin form and phrase, and its idiomatic and elegant equivalent in English, in a hand-to-hand encounter where no adventitious aids, whether in print or in pencil, or even hastily transcribed upon the tablets of a mere unintelligent memory, can be made to serve, and the study of Greek and Latin, from being the idle farce it is at present, will become the highly disciplinary and intensely profitable exercise it ought to be. From this time forward Greek and Latin will have to stand upon their merits in the college curriculum. Potentially the most valuable, they are actually, when required of large classes, the least valuable courses taught in colleges to-day."

These are interesting views, and fit to be considered and discussed by educators. President Hyde is evidently not content to lead his horse to water, but proposes to make him drink. It is a good intention, but of course the practical difficulties of it are considerable, even in a college which has money enough (as no college seems to have at present) to hire all the tutors it needs, and which can find tutors fit for its work in such numbers as it may require.

This is the last year in which Columbia University will do business at its Madison Avenue stand. The uptown buildings have made such progress this summer as to make it certain that enough of them will be ready for occupation a year from now to shelter the university. The new Library, the Physics Building, and Schermerhorn Hall are well advanced, and will be under cover before winter; Havemeyer Hall and the Engineering Building are under way, and the excavations for University Hall are going on as fast as men and giant-powder can drive them. No matter how the election goes, the work on Columbia will be pressed forward.

Hard times do not seem to affect Dartmouth College, which begins the year with an entering class of over 160 men. The largest previous class (last year's) numbered 132.

It is suggested that the Roman Catholics of Christendom shall subscribe a billion dollars to buy Rome and a near-by seaport for the Pope. The belief is expressed that the Italian government might sell the property without serious detriment to its political integrity, and that the money could be used to great advantage in relieving Italy of part of the burden of her public debt. It is not proposed to turn over the principal to the venders, but to place it in trust, and to pay its annual proceeds into the Italian treasury as long as the Pope remains undisturbed in the papal territory.

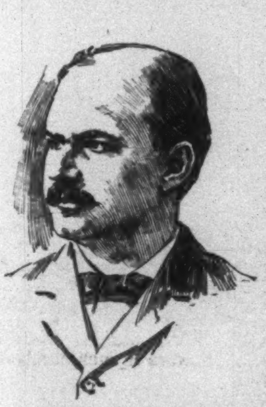
The plan is a very pretty one, and there are those who think the money might be raised, and that King Humbert's government would appreciate the advantages of such a bargain. But would Rome be the best purchase the Pope could make with the money? Chicago would take him vastly cheaper and give him port privileges on Lake Michigan, but she could not engage to make him monarch of an American township at any price. But there is Constantinople, an excellent city, where popes have lived before, full of ready-made churches built by Christians and nearly ripe now for reconsecration. Constantinople seems liable to come into the market any day. If the Pope could buy it of the Sultan that would be a deal worth subscribing to, and worth turning a page of history to record.

Mr. Stephen Crane put on his red badge of courage and appeared the other morning in Magistrate Cornell's police court to testify that the police had done wrong in arresting a young woman who had been seen to speak with him on the street. Mr. Crane assured the magistrate that the girl had been circumspect in her communications with him, had addressed no one else to the policeman's knowledge, and had done nothing illegal. Accordingly she was discharged. Mr. Crane lately occupied a seat on Magistrate Cornell's bench for several days, and observed the processes of the administration of justice. He learned, it would seem, that even New York policemen are liable to error, and also that Gotham's present police magistrates are ready to correct the errors of policemen when responsible witnesses take the trouble to appear and tell them the truth.

Mr. Henry H. Anderson, who died September 9, is missed and lamented in an unusual degree in New York.

For ten years he was president of the University Club, and was held in most affectionate consideration by its members, as also by the resident *alumni* of Williams College, of whose association he was president. A man may sometimes possess the intellectual or professional respect of his fellow-creatures without stirring them to warmer sentiments; but Mr. Anderson, besides enjoying the consideration which is naturally accorded to a lawyer of probity and distinction, inspired such cordial and friendly sentiments in his acquaintances as are only excited by men whose hearts are kind, and who sincerely like their fellow-men, and find means to show it.

Professor Élie Charlier, who died in France on September 21, was for thirty years one of the best known and most successful schoolmasters in New York. He was the son of a French Protestant clergyman, and came to New York in 1852, with letters to Editor Morse, of the *Observer*, and to Mayor James Harper. The story is that when he presented his letter to Mayor Harper, the Mayor said to him: "Young man, we in this country help ourselves. Use my name, and go ahead." He did go ahead, and began at once to give French lessons in a school for boys, to the control of which some years after he succeeded. It prospered in his hands, and grew into a very successful school in Twenty-third Street, which in turn outgrew its location, and in 1873 was moved into the fine building in West Fifty-ninth Street which was built for it, and called Charlier Institute. The building (which is now De La Salle Institute) survived the school, which thrived in it for ten years, but was given up in 1885. The building was sold in 1887, after which Professor Charlier returned to France to spend the closing years of his life.



WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JUN.

Persons who still cling to the old-fogy idea that a college education unfits a man for the practical concerns of business are invited to remark the unusually rapid progress of Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Jun., who was lately chosen to succeed Mr. Austin Corbin as president of the Long Island Railway. Mr. Baldwin is only thirty-three years old. He was born in Boston, educated at her public schools, and graduated at Harvard. After leaving college he studied law for a time, and then took a clerkship in the offices of the Union Pacific Railroad. Early in 1888 he was made division freight agent of that company at Butte, Montana, and shortly after served as general freight agent of the road at Omaha. Since then his progress has been meteoric. He has been successively general manager of the Montana Union Railroad, vice-president of the Union Pacific, general manager of the Flint and Père Marquette, and third vice-president of the Southern Railway system, and afterwards second vice-president of the same organization, from which he comes now to Long Island. His special strength is in his capacity as an organizer and in his ability to deal with railroad employés. Judging from his career, the maxim about the rolling stone seems not to apply to the railroad business, whereof, to be sure, the whole profit lies in swift and timely locomotion.

One of the many deaths attributed to the effects of the excessive heat of last August is that of Enoch Pratt, banker, merchant, and remarkable man, of Baltimore. When he died, September 17, Mr. Pratt was eighty-eight years old, but he had been in vigorous health and still active in business until his prostration by heat a few weeks before. He liked to make money and liked to have it accumulate, but at the same time was generous and public-spirited. The benefaction by which he is best known and will be longest remembered is his gift of a free public library to Baltimore. This library, with its four branches, he built (in 1882) and endowed at a cost of $1.145.833. By his will he left a sum estimated to amount to $2,000,000 for the completion and support of the Sheppard Asylum for the Indigent Insane. A condition of this bequest is that the name of the institution shall be changed to the Shepard and Enoch Pratt Hospital.

It is announced that Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, has been installed as arbitrator of two of the leading insurance companies of the United States. His predecessor was the late William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, and if, as is stated, the salary of the place is $5000 a year and the duties only occasional, the appointment is one that a busy and patriotic statesman may justly rejoice in. Republics are not so ungrateful nowadays as they seemed to be in former and poorer times. For Mr. Bryan even, it is said, there is a place waiting, a partnership in a business of unknown scope conducted by Martin Irons, late of Missouri.

Ninety-six, though a bad year for general business, was a good year for foreign missions. The treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M. reports that for the first time since August 31, 1892, the board has been able to close its business year without a debt. The board has gained credit and respect from the standing and labors of its representatives in Turkey. Most of the money sent from America for the relief of the Armenians seems to have been intrusted to the missionaries for distribution. Through the American Board alone $130,000 has been forwarded for Armenian relief.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

The report of the Royal Commission on Vaccination has just been published, and may be regarded as a complete vindication of the claims of vaccination to be prophylactic against small-pox. This gratifying result has been arrived at after years of patient labor over various lines of research. History, experience, and statistics combine in the commissioners' report to make manifest the protective influence of vaccination. It is admitted that in a certain—happily a small—proportion of the cases accidents do occur. Erysipelas and inflammation, leading sometimes even to gangrene and death, have supervened among the poorest and worst situated patients. The recommendations of the commissioners are fairly radical, and if adopted by Parliament will almost amount to an absolute reversal of the policy hitherto pursued by the Local Government Board in this matter. That policy can be summed up in two articles of faith—first, the use of arm-to-arm vaccination; second, the encouragement of public vaccinators and public vaccination stations. The bitterness which the poorer classes feel against public and compulsory vaccination is intense; so much so that magistrates can rarely be found to inflict any penalties on parents who disbelieve in it. The commissioners recommend, above all, the use of calf lymph; they advise that the doctor should go to the patient instead of the child being brought to the station, and that the State should see to it that a supply of calf lymph is within the reach of every vaccinator. These provisions, if carried out by the Legislature, will involve an entirely new organization, and the repeal of nearly the whole of the present vaccination law. The English are never in a hurry to legislate, and it will probably be at least a year before Parliament takes any steps in the matter.

S. B.

CHICAGO.

Governor Altgeld's widely heralded reply to the magnificent Chicago address of Mr. Carl Schurz was delivered to a large audience on the evening of September 20. It was probably the most ingenious defence of the policy of repudiation that will have been heard anywhere during the campaign, and one cannot read it without a certain admiration for the skill with which it conceals the sophistries of the free-silver doctrine. As compared with any of Mr. Bryan's muddled harangues, it well illustrates the difference between the art of the practised lawyer and the artifice of the ignorant shyster. There are occasional bursts of cheap rhetoric, as when the gold standard is called "the hyena that has sucked the blood of commerce and left the prostrate form of labor by the road-side," but the speaker relies mainly for his effect upon a counterfeit logic well calculated to impose upon the average unthinking mind. A few of the statements made may be quoted to illustrate the essential dishonesty of the argument: "I am warranted in asserting that these bankers know that there are scarcely $200,000,000 of gold in the entire country, including what there is in the United States Treasury." "Silver occupies the same relation to the products of the earth and to labor that it did before." "Wheat has not fallen in price any more than all other commodities; it has fallen no more than all property has fallen, has fallen no more than wages." "There is scarcely an industry, scarcely a field of production, in which such tremendous improvements have been made as in that of gold-mining." "In all of those countries [England and Germany] the distress and paralysis is even more severe than it is in our own." "The indebtedness of our country is nearly all held abroad." "There is not gold enough in all the world to pay a fractional part of the interest on our debt in gold." To suppose that Governor Altgeld, who is a man of intelligence, does not know these statements to be false is too great a strain upon the credulity even of readers who are disposed to credit him with sincerity. And yet with the falsity of these statements the entire labored argument falls to the ground.

It has always been supposed that Mrs. John H. Kinzie's *Waubun*, published in 1856, was the first Chicago novel, but the *Tribune* has recently brought to light and described a still earlier book, which is at least a novel of Chicago, although not the work of a Chicagoan. It is called *Wau-nan-gee, or the Massacre at Chicago*, and relates, like the similarly named *Waubun*, to the murder of the early settlers, in 1812, on the spot adjoining the present residence of Mr. George W. Pullman, now commemorated by a sculptured group. The date of the book is 1852, and the author one Major Richardson. An inquiry made by the *Tribune* concerning the identity of this writer has brought forth a number of letters from acquaintances and relatives. It seems that he was a British army officer who served in America for many years, and was well known in Montreal and Quebec half a century ago. He wrote a number of novels upon American themes, taking the conspiracy of Pontiac for the subject of the one most widely read. In *Wau-nan-gee* the author speaks of himself as living in Detroit, "an unformed boy of fifteen," at the time of the Chicago massacre.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

Arrangements have been made for celebrating, on October 16, at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether. Papers relating to surgery and medicine will be read by well-known practitioners of New York, Boston, and Baltimore, and a poem will be delivered by Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, after which a dinner will be served.

The saying that every man carries his character written upon his face in lines which are plain to any one who has the wit to read them was strikingly illustrated in Boston recently. A police detective, posted at one of the railroad stations where passengers from New York alight, was impressed so strongly by the expression of a certain quietly dressed man among the throng that he determined to follow him. The suspected person strolled leisurely across the Common, and going into a doorway opposite the store of a well known dealer in rugs and Turkish carpets, carefully scrutinized for a long time the building opposite to him. As the man was moving away the detective arrested him, and at the station-house there were found in his pockets keys to the door of the shop in which he had shown so much interest. He proved to be a burglar of some celebrity, whose picture is in the Rogue's Gallery, and he has since been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for vagrancy.

The fad for burying hypnotic patients alive—for the practice is assuming the proportions of a fad—may possibly be checked by what happened in Providence recently. The victim had been hired to spend seventy-two hours in a coffin—the length of time during which he was expected to remain unconscious—and due precautions were taken to rescue him in case he woke up prematurely. These precautions were not unnecessary, for the patient came out of his trance a short time before the seventy-two hours had expired. His struggles in the coffin were so violent that one of his kneepans became dislocated, and when finally he was hauled aboveground his heart had almost ceased to beat. It was only after two doctors had worked over him for several hours that he was fully restored to life. This is perhaps the only case on record in which a man woke in his coffin underground and survived to tell the tale.

H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

The Sunday law of Louisiana, which, although on the statute-books for ten years, has only just been enforced in full in New Orleans, contains more than the usual number of absurdities. The District Court holds, for instance, that a restaurateur can serve wine at a meal on Sunday, but not beer or any other malt liquor, either by the glass or the bottle. By a queer interpretation of the law, the sale of liquor is permitted on Sunday at any park or pleasure resort, but prohibited elsewhere. The result of all this confusion, contradiction, and uncertainty is to lead to one of those Sunday-law wars which have occurred in so many of our cities. There is every indication that the fight in New Orleans will reach the dignity of a Parkhurst campaign, and that the battle will be not over the Sunday law alone, but against all the lawless elements. New Orleans is one of the last places in the country where such a movement would be expected, but "the moral element" has shown wonderful strength there of late.

Professor Beyer, of Tulane University, has proved himself a second Schliemann in the matter of excavating Troy; but his Troy is the Louisiana one. The town of Troy in Louisiana is built upon a number of mounds or hills, and is so named from a fancied resemblance to the ancient Ilium. It frequently figures as Troyville, in consequence of the American disposition to stick that detestable "ville" on to every town name, and which would have made the capital of the world "Romeville," or "Romulusville," had it been an American city. The Louisiana Troy never suspected antiquities until long after its birth, or imagined that its nine or eleven hills were artificial, the relics of an ancient city. It was in 1840 that it was first suggested by Professor Forshey that the mounds were relics of an Indian village. Professor Beyer fully confirms, by actual investigation, all that Professor Forshey merely supposed. The big central mound was a temple, where a fire was constantly kept burning, and the surrounding mounds were the places of residence of the natives. As the surrounding country was subject to overflow, and the mud for the mounds had to be brought a considerable distance, the task of erecting this town was very great. It was probably one of the best places for defence in the country, and these very Indian mounds and fortifications were used during the civil war by the Confederates, with very little extra work or alteration, and made a strong fortress on the Ouachita. Professor Beyer got a handsome lot of pottery, etc., but very few skeletons, and these, he found, came evidently from very ancient times, and would indicate that this prehistoric American city had been deserted many centuries before Columbus landed in America—probably a thousand years ago.

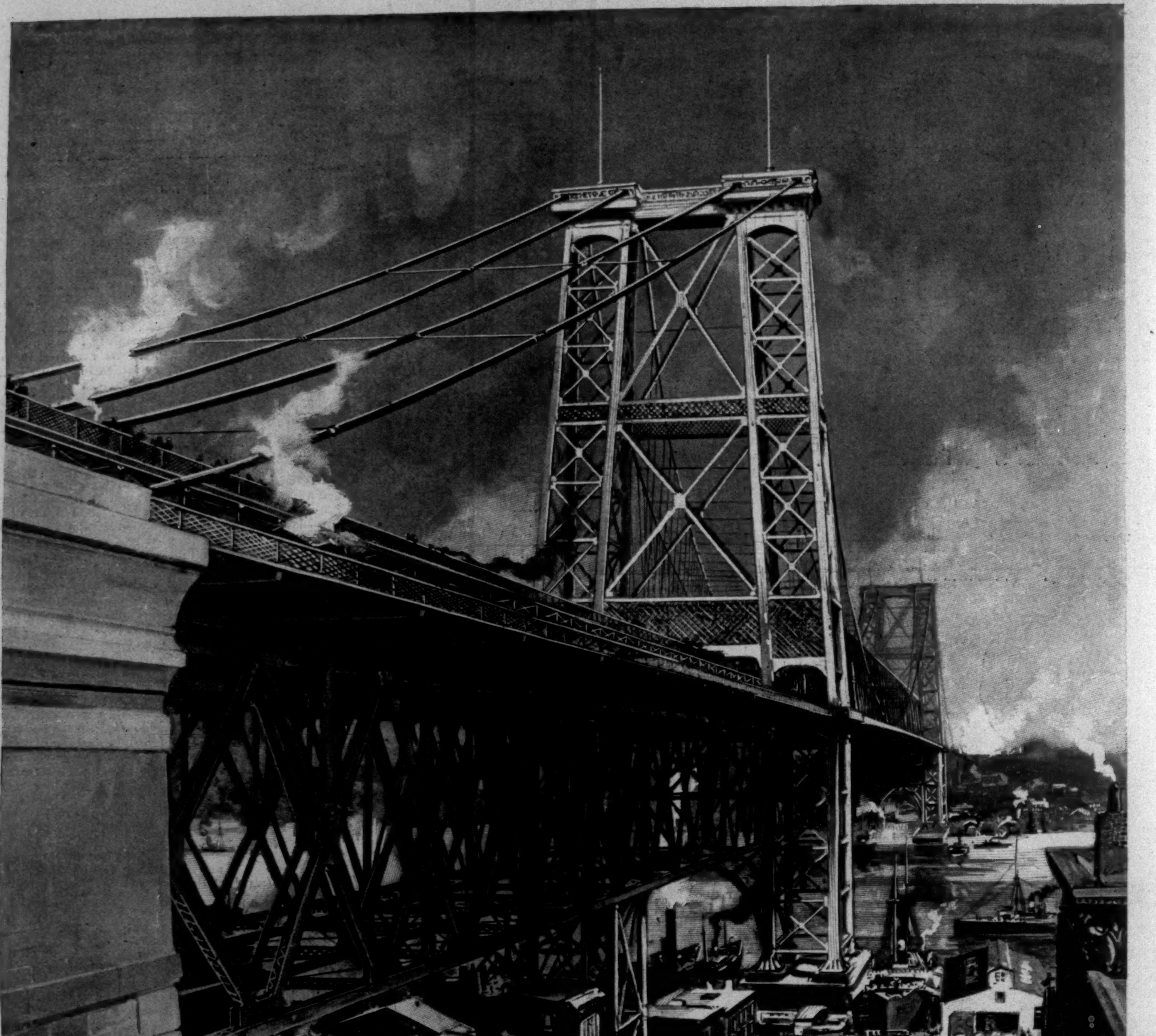
N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Every week sees several of the wretched unsanitary hovels in Chinatown torn down by the health officer and his assistants; and if this zeal in good works does not abate, a few months will witness the end of a long-standing nuisance. The Chinese are the most gregarious of people. Give four Celestials a room as large as a public hall and you will find them all bunked together in one corner. It is a great pity that the Chinese of San Francisco could not be moved to a separate quarter in the suburbs, for the district which they now occupy is one of the choicest in the city, sheltered by high hills from the keen ocean winds, and with a superb outlook on the noble bay of San Francisco.

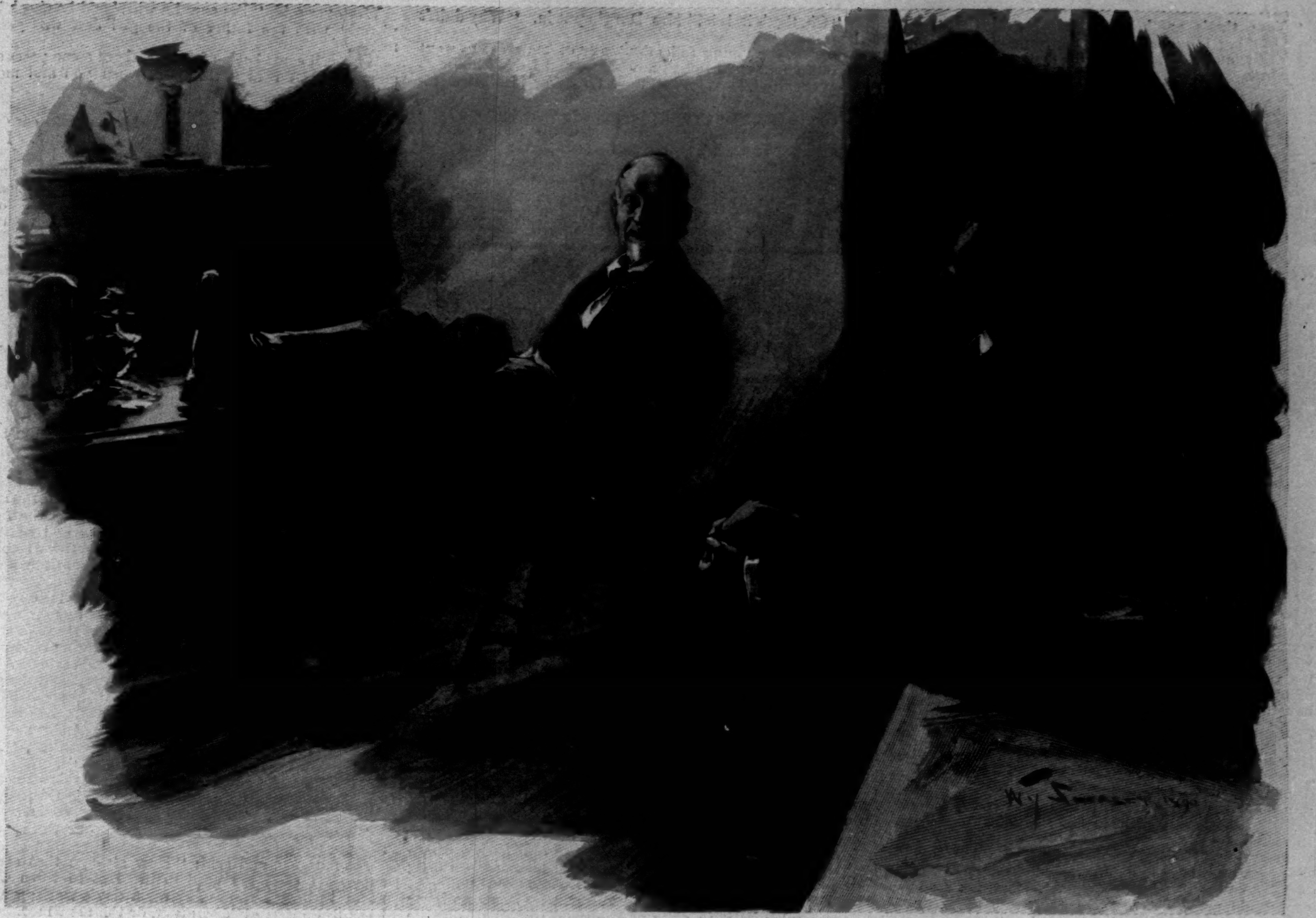
The thirteen years' fight of one man against a great fraud has just ended here. It was the effort of Charles Ashton to prevent forty-six members of the old Dashaway Association from dividing and absorbing the remnant of property that belonged to the once great pioneer temperance organization of California. Drinking was the chief social amusement in California in the fifties; it outranked gambling as a resource in hours of ease. A number of volunteer firemen formed the association, whose principal object was to "dash away" the cup that cheers and inebriates. It soon gained 8000 members, built a large hall, and was a general headquarters of those who opposed the saloons and gambling-hells. It depended on dues of members, but much of its money came from gifts of miners and others who wished to help the cause of temperance. For thirty years it continued to be a power for good. Then, in 1883, a small band of members decided to wind up its affairs, and distribute its property among themselves. They quietly removed from the rolls all who could be dropped for violation of rules, until only 48 remained. Then they petitioned for permission to sell the Association Hall, under the pretext that they desired to buy cheaper property and erect a new building. This was granted, and the property netted $110,000. The hand of the conspirators was now shown. A committee reported that no suitable property could be puchased, and it was voted to disorganize, and divide the funds among the members. This gave each conspirator about $2000. Ashton fought this dishonest scheme, and at one of the meetings his words were so bitter that a prominent member shot and dangerously wounded him. Still, when Ashton recovered, he was as full of fight as ever. He started in to compel the members to disgorge, and after years of litigation he succeeded in getting judgments against all of them. In the mean time two voluntarily refunded their share, but the others spent their plunder, and when Ashton finally won he found his victory barren; as he could not recover a dollar, because all the defendants were worth nothing. So last month he asked that the suits be dismissed. The case is noteworthy, as it points two morals—one, that ill-gotten gains bring no profit; the other, that a good man may prevail against a host of evil-doers if he only have the courage of his convictions and the patience to carry on a long fight.

G. H. F.



THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

DRAWN FROM THE ENGINEER'S PLANS BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 982.]



"HE SAT DOWN AND PUT HIS FEET ON TOP OF THE STOVE."

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XXXVIII.

IT was not a condition of Westover's welcome at Lion's Head that he should seem peculiarly the friend of Jeff Durgin, but he could not help making it so, and he began to overact the part as soon as he met Jeff's mother. He had to speak of him in thanking her for remembering his wish to paint Lion's Head in the winter, and he had to tell her of Jeff's thoughtfulness during the past fortnight; he had to say that he did not believe he should ever have got away if it had not been for him. This was true; Durgin had even come in from Cambridge to see him off on the train; he behaved as if the incident with Lynde and all their talk about it had cemented the friendship between Westover and himself, and he could not be too devoted. It now came out that he had written home all about Westover, and made his mother put up a stove in the painter's old room, so that he should have the instant use of it when he arrived.

It was an air-tight wood-stove, and it filled the chamber with a heat in which Westover drowsed as soon as he entered it. He threw himself on the bed, and slept away the fatigue of his railroad journey and the cold of his drive with Jombateeste from the station. His nap was long, and he woke from it in a pleasant languor, with the dream-clouds still hanging in his brain. He opened the damper of his stove, and set it roaring again; then he pulled down the upper sash of his window and looked out on a world whose elements of wood and snow and stone he tried to co-ordinate. There was nothing else in that world but these things, so repellent of one another. He suffered from the incongruity of the wooden bulk of the hotel, with the white drifts deep about it, and with the granite cliffs of Lion's Head before it, where the gray crags darkened under the pink afternoon light which was beginning to play upon its crest from the early sunset. The wind that had seemed to bore through his thick cap and his skull itself, and that had tossed the dry snow like dust against his eyes on his way from the railroad, had now fallen, and an incomparable quiet wrapped the solitude of the hills. A teasing sense of the impossibility of the scene, as far as his art was concerned, filled him full of a fond despair of rendering its feeling. He could give its light and color and form, in a sufficiently vivid suggestion of the fact, but he could not make that pink flush seem to exhale, like a long breath, upon those rugged shapes; he could not impart that sentiment of delicacy, almost of elegance, which he found in the wilderness, while every detail of civilization physically distressed him. In one place the snow had been dug down to the pine planking of the pathway round the house; and the contact of this woodenness with the frozen ground pierced his nerves and set his teeth on edge like a harsh noise. When once he saw it he had to make an effort to lift his eyes from it, and in a sort unknown to him in summer he perceived the offence of the hotel itself amidst the pure and lonely beauty of the winter landscape. It was a note of intolerable banality, of philistine pretence and vulgar convention, such as Whitwell's low, unpainted cottage at the foot of the hill did not give, nor the little red school-house on the other hand showing through the naked trees. There should have been really no human habitation visible except a wigwam in the shelter of the pines, here and there; and when he saw Whitwell making his way up the hillside road, Westover felt that if there must be any human presence it should be some savage clad in skins instead of the philosopher in his rubber boots and his clothing-store ulster. He preferred the small wiry shape of Jombateeste, in his blue woollen cap, and his Canadian foot-gear, as he ran round the corner of the house towards the barn, and left the breath of his pipe in the fine air behind him.

The light began to deepen from the pale pink to a crimson which stained the tops and steeps of snow, and deepened the dark of the woods massed on the mountain slopes between the irregular fields of white. The burnished brown of the hard-wood trees, the dull carbon shadows of the evergreens, seemed to wither to one black as the red strengthened in the sky. Westover realized that he had lost the best of any possible picture in letting that first delicate color escape him. This crimson was harsh and vulgar in comparison; it would have almost a chromo quality; he censured his pleasure in it as something gross and material, like that of eating; and on a sudden he felt hungry. He wondered what time they would give him supper, and he took slighting account of the fact that a caprice of the wind had torn its hood of snows from the mountain summit, and that the profile of the Lion's Head showed almost as distinctly as in summer. He stood before the picture which for that day at least was lost to him, and questioned whether there would be a hearty meal, something like a dinner, or whether there would be something like a farm-house supper, mainly of doughnuts and tea.

He pulled up his window and was going to lie down again, when some one knocked, and Frank Whitwell stood at the door. "Do you want we should bring your supper to you here, Mr. Westover, or will you—"

"Oh, let me join you all!" cried the painter eagerly. "Is it ready—shall I come now?"

"Well, in about five minutes, or so." Frank went away, after setting down in the room the lamp he had brought. It was a lamp which Westover thought he remembered from the farm-house period, and on his way down he realized as he had somehow not done in his summer sojourns, the entirety of the old house in the hotel which had encompassed it. The primitive cold of its stairways and passages struck upon him as soon as he left his own room, and he found the parlor door closed against the chill. There was a hot stove-fire within, and a kerosene-lamp turned low, but there was no one there, and he had the photograph of his first picture of Lion's Head to himself in the dim light. The voices of Mrs. Durgin and Cynthia came to him from the dining-room, and from the kitchen beyond, with the occasional clash of crockery, and the clang of iron upon iron about the stove, and the quick tread of women's feet upon the bare floor. With these pleasant noises came the smell of cooking, and later there was an opening and shutting of doors, with a thrill of the freezing air from without, and the dull thumping of Whitwell's rubber boots, and the quicker flapping of Jombateeste's soft leathern soles. Then there was the sweep of skirted feet at the parlor door, and Cynthia Whitwell came in without perceiving him. She went to the table by the darkening window, and quickly turned up the light of the lamp. In her ignorance of his presence, he saw her as if she had been alone, almost as if she were out of the body; he received from her unconsciousness the impression of something rarely pure and fine, and he had a sudden compassion for her, as for something precious that is fated to be wasted or misprized. At a little movement which he made to relieve himself from a sense of eavesdropping, she gave a start, and shut her lips upon the little cry that would have escaped from another sort of woman.

"I didn't know you were here," she said; and she flushed with the shyness of him which she always showed at first. She had met him already with the rest, but they had scarcely spoken together; and he knew of the struggle she must now be making with herself when she went on: "I didn't know you had been called. I thought you were still sleeping."

"Yes. I seemed to sleep for centuries," said Westover, "and I woke up feeling coeval with Lion's Head. But I hope to grow younger again."

She faltered, and then she asked, "Did you see the light on it when the sun went down?"

"I wish I hadn't. I could never get that light—even if it ever came again."

"It's there every afternoon, when it's clear."

"I'm sorry for that; I shall have to try for it, then."

"Wasn't that what you came for?" she asked, by one of the efforts she was making with everything she said. He could have believed he saw the pulse throbbing in her neck. But she held herself stone-still, and he divined her resolution to conquer herself, if she should die for it.

"Yes, I came for that," said Westover. "That's what makes it so dismaying. If I had only happened on it, I shouldn't have been responsible for the failure I shall make of it."

She smiled, as if she liked his lightness, but doubted if she ought. "We don't often get Lion's Head clear of snow."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

"Yes; that's another hardship," said the painter. "Everything is against me! If we don't have a snow overnight, and a cloudy day to-morrow, I shall be in despair."

She played with the little wheel of the wick; she looked down, and then, with a glance flashed at him, she gasped, "I shall have to take your lamp for the table—tea is ready."

"Oh, well, if you will only take me with it. I'm frightfully hungry."

Apparently she could not say anything to that. He tried to get the lamp to carry it out for her, but she would not let him. "It isn't heavy," she said, and hurried out before him.

It was all nothing, but it was all very charming, and Westover was richly content with it; and yet not content, for he felt that the pleasure of it was not truly his, but was a moment of merely borrowed happiness.

The table was laid in the old farm-house sitting-room where he had been served alone when he first came to Lion's Head. But now he sat down with the whole family, even to Jombateeste, who brought in a faint odor of the barn with him.

They had each been in contact with the finer world which revisits nature in the summer-time, and they must all have known something of its usages, but they had reverted in form and substance to the rustic living of their neighbors. They had steak for Westover, and baked potatoes; but for themselves they had such farm fare as Mrs. Durgin had given him the first time he supped there. They made their meal chiefly of doughnuts and tea, and hot biscuit, with some sweet dishes of a festive sort added in recognition of his presence; and there was mince pie for all. Mrs. Durgin and Whitwell ate with their knives, and Jombateeste filled himself so soon with every implement at hand that he was able to ask excuse of the others if he left them for the horses before they had half finished. Frank Whitwell fed with a kind of official or functional conformity to the ways of summer folks; but Cynthia, at whom Westover glanced with anxiety, only drank some tea, and ate a little bread and butter. He was ashamed of his anxiety, for he had owned that it ought not to have mattered if she had used her knife like her father; and it seemed to him as if he had prompted Mrs. Durgin, by his curious glance, to say: "We don't know half the time how the child lives. Cynthy! Take something to eat!"

Cynthia pleaded that she was not hungry; Mrs. Durgin declared that she would die if she kept on as she was going; and then the girl escaped to the kitchen on one of the errands which she made from time to time between the stove and the table.

"I presume it's your coming, Mr. Westover," Mrs. Durgin went on, with the comfortable superiority of elderly people to all the trials of the young. "I don't know why she should make a stranger of you, every time. You've known her pretty much all her life."

"Ever since you give Jeff what he deserved, for scaring her and Frank here, with his dog," said Whitwell.

"Poor Fox!" Mrs. Durgin sighed. "He did have the least sense for a dog I ever saw. And Jeff used to be so fond of him! Well, I guess *he* got tired of him, *too*, towards the last."

"He's gone to the happy hunting-grounds now. Colorady didn't agree with him—or old age," said Whitwell. "I don't see why the Injuns wa'n't right," he pursued, thoughtfully. "If they've got souls, why ha'n't their dogs? I suppose Mr. Westover here would say there wa'n't any certainty about the Injuns themselves!"

"You know my weak point, Mr. Whitwell," the painter confessed. "But I can't *prove* they haven't."

"Nor dogs, neither, I guess," said Whitwell, tolerantly. "It's curious, though, if animals have got souls, that we ha'n't ever had any communications from 'em. You might say that agin' the idea."

"No, I'll let *you* say it," returned Westover. "But a good many of the communications seem to come from the lower intelligences, if not the lower animals."

Whitwell laughed out his delight in the thrust. "Well, I guess that's something so. And them old Egyptian devils, over there, that you say discovered the doctrine of immortality, seemed to think a cat was about as good as a man. What's that," he appealed to Mrs. Durgin, "Jackson said in his last letter about their cat mummies?"

"Well, I guess I'll finish my supper first," said Mrs. Durgin, whose nerves Westover would not otherwise have suspected of faintness. "But Jackson's letters," she continued, loyally, "are about the *best* letters!"

"Know they'd got some of 'em in the papers?" Whitwell asked; and at the surprise that Westover showed, he told him how a fellow who was trying to make a paper go, over at the Huddle, had heard of Jackson's letters and teased for some of them, and had printed them as neighborhood news in that side of his paper which he did not buy ready printed in Boston.

Mrs. Durgin studied with modest deprecation the effect of the fact upon Westover, and seemed satisfied with it. "Well, of course, it's interestin' to Jackson's old friends in the country, here. They knew he'd look at things, over there, pretty much as they would. Well, I had to lend the letters round, so much, anyway, it was a kind of a relief to have 'em in the paper, where everybody could see 'em, and be done with it. Mr. Whit'ell here, he fixes 'em up so's to leave out the family part, and I guess they're pretty well thought of."

Westover said he had no doubt they were, and he should want to see all the letters they could show him, in print and out of print.

"If Jackson only had Jeff's health and opportunities—" the mother began, with a suppressed passion in her regret.

Frank Whitwell pushed back his chair. "I guess I'll ask to be excused," he said to the head of table.

"There! I a'n't goin' to say any more about that, if that's what you're afraid of, Frank," said Mrs. Durgin. "Well, I presume I do talk a good deal about Jackson when I get goin', and I presume it's natural Cynthy shouldn't want I should talk about Jeff before folks. Frank, a'n't you goin' to wait for that plate of hot biscuit?—if she ever *gits* it here!"

"I guess I don't care for anything more," said Frank, and he got himself out of the room more inarticulately than he need, Westover thought.

His father followed his retreat with an eye of humorous intelligence. "I guess Frank don't want to keep the young ladies waitin' a great while. There's a church sociable over 't the Huddle," he explained to Westover.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Mrs. Durgin put in. "Why didn't he say so?"

"Well, the young folks don't any of 'em seem to want to talk about such things nowadays, and I don't know as they ever did." Whitwell took Westover into his confidence with a wink.

The biscuit that Cynthia brought in were burnt a little on top, and Mrs. Durgin recognized the fact with the question, "Did you get to studyin', out there? Take one, do, Mr. Westover! You ha'n't made half a meal! If I didn't keep round after her, I don't know what would become of us all. The young ladies down at Boston, any of 'em, try to keep up with the fellows in college?"

"I suppose they do in the Harvard Annex," said Westover, simply, in spite of the glance with which Mrs. Durgin tried to convey a covert meaning. He understood it afterwards, but for the present his single-mindedness spared the girl.

She remained to clear away the table, when the rest left it, and Westover followed Mrs. Durgin into the parlor, where she indemnified herself for refraining from any explicit allusion to Jeff before Cynthia. "The boy," she explained, when she had made him ransack his memory for every scrap of fact concerning her son, "don't hardly ever write to me, and I guess he don't give Cynthy very *much* news. I presume he's workin' harder than ever this year. And I'm glad he's goin' about a little, from what you say. I guess he's got to feelin' a little better. It did worry me for him to feel so what you may call meechin' about folks. You see anything that made you think he wa'n't appreciated?"

After Westover got back into his own room, some one knocked at his door, and he found Whitwell outside. He scarcely asked him to come in, but Whitwell scarcely needed the invitation. "Got everything you want? I told Cynthy I'd come up and see after you; Frank won't be back in time." He sat down and put his feet on top of the stove, and struck the heels of his boots on its edge, from the habit of knocking the caked snow off them in that way on stove-tops. He did not wait to find out that there was no responsive sizzling before he asked, with a long nasal sigh, "Well, how is Jeff gettin' along?"

He looked across at Westover, who had provisionally seated himself on his bed.

"Why, in the old way." Whitwell kept his eye on him, and he added, "I suppose we don't any of us change: we develop."

Whitwell smiled with pleasure in the loosely philosophic suggestion. "You mean that he's the same kind of a man that he was a boy? Well, I guess that's so. The question is, what kind of a boy was he? I've been mullin' over that consid'able since Cynthy and him fixed it up together. Of course, I know it's their business, and all that; but I presume I've got a right to spec'late about it?"

He referred the point to Westover, who knew an inner earnestness in it, in spite of Whitwell's habit of outside jocosity. "Every right in the world, I should say, Mr. Whitwell," he answered, seriously.

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way," said Whitwell, with a little apparent surprise. "I don't want to meddle, any; but I know what Cynthy is—I no need to brag her up—and I don't feel so over and above certain 't I know what *he* is. He's a good deal of a mixture, if you want to know how he strikes me. I don't mean I don't like him; I do; the fellow's got a way with him that makes me kind of like him when I *see* him. He's good-natured, and clever; and he's willin' to take any amount of trouble for you; but you can't tell where to have him." Westover denied the appeal for explicit assent in Whitwell's eye, and he went on: "If I'd done that fellow a good turn, in spite of him, or if I'd held him up to something that he allowed was right, and consented to, I should want to keep a sharp lookout that he didn't play me some ugly trick for it. He's a comical devil," Whitwell ended, rather inadequately. "How d's it look to you? Seen anything lately that seemed to tally with my idee?"

"No, no; I can't say that I have," said Westover, reluctantly. He wished to be franker than he now meant to be, but he consulted a scruple that he did not wholly respect; a mere convention it seemed to him, presently. He said: "I've always felt that charm in him, too, and I've seen the other traits, though not so clearly as you seem to have done. He has a powerful will: yes—"

He stopped, and Whitwell asked, "Been up to any deviltry lately?"

"I can't say he has. Nothing that I can call intentional."

"No," said Whitwell. "What's he done, though?"

"Really, Mr. Whitwell, I don't know that you have any right to expect me to talk him over, when I'm here as his mother's guest—his own guest—"

"No. *I* ha'n't," said Whitwell. "What about the father of the girl he's goin' to marry?"

Westover could not deny the force of this. "You'd be anxious if I didn't tell you what I had in mind. I dare say, more than if I did." He told him of Jeff's behavior with Alan Lynde, and of his talk with him about it. "And I think he was honest. It was something that happened, that wasn't meant."

Whitwell did not assent directly, somewhat to Westover's surprise. He asked, "Fellow ever done anything to Jeff?"

"Not that I know of. I don't know that they ever met before."

Whitwell kicked his heels on the edge of the stove again. "Then it might been an accident," he said, dryly.

Westover had to break the silence that followed, and he found himself defending Jeff, though somehow not for Jeff's sake. He urged that if he had the strong will they both recognized in him, he would never commit the errors of a weak man, which were usually the basest.

"How do you know a strong-willed man a'n't a weak one?" Whitwell astonished him by asking. "A'n't what we call a strong will just a kind of a bulldog clinch that the dog himself can't unloose? I take it a man that has a *good* will is a strong man. If Jeff done a right thing against his will, he wouldn't rest easy till he'd showed that he wa'n't obliged to, by some mischief worse 'n what he was kept out of. I tell you, Mr. Westover, if I'd made that fellow toe the mark anyway, I'd be afraid of him." Whitwell looked at Westover with eyes of significance, if not of confidence. Then he rose with a prolonged "M-wel-l-l! We're all born, but we a'n't all buried. This world is a queer place. But I guess Jeff 'll come out right in the end."

Westover said, "I'm sure he will!" and he shook hands warmly with the father of the girl Jeff was going to marry.

Whitwell came back, after he had got some paces away, and said, "Of course, this is between you and me, Mr. Westover."

"Of course!"

"I don't mean Mis' Durgin. I shouldn't care what she thought of my talkin' him over with you. I don't know," he continued, putting up his hand against the door-frame, to give himself the comfort of its support while he talked, "as you understood what she meant by the young ladies at Boston keepin' up with the fellows in college. Well, that's what Cynthy's doin', with Jeff, right along; and if he ever works off them conditions of his, and gits his degree, it 'll be because she helped him to. I tell you, there's more than one kind of telepathy in this world, Mr. Westover. That's all."

XXXIX.

Westover understood from Whitwell's after-thought that it was Cynthia he was anxious to keep ignorant of his misgivings, if they were so much as misgivings. But the importance of this fact could not stay him against the tide of sleep which was bearing him down. When his head touched the pillow it swept over him, and he rose from it in the morning with a gayety of heart which he knew to be returning health. He jumped out of bed, and stuffed some shavings into his stove from the wood-box beside it, and laid some logs on them; he slid the damper open, and then lay down again, listening to the fire that showed its red teeth through the slats and roared and laughed to the day which sparkled on the white world without. When he got out of bed a second time, he found the room so hot that he had to pull down his window-sash, and he dressed in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero without knowing that the dry air was more than fresh. Mrs. Durgin called to him through the open door of her parlor, as he entered the dining-room: "Cynthia will give you your breakfast, Mr. Westover. We're all done long ago, and I'm busy, in here," and the girl appeared with the coffee-pot and the dishes she had been keeping hot for him at the kitchen stove. She seemed to be going to leave him when she had put them down before him, but she faltered, and then she asked, "Do you want I should pour your coffee for you?"

"Oh, yes! Do!" he begged, and she sat down across the table from him. "I'm ashamed to make this trouble for you," he added. "I didn't know it was so late."

"Oh, we have the whole day fur our work," she answered, tolerantly.

He laughed, and said: "How strange that seems! I suppose I shall get used to it. But in town we seem never to have a whole day for a day's work; we always have to do part of it at night, or the next morning. Do you ever have a day here that's too large a size for its work?"

"You can nearly always find something to do about a house," she returned, evasively. "But the time doesn't go the way it does in the summer."

"Oh, I know how the country is in the winter," he said. "I was brought up in the country."

"I didn't know that," she said, and she gave him a stare of surprise before her eyes fell.

"Yes. Out in Wisconsin. My people were emigrants, and I lived in the woods, there, till I began to paint my way out. I began pretty early, but I was in the woods till I was sixteen."

"I didn't know that," she repeated. "I always thought that you were—"

"Summer folks, like the rest? No, I'm all-the-year-round folks originally. But I haven't been in the country in the winter since I was a boy, and it's all been coming back to me, here, like some one else's experience."

She did not say anything, but the interest in her eyes, which she could not keep from his face now, prompted him to go on.

"You can make a beginning in the West easier than you can in the East, and some people who came to our lumber camp discovered me, and gave me a chance to begin. I went to Milwaukee first, and they made me think I was somebody. Then I came on to New York, and they made me think I was nobody. I had to go to Europe to find out which I was; but after I had been there long enough, I didn't care to know. What I was trying to do was the important thing to me; not the fellow who was trying to do it."

"Yes," she said, with intelligence.

"I met some Boston people in Italy, and I thought I should like to live where that kind of people lived. That's the way I came to be in Boston. It all seems very simple, now, but I used to think it might look romantic from the outside. I've had a happy life; and I'm glad it began in the country. I shouldn't care if it ended there. I don't know why I've bothered you with my autobiography, though. Perhaps because I thought you knew it already."

She looked as if she would have said something fitting if she could have ruled herself to it; but she said nothing at all. Her failure seemed to abash her, and she could only ask him if he would not have some more coffee, and then excuse herself, and leave him to finish his breakfast alone.

That day he tried for his picture from several points out-of-doors before he found that his own window gave him the best. With the window open, and the stove warm at his back, he worked there in great comfort nearly every afternoon. The snows kept off, and the clear sunsets burned behind the summit day after day. He painted frankly and faithfully, and made a picture which, he said to himself, no one would believe in, with that warm color tender upon the frozen hills. The soft suffusion of the winter scene was improbable to him when he had it in nature before his eyes; when he looked at it as he got it on his canvas it was simply impossible.

In the forenoons he had nothing to do, for he worked at his picture only when the conditions renewed themselves with the sinking sun. He tried to be in the open air, and get the good of it; but his strength for walking had failed him, and he kept mostly to the paths broken around the house. He went a good deal to the barn with Whitwell and Jombateeste to look after the cattle and the horses, whose subdued stamping and champing gave him a sort of animal pleasure. The blended odors of the haymows and of the creatures' breaths came to him with the faint warmth which their bodies diffused through the cold obscurity.

When the wide doors were rolled back, and the full day was let in, he liked the appeal of their startled eyes, and the calls they made to one another from their stalls, while the men spoke back to them in terms which they seemed to have in common with them, and with the poultry that flew down from the barn lofts to the barn floor and out into the brilliant day, with loud clamor and affected alarm.

In these simple experiences he could not imagine the summer life of the place. It was nowhere more extinct than in the hollow verandas, where the rocking-chairs swung in July and August, and where Westover's steps in his long tramps up and down woke no echo of the absent feet. In-doors he kept to the few stove-heated rooms where he dwelt with the family, and sent only now and then a vague conjecture into the hotel built round the old farm-house. He meant, before he left, to ask Mrs. Durgin to let him go through the hotel, but he put it off from day to day, with a physical shrinking from its cold and solitude.

The days went by in the swiftness of monotony. His excursions to the barn, his walks on the verandas, his work on his picture, filled up the few hours of the light, and when the dark came he contentedly joined the little group in Mrs. Durgin's parlor. He had brought two or three books with him, and sometimes he read from one of them; or he talked with Whitwell on some of the questions of life and death that engaged his speculative mind. Jombateeste preferred the kitchen for the naps he took after supper before his early bedtime. Frank Whitwell sat with his books there, where Westover sometimes saw his sister helping him at his studies. He was loyally faithful and obedient to her in all things. He helped her with the dishes, and was not ashamed to be seen at this work; she had charge of his goings and comings in society; he submitted to her taste in his dress, and accepted her counsel on many points which he referred to her, and discussed with her in low-spoken conferences. He seemed a formal, serious boy, shy like his sister, and their father let fall some hints of a religious cast of mind in him. He had an ambition beyond the hotel; he wished to study for the ministry; and it was not alone the chance of going home with the girls that made him so constant at all the evening meetings. "*I* don't know where he gits it all," said his father with a shake of the head that suggested his doubt of the wisdom of his son's preference of theology to planchette.

Cynthia had the same care of her father as of her brother; she kept him neat, and held him up from lapsing into the slovenliness to which he would have tended, if she had not, as Westover suspected, made constant appeals to him for the respect due their guest. Mrs. Durgin, for her part, left everything to Cynthia, with a contented acceptance of her future rule, and an abiding trust in her sense and strength, which included the details of the light work that employed her rather luxurious leisure. Jombateeste himself came to Cynthia with his mending, and her needle kept him tight and firm against the winter which it amused Westover to realize was the Canuck's native element, insomuch that there was now something incongruous in the notion of Jombateeste and any other season.

The girl's motherly care of all the household did not leave Westover out. Buttons appeared on garments long used to shifty contrivances for getting on without them; button-holes were restored to their proper limits; his overcoat pockets were searched for gloves, and the gloves put back with their finger-tips drawn close as the petals of a flower which had decided to shut and be a bud again.

He wondered how he could thank her for his share of the blessing that her passion for motherly care was to all the house. It was pathetic, and he used sometimes to forecast her self-devotion with a tender indignation, which included a due sense of his own present demerit. He was not reconciled to the sacrifice because it seemed the happiness, or at least the will of the nature which made it. All the same it seemed a waste and a wrong, in its relation to the man she was to marry.

Mrs. Durgin and Cynthia sat by the lamp and sewed at night, or listened to the talk of the men. If Westover read aloud, they whispered together from time to time, about some matter remote from it, as women always do where there is reading. It was quiet, but it was not dull for Westover, who found himself in no hurry to get back to town.

Sometimes he thought of the town with repulsion; its unrest, its vacuous, troubled life haunted him like a memory of sickness; but he supposed that when he should be quite well again, all that would change, and be as it was before. He interested himself with the sort of shrewd ignorance of it that Cynthia showed in the questions she asked about it now and then when they chanced to be left alone together. He fancied that she was trying to form some intelligible image of Jeff's environment there, and was piecing together from his talk of it the impressions she had got from summer folks. He did his best to help her, and to construct for her a veritable likeness of the world as far as he knew it.

A time came when he spoke frankly of Jeff in something they were saying, and she showed no such shrinking as he had expected she would; he reflected that she might have made stricter conditions with Mrs. Durgin than she expected to keep herself in mentioning him. This might well have been necessary with the mother's pride in her son, which knew no stop when it once began to indulge itself. What struck Westover more than the girl's self-possession when they talked of Jeff, was a certain austerity in her with regard to him. She seemed to hold herself tense against any praise of him, as if she should fail him somehow if she relaxed at all in his favor.

This, at least, was the rather mystifying impression which Westover got from her evident wish to criticise and understand exactly all that he reported, rather than to flatter herself from it. Whatever her motive was, he was aware that through it all she permitted herself a closer and fuller trust of himself. At times it was almost too implicit; he would have liked to deserve it better by laying open all that had been in his heart against Jeff. But he forbore, of course, and he took refuge, as well as he could, in the respect by which she held herself at a reverent distance from him, when he could not wholly respect himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING OUTFIT.

PROPERLY to enjoy the royal pleasures of angling, it is very important that the angler should be well and correctly equipped, and the most important items of the angler's outfit are the rods. Of course where money is no object this can be made a very simple matter by purchasing a different rod for each kind of fishing; but outside of the expense, the bother and trouble of lugging so many rods about on long trips is too great. While I have found from long experience that the so-called "general rod" is a delusion and a snare, I have adopted the following combination rod, and it has done me good service.

Select a rather stiff fly rod ten feet long and weighing not less than seven and not over eight ounces. This rod should be made of the best eight-section split bamboo, built round and not too much burned. It should have at least two fly tips and a short stiff bait tip not over eighteen inches long; the bait tip and the middle joint used with it had better be mounted with standing guides; also have a short light butt fitted to the middle joint, which makes a short light fly rod suitable for brook-fishing. The angler has now two fly rods and a light bait rod. This rod in its original shape—that is, a ten-foot eight-ounce fly rod—is suitable for large trout, black bass, ouananiche, and all fly-fishing with the exception of sea salmon, and I have even known of large salmon being killed on a seven-ounce split-bamboo fly rod under favorable circumstances and in skilful hands. When rigged for bait-fishing—that is, with the short stiff tip—it answers well for light trolling with flies or phantom minnows. I have killed many a good lake trout on mine, and found it to answer very well for weakfish, small striped bass, and the like. Of course, when used as a bait rod, the click reel which is used for fly-fishing must be replaced by a light multiplying reel. In addition to this rod, the angler will need a moderately stiff all-lancewood or natural-cane rod for heavier trolling and sea-fishing. The third rod should be a two-piece cane rod known as a chum rod, this for striped bass, bluefish, sheepshead, and heavy work generally; it should not be over eight feet long, and quite stiff. With these three rods the angler will be prepared for any kind of fishing found in this country, except, perhaps, tarpon and sea salmon, which require special outfits.

These rods, together with a good-sized, large-mesh, folding landing-net, should be carried in a stout sole-leather rod-case secured by a small padlock. With these rods the angler will need three reels—one good rubber click reel holding fifty yards of water-proof silk fly line fitted to the fly rod, a light multiplying reel carrying seventy-five yards of braided silk line, and a good-sized rubber multiplying reel holding two hundred yards of the twelve or fifteen thread cuttyhunk linen line. With a small assortment of snelled hooks, a few swivels and sinkers, and the following selection of artificial flies, the angler has a good and complete outfit. For fly-fishing purchase two fly-books, capable of holding three dozen flies each at full length. It is much better to have one's stock of flies and leaders divided between two books, so that the loss of one's book does not bring total disaster.

The following list of flies will kill trout in any waters in which trout are found: abbey, coachman, royal coachman, dark coachman, brown hen, brown palmer, red palmer, black gnat, blue dun, cowdung, Beaverkill, professor, great dun, golden spinner, Imbrie, General Hooker, grizzly king, queen of the water, Brandreth, white miller, Parmachenee belle, dark Montreal, light Montreal, silver doctor, and scarlet ibis. For the trout found in the smaller streams of the Middle States these flies should be dressed on No. 8, 10, or 12 sproat hooks, with light mist-colored snells not over four and a half to five inches long. For the waters of Maine, the Adirondacks, and Canada, No. 6 sproat hooks are the best, and the gut should be a trifle stouter and doubled for half an inch above the head of the fly, which prevents their snapping off when casting. It is well to have a few flies dressed on No. 2, 3, and 4 sproat hooks for the monster trout found in Maine and Canadian waters.

For black bass the following are desirable dressed on No. 1 sproat hooks and with heavy gut snells double at the head: Lottie, Carey, Dunning, silver fairy, dark Montreal, grizzly king, ibis, and brown palmer. With these the angler will need a couple of dozen six-foot mist-colored leaders assorted in weight. All leaders and snells should be well soaked in water and carefully tested before use. For salt-water fishing add half a dozen three-foot double gut leaders; two of these joined by a swivel make a good leader for trolling for lake trout and the like. Of all artificial baits, I have found the silk and sole-skin phantom minnow the best; fish seem to prefer it to any other bait, not excepting even the live minnow.

For salt-water fishing use shedder crabs, lobster, clams, and red or white sandworms or shrimp. I consider the above outfit complete, but if the angler wishes he can indulge to any extent in books, baskets, scales, and all sorts of patent contraptions; but I would rather have the money put into the rods and reels.

Do not be tempted into buying the cheap machine-made stuff with which the market is flooded. The best is none too good, especially for the beginner, who needs everything in his favor. It is hard to get over the loss of a "big one," and if there is a weak spot in one's tackle, the big ones are very quick to discover it. The cost of an outfit as described above would be from $75 to $100 if of the best quality.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

SNAKE-BITES.

MANY readers of Mr. Hamlin Garland's recent story of the Moki Indian Snake Dance doubtless wondered how it is that the Indians apparently suffer no inconvenience from the bites of rattlesnakes, for unquestionably at times the performers in the dance are bitten. The late Captain John G. Bourke, who was the first intelligent white who witnessed the Moki snake-dance and kept the record of it, thought that these Indians possess antidotes we had not yet discovered. To-day the real study of antitoxines has commenced, and it is by Dr. A. Calmette, chief of the Pasteur Institute of Lille, that the properties of an antivenomous serum have been exactly explained. Dr. Phisalix's experiments show that under certain precautions a man or an animal may suffer hardly any inconvenience from the venom of a viper. Remarkable results have been obtained with the venom of the cobra. When two milligrammes of the dried cobra poison in solution were injected into a rabbit's car, the animal was dead after twelve minutes.

But when a rabbit was protected by former extremely weak solutions of the cobra poison, and then the same strong infusion of the venom was injected into it, the animal was not inconvenienced. Dr. Calmette's investigations began with the study of the nature and venom of many different kinds of snakes. Whence does the snake collect its venom? It must take it from its own blood and concentrate the poison in a particular gland. Of course there may be changes in this poison differing from that found in the original source—the blood of the snake itself. We know that the pig and the mongoose are not affected by snake-bites, and it is natural to suppose that in their blood there is something which makes them immune. Following the Roux method, Dr. Calmette took a horse, because this animal shows a natural resistance to snake-bites. The horse was inoculated with a lethal dose of cobra poison, and the animal was not sensibly inconvenienced. The injections were continued for three months, by which time the horse could stand a dose fifty times the lethal strength. The blood of the horse had acquired immunity. Taking twenty cubic centimetres of this horse serum, it was found to be sufficient "to cure a man suffering from the bite of a deadly reptile." More curious was this: when a snake was inoculated with this horse serum, he did not suffer when bitten by any other kind or variety of snake.

TRAP-SHOOTING.

THERE is no country in the world where the gun is so universally used by all classes as in the United States, and certainly no country in the world can show so many good shots. It is a very rare thing indeed to meet a man in America who is not familiar with its use, and day by day this is becoming more and more the case.

The Anglo-Saxon race has always been a sport-loving race, and in a country like this, with its glorious climate and enormous expanse of unpreserved ground, over which shooters may roam at leisure, it naturally follows that a man early takes his occasional outing with dog and gun, and often grows to think it the one sport above all others.

But in order to obtain shooting in the field, a man whose occupation lies in one of our big cities is compelled to devote a whole day or even more each time to the sport. This he cannot probably do often without seriously interfering with his business, and he looks about for some way of indulging the love he has acquired for hearing the crack of his gun without being obliged to give up so much of his time.

He at once finds what he wants by joining one of the numerous trap-shooting clubs in his neighborhood, where either live birds or clay targets, or both, are shot at from traps.

At such a club he can shoot either by himself or with companions, as he wishes, and can snatch an hour's shooting or devote a whole day to it, as he chooses. He can take out different guns and different loads, and test them to find which suits him best, and in the case of a beginner, he can learn how to shoot with greater safety to himself and others and in a far shorter space of time than by going into the country in pursuit of game, which, after all, he may not find, and which, also, he may follow during only a very short portion of the year without breaking the law.

For these reasons trap-shooting has been rapidly increasing in popularity during the last few years, especially in the case of clay-target, or, as it is sometimes called, inanimate-bird shooting, until it has grown into such enormous proportions that it is no uncommon thing to find one hundred men entering and shooting in the various contests carried on at shooting tournaments which are being held weekly all over the country. At one tournament held lately at Chicago, in the hottest part of the hot August weather we have just been passing through, where only live pigeons were shot at, and where the shooting was carried on for six or seven consecutive days, the entries in one single event mounted up to one hundred and seventy-five.

This is sufficient proof of the popularity amongst shooting men of live-bird trap-shooting, and there is no doubt that clay-target shooting is now even more popular, though this has not long been the case, as clay-target shooting is a comparative novelty, whilst shooting live birds from traps has been a popular amusement for over one hundred years.

Among those who can afford it, however, live-bird shooting still holds its popularity over clay-target shooting, and this is the case especially in the large cities.

Take New York, for instance. There is first the Carteret Club at Bergen Point, where only live birds are trapped, and which is a pigeon-shooting club pure and simple. Membership of this club carries with it the right to shoot at the famous "Gun Club" at Notting Hill, London, England, where the largest prizes in the world are shot for all the year round.

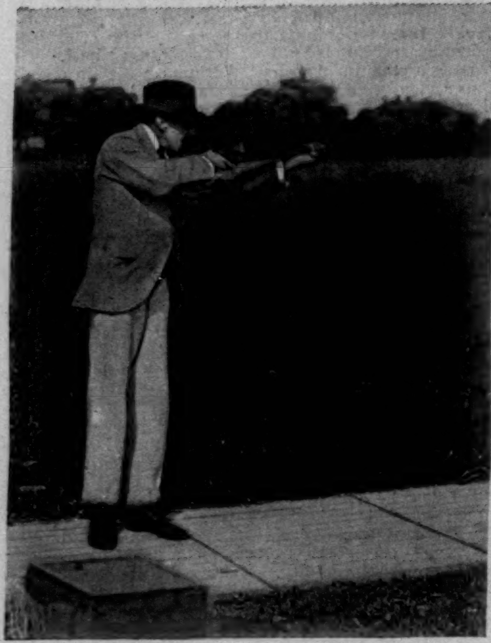
Then comes the well-known Westminster Kennel Club at Babylon, Long Island, the Tuxedo Club, the Country Club at Westchester, and the Larchmont Yacht Club, at each of which are elaborately laid out grounds for shooting, with shooting-house, etc. At none of these is anything but live birds shot.

These are the clubs to which such men as George Gould, Judge Gildersleeve, Seaver Page, George Work, L. S. Thompson, Fred Hoey, and other well-known shots belong.

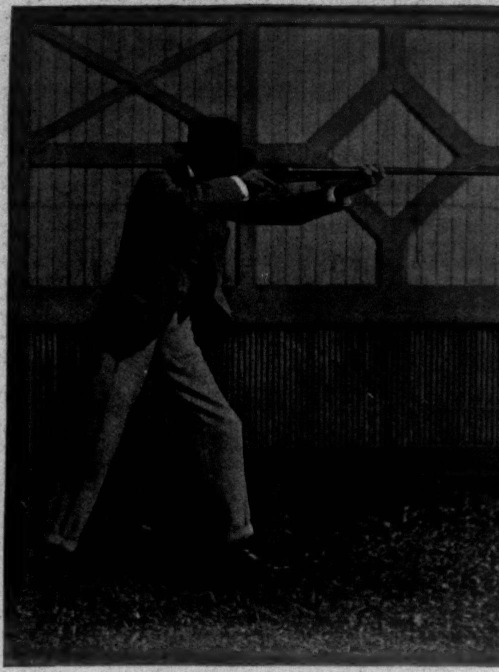
At these clubs matches for very large amounts of money are sometimes shot, though they are seldom reported in the newspapers, as these shooters do not court publicity.

Much has been said from time to time about the cruelty of live-bird shooting from traps.

It is hardly necessary to state here that at such clubs as those mentioned, or indeed at any of the numerous clubs



CAPTAIN A. W. MONEY.
Correct Position.



TRAP-SHOOTING.
Incorrect Position.

throughout the country, would the slightest cruelty be allowed for one moment.

Formerly much cruelty was practised, no doubt, on pigeons amongst a certain class of brutes, from a mistaken idea that by so doing a bird could be made to fly faster; but not only has this idea become entirely exploded, but at every club where live pigeons are trapped the greatest possible care is taken that nothing approaching cruelty shall be allowed.

It is, of course, in one sense, cruel to put any animal to death, but this charge applies far more in the case of game-shooting than when the pigeon or other bird is released from a trap to be shot at.

Pigeons are reared as an article of food, and all pigeons shot are sold for food. If they were not shot they would be caught and killed in some other way. In the case of game-shooting far more birds are shot at and wounded, and escaping for the moment from the shooter, die afterwards a lingering death, than are killed outright and carried home for food.

It is a very rare thing for a wounded pigeon to escape from an immediate and painless death, as the place where it is shot is bare ground, and it cannot get away and hide itself as game does in the bush.

Shooting live pigeons from traps has always been a favorite pastime with New York sportsmen, and New York has always been well to the front with crack shots; but Philadelphia has for many years run New York very close, and great rivalry has existed between these two towns.

Chicago has some good shots, and so has San Francisco, but there is no town in the Union that, apart from the professional class, of whom we are not now speaking, could bring a team of four men successfully to compete against four men of the Carteret Club of New York, or of the Riverton Club of Philadelphia, whilst there is no club in the world that could produce an equal team of eight or ten men against the same number of members of the Carteret Club.

Comparing the best American shots with the best English or Continental shots, I think it is safe to say that Americans are the better.

Some doubt has been thrown on this statement when made, because American amateurs who have taken their guns with them when crossing the Atlantic have not always shown the highest form; but there is a very good and sufficient reason for this in that, so far as I know, no American amateur has ever yet gone to England or France solely for the purpose of pigeon-shooting, and therefore, when there, they have not practised at enough of the fast blue-rocks which are used over there to get accustomed to the difference in speed of the birds and surroundings of the grounds, whilst at the same time they have been enjoying themselves in many ways, and not taken the strict care in exercise and diet which a man must if he wishes to excel at any sport, and which many of those they have to compete with over there are surely doing. As regards professionals, Bogardus, Carver, and Brewer all visited England in turn in the order named, and each in turn proved himself to be a better shot than any man in England, especially the last two.

In this article mention has been made only of pigeons being trapped, as it is comparatively seldom that any other bird is substituted; but carrion-crows are sometimes caught in large numbers by means of nets during the winter months, and sold to some of the smaller clubs, to be used as a cheap substitute for pigeons; also, in the fall of the year, blackbirds, which then congregate in the marshes in vast flocks, are caught in the same way, and, as they fly readily and fast from the traps, are first-rate practice.

In England the starling is also used, and in both England and America the common sparrow is often shot at out of traps specially used for the purpose, and these birds afford a difficult and fast-flying object to shoot at. In India and Egypt the quail is sometimes trapped and shot.

T. W. Morfey.

SCENE AT A CLUB SHOOT.

We will now pass on to speak of clay-target shooting—or inanimate-bird shooting, to give it the more high-sounding title.

This form of trap-shooting, which, as before mentioned, has of late years become so popular, and which is indeed the only trap-shooting that is not illegal in Maine and some other States of the Union, can never quite take the place of live-bird shooting, but is for some reasons preferable.

In the first place, it is not nearly so costly, as each clay target costs less than one cent, while pigeons cannot be purchased usually for less than twenty-five cents, and the best quality cost a good deal more than that. In England the price paid for the best live blue-rock pigeons for a match is generally 62½ cents each bird.

Then, again, the pigeons have to be purchased beforehand and kept in large and airy cages, where they can fly about, and they then require plenty of food and careful attention to keep them in good condition, whilst the clay target is lying dormant in its barrel until required for use. These and several other reasons which we will not now go into make live-pigeon shooting very expensive.

Another argument in favor of clay-target shooting is that if so wished a shooter can fire a much larger number of shots in a day, or, if he can only spare an hour or less of an afternoon, he can in that short space of time fire a great many shots, and he can, if he chooses, practise at any particular flight—right or left quarterer, driver, incomer, quick-rising bird, low-flying bird, etc.—thus finding out his weak point, and, by dint of hammering away at it, correcting it. Some shooters profess to look down on clay-target shooting altogether.

These are generally men who fancy if they tried they could hit every target they shot at, but will not take the trouble to try, or, on the other hand, men who have tried and find they miss so many that they become disgusted.

There have been great changes in the last few years in the traps for throwing targets, in the targets themselves, and in the way in which they are thrown. These changes have all been in the direction of making the sport more difficult for the shooter, and therefore making it better practice for a man who wishes to become a really first-rate shot.

For a beginner it is easy to loosen the spring of the trap and so give him an easier mark.

In clay-target shooting it is almost invariably the rule to allow the use of one barrel only, whilst in shooting live birds from traps both are used.

The question is often asked, "Which is the most difficult shooting, clay targets or live birds?" The scores made by the best shots at either form of shooting seem to prove that one is just about as difficult as the other.

Any man who can kill ninety per cent. of live birds is a very fine live-bird shot, and any man who can break ninety per cent. of the targets he shoots at is a very fine target shot.

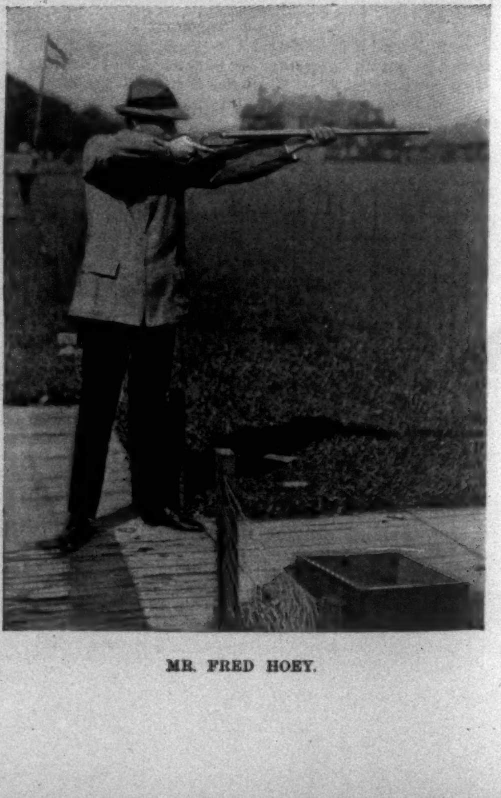
Throughout the summer months tournaments are held almost weekly in every State, to which shooters flock from far and near. At these tournaments it is usual that from ten to fifteen thousand targets are thrown each day, and this continues often for four or five days in succession.

Trap-shooting, whether at live birds or clay targets, is essentially different from game-shooting in the open fields, and a man may be good at one and bad at the other, but either should be and is good practice for enabling him to become a proficient at the other.

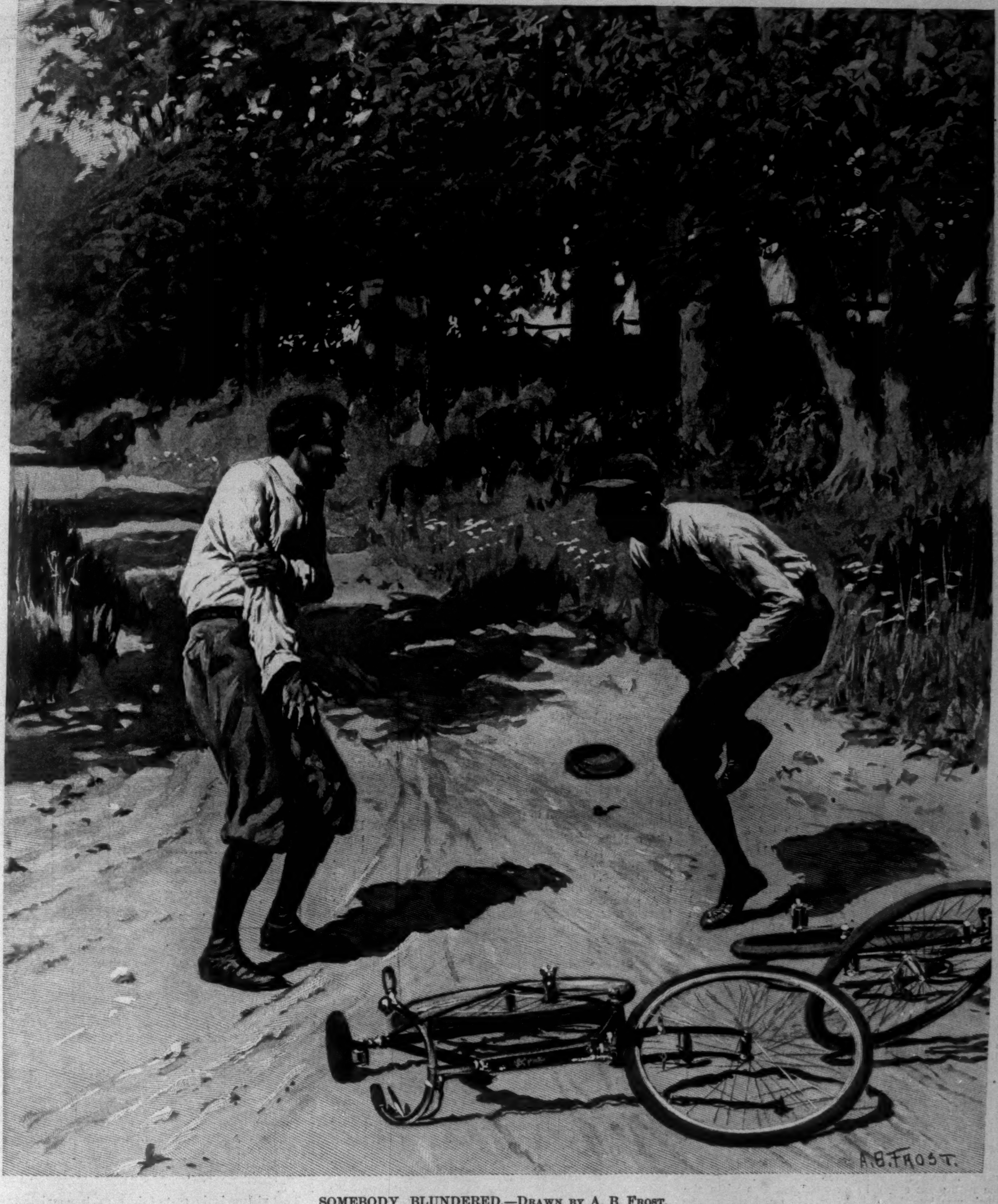
In either case a man is handling a gun and is learning to handle it with greater ease and to point it with greater precision all the time.

"BLUE-ROCK."

MR. PHIL DALY, JUN.



MR. FRED HOEY.



SOMEBODY BLUNDERED.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE ROAD.

In a general way it may be said that the etiquette of the road in cycling is the same as the etiquette of the road in driving, skating, or walking, and that this etiquette is simply the following out of certain, for the most part, unwritten rules which have come to be adopted by civilized people everywhere as being the most convenient, simple, and sensible to govern them in their highway passing or intercourse. It is not to be expected that the man or the woman who is ignorant of the refinements of life, of cultivation, and education, or who, knowing these, wilfully neglects or breaks the ordinary rules of politeness, will obey what may be called the etiquette of the road simply because he or she may be a cyclist. Bad manners, or rather the want of manners, becomes discernible upon the road even more quickly than in the drawing-room, and rude and unpolished people will ride the wheel just as they will drive and ride horses or travel in public conveyances. The unrefined but appropriate epithet of "road hog," which has now become a part of the vernacular in the United States, and which is applied to the individual who monopolizes the road and refuses to turn even a little from his course to allow other drivers, or particularly cyclists, to pass him, whether going in the same or the opposite direction, represents unfortunately too large a class who use the public streets and roads of America, and who are not amenable to any rules of etiquette, or even to the dictates of ordinary civility.

The etiquette of the road, from the cyclist's stand-point, is in general simply the ordinary rules which law or custom has ordained for the government of users of the highways, supplemented by those unwritten rules and customs which refinement and civility dictate, and which cannot always be tabulated, as many of them are spontaneous and arise from the necessities of the moment.

Under the first head of cycling road etiquette comes such cardinal rules as turning to the right when meeting any vehicle or pedestrian coming from the opposite direction, passing any vehicle or pedestrian going in the same direction always to the left, and signalling when making a sudden turn or change of direction. There are minor rules connected with these three important ones, but the cyclist who observes the three great cardinal ones can hardly go wrong. More accidents to cyclists, and to pedestrians in particular, have occurred from a violation of one or all of these three rules than in any other way. It is sometimes so easy to forget or neglect to observe any of the three when this neglect means a short-cut, a saving of time, or a chance to show off one's skill in the management of the wheel, that many a cyclist is guilty of a breach of etiquette as regards these rules who would be horrified were he or she accused of bad manners or lack of civility. The knowledge, with the increasing use of the wheel, that those who incur accidents or are responsible for accidents to others from the breakage of or failure to carry out these rules, can be held responsible for damages in the second place, and cannot recover them in the first, should be impressed in some way upon the cyclists of the country, and in this way a reform can probably be effected.

The minor or unwritten rules of cycling road etiquette have to deal more with the social side of the sport. Should wheelmen and women who are strangers salute each other in passing, especially when they so pass on country roads? Does the fact that a man and woman are cyclists allow the man to tender assistance to the woman if her wheel has gone wrong in any way? How should men and women dress when wheeling? All these and a hundred other questions which are daily answering themselves, or are being answered by the cyclists of the country, constitute, when solved by the larger number of men and women cyclists, the etiquette of the road. Cycling is as yet too young a sport to have fully established an etiquette, and there are situations which almost daily confront the cyclist, experienced as he or she may be in the refinements which govern the intercourse of cultivated people, which are puzzling ones to solve. It would be far easier to compile the etiquette of the road from the negative than from the positive stand-point, and unfortunately the cycling craze affords every day on our streets and highways too many evidences or examples of bad manners and inappropriate dress, which would enable the observant man or woman to treat the whole subject comparatively easily under the heading of "Don'ts." The men or women of natural or acquired refinement, who know how to conduct themselves in the parlor, dining-room, and in other departments of life, are not likely to misbehave on the wheel; and those who are sincerely desirous of knowing what is the proper thing to do should study the manners and procedure of the most refined person of their acquaintance when on the wheel.

It is recognized as befitting a gentleman to offer his services in repairing a punctured tire, adjusting a nut, or arranging something that has gone astray with a woman's wheel, and it is not considered improper for a woman to accept his politely proffered services for the mending of a wheel, which he can do better than herself. Of course in town where there are repair shops on nearly every block, a woman will go to one at once. In all respects the etiquette of the road is the same as between men and women driving or riding or walking. There is no more reason for a man cyclist touching his hat to a passing woman cyclist with whom he is not acquainted, than for a man riding or driving or walking to salute a woman he meets riding or driving or walking. Different situations do not alter the laws of good manners. A woman should always have the right of way. The question of costume has been settled in one way, in that the hideous and unsexing bloomers and knickerbockers worn by some women in the early days of the wheel craze have pretty well disappeared, to be superseded by the becoming and womanly short skirt just touching the ankles, with gaiters (not leggings), while knickerbockers and stockings with rolled tops have in men's costumes entirely done away with the unsightly long trousers held in at the bottom by clips.

The cycling etiquette of the road, however, must be founded upon the great unwritten laws which govern the intercourse of refined and cultivated people everywhere, and which enable the world to move forward as it were upon "ball bearings."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SHOT-GUN AND AMMUNITION.

BY ALBERT W. MONEY.

SHOT-GUNS have been in use since the middle of the sixteenth century, but it is difficult to imagine what kind of game would allow itself to be killed by the clumsy contrivances called guns which we know were then the only ones made, when loaded by the only ammunition which was then in use—guns which were so heavy and long that they had to be rested on a stick to be aimed at any object, powder which was so slow and weak that it would not propel the shot with any force, and the charge ignited only by means of a slow-match. It is needless to say that in those early days shooting at any sort of flying or, for that matter, moving game was out of the question, and such a gun could only have been used by the veriest pot-hunter, who would creep as close as possible to a flock of birds feeding on the ground, in hopes of getting a number at one shot.

Strange as it may be, such guns and almost similar ammunition are in use to this day in out-of-the-way parts of the globe, and I have myself seen men in the untravelled parts of the Himalaya Mountains who knew of nothing better—their guns long tubes of soft iron bored by some wonderful process, with no attempt at polish in the inside, or outside either; their powder made at home, like the bread or butter they eat, from some old receipt dating back hundreds of years; the barrels so long that it was necessary to rest the muzzle on a stick carried for that purpose as part of their equipment.

Naturally it was not long before improvements began to be made, and, strangely enough, amongst the earliest of these were the double barrel, the revolver, and the breech-loader. None of these, however, met with much favor then, chiefly because the guns, already heavy and clumsy, were by these additions made still more so; also, the ammunition of the time was not suited to such weapons.

We therefore find the single barrel was the gun of the period until a comparatively recent date. This gun had been steadily improved, until the sportsman had a weapon with which he could shoot a bird on the wing or a hare or rabbit in motion.

Double-barrelled guns were, indeed, in use, and were made light enough to use, before the beginning of the eighteenth century, but they did not drive out the single barrel till near the beginning of the present century.

The first great stride in improvement was when the flintlock was introduced. After this rapid steps were made in improved lock mechanism, in the metal used in the manufacture of the barrels, in the boring and polish of the guns, and in lightness and shape of construction, until at the commencement of the present century there were guns turned out by the best makers, and especially by the immortal "Joe Manton," which for lightness and handling, as well as material and finish, compare favorably with anything now made. These were, however, flintlocks, muzzle-loaders, and cylinder-bored.

The ammunition for guns during this time had undergone considerable changes.

The old slow-burning black powder, weak in its action, and requiring great length of barrel fully to develop its gases, had given place to a finely grained and, later on, to a hard-grained black powder, with quicker ignition, quicker combustion, less smoke, and less fouling.

We now come to the next great change, which happened when percussion-caps were introduced in place of the flintlock which had done such good service for so long a period.

This change worked a revolution in guns. The old pan, and heavy hammer which held the flint, as well as the steel it struck against, were removed, and gave place to a neat nipple, on which the cap rested, and which was exploded by the fall of a small compact hammer. The gunpowder, which before had always been exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and especially to rain falling on the pan, was now entirely guarded, and, in fact, hermetically sealed. Misfires, which had been frequent, were now uncommon when proper care in loading was used; ignition was quick and certain, and the hands were not covered as before with the fouling which took place on the pan and striker, as well as from the escape of gases through the touch-hole, which was necessarily very large.

About this time gun-wads were substituted for pieces of paper in loading, and now, indeed, a sportsman thought there was no more room for improvement, the change had been so great.

It was the common custom in those days, when a shooter was about to start from home, for him to say to himself each of the articles which he required: Shot in a pouch, slung at his right side; powder in a flask in his breast pocket; wads in his right side pocket, and caps in his small cap-pocket made especially for them. Unless he had all these with him, his gun was useless.

It was also customary to carry, in addition to the ramrod which was attached to the gun, a loading-rod, which hung from a loop on the shooter's coat, and which could be used much more quickly than the ordinary ramrod; and many men carried with them a nipple key, as it was called, with which the nipple could be extracted and cleaned if from any reason it had got choked.

I cannot pass from this part of my subject without speaking of the work necessary for cleaning one of these muzzle-loaders after a hard day's shooting.

First a whole bucket of hot water was almost a necessity, and before the gun was really clean it was necessary to change this water more than once. Then who that has ever done it but remembers the stench of the wet powder, and the amount of labor necessary to be used before the barrels would be at all really clean. Also, if great care were not taken, the foul, black, smelling water would spurt back all over the shooter, or whoever was cleaning the gun, and everything near, as the cleaning-rod with its piece of tow attached was forced down the barrel.

I have spoken of the introduction of the percussion-cap as working a revolution in shot-guns, but a still greater change was shortly to follow, when the breech-loader was once more brought to the front, and this time to stay. First in the form of the pin-fire gun, which, however, was very short-lived, and quickly gave place to the central-fire, which is now in universal use.

I would here mention that just before the breech-loader came in a very great improvement in the lock mechanism had been made, by which the hammer, after falling on the cap, rebounded to half-cock. Before this improvement innumerable accidents had occurred from guns going off unexpectedly, owing to the fact that the hammer, unless raised purposely to half or full cock by the shooter, was always resting on the cap, and liable to explode at the slightest jar.

This improvement was, and is still, used on all central-fire breech-loaders; no gun is at all safe without it.

Simultaneously with the introduction of breech-loaders came the paper, or sometimes metal, shell-case, for holding the ammunition, which was loaded beforehand, and only required to be placed, just as it was, in the gun to be ready for service.

Thus at one swoop were all the paraphernalia of powder-flasks, shot-pouches, gun-wadding, and percussion-caps, which previously had to be carried about on the person of the shooter, done away with; and now too came the greatest change of all in the ammunition.

This was the introduction of smokeless powder. Hitherto nothing had been used in guns but powder made from saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, modified and improved upon, it is true, but still surrounding the shooter with smoke, deafening him with its report, bad smelling to a degree, and making the user dirty and tired.

A gunpowder was now invented in Germany made from a nitrated substance mixed with other smokeless ingredients, in which there was no charcoal, sulphur, or saltpetre. It soon became apparent to shooters that this was as good in all respects as their old friend who had served them for several hundred years, and black powder for sporting purposes became a thing of the past as much as muzzle-loading guns.

Smokeless nitro-powder makes little or no smoke when fired, gives out no disagreeable smell, makes very little report as compared with the old black, has much less recoil, and does not foul a gun in the slightest degree, so that practically a gun is as clean after it has had a thousand rounds fired out of it as after it has had one.

A slight residue is left after the first discharge, which is carried out when the succeeding shot is fired, which, in its turn, leaves the same; but this residue never accumulates, as was the case with "villanous saltpetre."

The weight of the powder is usually one-half that of black for the same charge, reducing thereby the weight of ammunition carried by the shooter.

Since breech-loading guns were first brought out, many changes have taken place in their manufacture, and they have been very greatly improved. These changes have been, adopting the choke system of boring the barrels, as against the old cylinder boring, by this means getting greater penetration and closer and more regular patterns; the substitution of steel barrels for twist; and the automatic ejector, by which the old empty shell-case is thrown out of the gun when it is opened for the purpose of reloading.

Great improvements have also been made in the mechanism of the locks, especially in the case of hammerless guns, and in the arrangement for bolting the gun when closed and ready for firing.

Several makes of magazine-guns have also been put on the market, and are much praised by some people who have tried them, and for some purposes they are undoubtedly very good; they are cheap and strong, and not liable to get out of order.

Single-trigger guns—*i. e.*, guns with one trigger to fire both barrels—have again and again been brought forward, but have not stood the test of practical use. Quite lately, however, it really appears as though at least one English gun-maker had discovered a plan for making a single-trigger action which does not break down under the most severe trials, and this may yet be the gun of the future.

Whilst these improvements in guns have been going on, a very great improvement has been taking place in ammunition. Smokeless powder is now made better than when it was first brought out, shot is more uniform in size and harder in quality, wadding of many sorts has been introduced, and is now manufactured in a nearly perfect shape, and, last but not least, an enormous improvement has been made in the shell in which the ammunition is loaded.

The old mixture used for fulminate in the caps, which was never suited to nitro-powders, has been given up, and primers are now commonly made which give regular and perfect shooting. The metal base of the shells is made stronger and more regular in size than formerly, and the paper used is tougher and more suitable.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.

BY J. K. UPTON.

SENATOR TELLER, of Colorado, speaking at the St. Louis convention in reply to the charge that his State wanted to pay its creditors with silver dollars depreciated one-half from their present value, is reported to have said: "Colorado has always paid her debts, and will continue to pay them. *What we object to is the paying of two dollars for one received.*"

As nobody ever suggested that Colorado, or any State, corporation, or person, should pay two dollars for one received, whatever be the monetary standard, it is a fair inference, and the one the Senator doubtless desired to have drawn, that in his opinion the purchasing power of our dollar had recently doubled, as shown by its exchange rate for commodities measured by that standard. A belief that the value of the dollar has been thus enhanced is very general, and some facts bearing upon the question of appreciation are not without interest.

Excepting the period of seventeen years from 1862 to 1879, a dollar containing by law 25.8 grains of gold $\frac{9}{10}$ fine has been practically the unit of value in this country since 1834, and in the terms of that unit contracts have been made and values expressed. Any change in the purchasing power of gold would therefore be shown by a corresponding change in the prices of commodities by which it was measured, the quantity of gold in the standard remaining fixed during the period of comparison.

Has there been any such depreciation in the prices of commodities measured by gold since 1834 as to warrant an inference that the depression was due to the increased relative value of that metal?

A comparison of prices for principal articles of consumption during the period should give some indication of any change in power of the standard, and such prices are known and published. Prices of building materials and of agricultural products for a long series of years—mainly from 1840 to 1891—have been ascertained by cold official inquiry and published by the United States Senate. They are the best available figures for such a comparison. From this publication the table below has been compiled, giving gold prices of the articles in question in 1850 and 1891. The prices for 1840, as far as ascertained, were somewhat lower than for 1850, but were not complete, and so those for the latter-named period were taken.

Articles.	1850.	1891.
Brick, per M.	$5 75	$5 50
Chestnut, not sawed, per M.	12 00	12 00
Hemlock boards, per M.	9 50	10 00
Pine boards, per M.	31 25	50 00
Spruce boards, per M.	11 25	15 75
Tar, per barrel	1 50	2 20
Turpentine, per gallon	31	37
Window-glass, per 50 feet	1 69	1 70
Shingles, per M.	2 00	2 91
Barley, per bushel	65	96
Corn, per bushel	25	58
Cotton, per lb.	12	12
Hemp, per ton	130 00	130 00
Oats, per bushel	22	58
Rye, per bushel	61	97
Tobacco leaf, per lb.	05	10
Wheat, No. 2, spring, per bushel	55	1 03
Total	$207 70	$234 77

The above table shows that, compared with gold, thirteen of the seventeen articles enumerated in 1891 increased in value compared with 1850—the opposite result from that which would follow an appreciation of that metal—three remained unchanged, and one decreased. The total cost of one of each of the articles in 1850 was $207 70, in 1891 $234 77—also an increase instead of a decrease—all indicating, if anything, that the purchasing power of gold had grown less during the period mentioned, if any change had occurred.

Any appreciation in the purchasing power of gold, as alleged, would also have been felt throughout the gold-standard nations of Europe, but there is nothing in the prices of articles of ordinary consumption in those nations to indicate any such recent appreciation. The prices of articles of daily consumption by working-men for a series of years, in Essen, a village of the German Empire, which empire has employed a gold standard since 1872, has been published by the Department of Labor, Bulletin No. 5.

That village is the seat of the great iron and steel works of Friedrich Krupp, employing 26,000 men—a state in itself. Connected with these works are co-operative distributive stores, in which almost every article desired by the working-men can be purchased at cost.

The following table shows prices in those stores for 1875, 1885, and 1893, as published by the Bulletin.

Articles.	1875.	1885.	1893.
Potatoes, per bushel	$ .363	$ .396	$ .315
Rye bread, per lb.	.017	.016	.015
Beef, per lb.—			
First quality	.135	.140	.142
Second quality	.124	.130	.131
Veal, per lb.—			
First quality	.135	.140	.144
Second quality	.124	.130	.122
Mutton, per lb.—			
First quality	.135	.140	.141
Second quality	.124	.130	.108
Pork, per lb.	.147	.136	.154
Pork sausage, per lb.	.163	.162	.168
American lard, per lb.	.152	.103	.141
Butter, first quality, per lb.	.268	.235	.258
Wheat flour, per lb.	.033	.028	.027
Buckwheat " "	.034	.026	.028
Beans, white, " "	.032	.029	.024
Pease, " "	.034	.028	.030
Barley, " "	.039	.028	.035
Rice, " "	.035	.035	.035
Salt, " "	.019	.019	.022
Sugar, refined, per lb.	.114	.073	.071
Total	$2.227	$2.124	$2.111

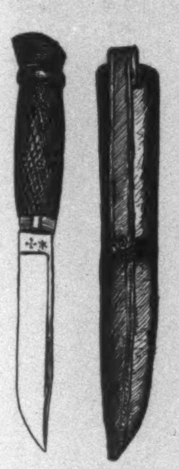
From the above it will be seen that of the twenty articles enumerated twelve have been lowered in price, seven increased, and one remained unchanged for the period mentioned. If a purchaser had bought at these stores one bushel of potatoes and one pound of each of the other articles in 1893, he would have paid within less than two cents of the price of the same articles in 1885, and within less than twelve cents of the price of 1875. The uniformity of price in so many articles is striking for the eighteen years in question. There is certainly nothing in the prices to indicate any change of importance either way in the purchasing power of gold.

In manufactured goods there has been in this country a great lowering of prices since 1840, and to secure such reduction there has been no end of inventions and appliances to reduce their cost of product, and the success achieved is worthy of our highest gratitude and admiration. It has brought thousands of comforts to the deserving poor—comforts which but a few years ago were luxuries even among the rich; and these results have been brought about with an increase at the same time of the wages of the workman employed. Tables showing the increase in such wages have been repeatedly published, and need not be again set forth. They show that the hourly wages of mechanics in 1891 were 1¾ times as great as in 1861, and more than twice as great as in 1840, thus giving the workman more wages and at the same time less cost for his clothing, house-furnishing goods, and for all articles manufactured; and all this has been accomplished under a gold standard; and if that standard has meanwhile appreciated, the condition of the working-man has certainly not been injured, but, on the other hand, greatly improved thereby, and the evidence of improvement is everywhere seen in his surroundings, and needs not the figures of statistics for proof.

If the facts above quoted, which cannot be disproved, mean anything, gold has not appreciated in its exchange value for other products, at least to any considerable extent, since 1872, certainly none as compared with 1850, and from the largely increased gold production there is no indication of an enhancement of the value of that metal in the immediate future. If farmers have recently suffered through a decline in the value of their products, there must be something wrong in the production, something which cannot be cured by a change in the value standard. Dividing the standard in two will give no relief. An increased demand for their products is what the farmers need, and to bring that about an increased consumption must be sought, and that will come with a restoration of commercial and financial confidence.

MOOSE-HUNTING.

By the middle of September the moose-hunter of northern Maine and Canada will begin to run across fresh tracks along the wood roads, with here and there little patches of ground pawed up by the restless bull where he has stood tossing his heavy antlers and stamping his sharp hoofs—sure signs that the rutting season has begun and that the game is on the move. At intervals upon road or carry—for moose are like men, this time o' year, they go the easiest way—the tops of the maple sprouts are stripped bare of their tender leaves where the animal has stopped to browse; and once in a great while, if the hunter chances upon a spot which the moose has lately deserted, he may come upon that pungent, indescribable, but, once perceived, never-to-be-forgotten odor which the bull exhales when rutting, and which at the height of the season sometimes makes the meat too rank for use.



It is unfortunate for the sportsmen that in some regions where moose are comparatively plentiful the close season and a good part of the best of the hunting season coincide. The Legislature of the State of Maine, for example, has long been importuned in vain to open the month of September. Early in that month the animals are at their best, their horns are clear of the velvet, and by the 15th the bulls are likely to answer a call, and to come with a more exciting and vigorous rush than later on. The "rut" lasts for about six weeks, until the end of October. Toward the close of the season there seems to be a renewal of zest and vigor, due doubtless to natural and sufficiently obvious causes, when the feigned invitation of stimulating freshness is more likely to meet with a prompt response.

Contrary to general belief, the moose-hunter's opportunities are better to-day, I should say, than they have been for at least a generation. Thoreau explored for weeks a trackless region in the Maine forests forty years ago, and saw one cow moose, at which his Indian guide, with great caution and infinite pains, secured a shot, and which he killed amidst wild excitement. This was in the summer, and in a region where nowadays to run upon moose along the watercourses during the warm weather is no rarity at all.

During the last war the moose, deer, and caribou of Maine were hunted almost to extermination. Their hides, which were used for cross-belts, cartridge-boxes, and other military accoutrements, fetched a high price; the game laws were lax, and more laxly enforced. An old lumber-camp cook once confessed to me—and there was as much pride in the exploit as penitence for the sin—that he and his partner, a Penobscot Indian, used to spend every fall "calling," and a good part of each winter, after the heavy snows had set in, crust-hunting on snow-shoes, and that they killed eleven moose one morning in a single yard, stripped them of their hides, and left the carcasses. For at least one winter during the war a band of Indians, regularly organized for slaughter, fairly cleaned out the Aroostook region. They were provided with an old cider-press, and divided into two parties, one to kill and strip, the other to clean, dress, and press the hides. The raw hide of an ordinary moose weighs from forty to fifty pounds, and, when folded, makes a clumsy bundle, which measures perhaps two feet square by eighteen inches thick. They could reduce the bulk at least one-half by their press, and my informant, a trapper and an entirely reliable old friend, who confessed to more than his share of crust-hunting, told me that in this way over five hundred hides of moose and caribou had been packed, and were sledded out of a certain region during one winter in the early sixties. When we consider that bulls and cows were killed without discrimination in those days, and that the cow moose ordinarily drops a brace of calves every spring, it is easy to understand how near the moose were to extermination, and how much their increase has been favored by the cessation of such wholesale slaughter at least. Intelligent legislation, fairly well enforced, shortening the open season, forbidding "crusting," limiting the bag to one moose for each hunter, and prohibiting the killing of cows, has done much; public opinion has done more; and the signs are unmistakable of an increase of moose of late years in regions where the natives have come to understand that it pays to protect the game. The guides themselves have learned that the game-hog is their worst enemy. It is not so many years since the few guides who were able "to put a man on to a moose" were quite willing to let him kill as often as he got the chance, and were not so particular about the sex of the animal when the chance came. Indeed, I have known instances of a sportsman bagging two or even three moose on a single trip, and not all of them "heads." To-day the advantage and necessity of keeping rigidly within the law is pretty well recognized, at least by every guide who is worth his salt, and the selfish sportsman who is not content with a single head is likely to find that he fails on easy chances in the most unaccountable way. The snapping of a twig, the splash or even the noiseless flash of a paddle, the bump of a canoe on a rock, a false note in the "call," are a few examples of the many things which serve to warn the threatened quarry, and to start the standing or to stop the coming bull. As my William, whose hand is as deft as his heart is true, once said, with a twinkle in his blue-gray eye, "Thar's more'n one way to make a man miss a moose!"

Calling of a crisp October night, and still-hunting on the first light snows of November, are the two most exciting and sportsmanlike methods of hunting this noble game. By still-hunting I do not mean "crusting" on snow-shoes, after the deep snows have come, and the huge animal flounders helplessly in the drifts or is caught defenceless in the yards. To the old yard-hunter, whose object was a pile of hides, sport was no more a part of his calculations than of those of the "killer" in a Chicago abattoir. But picking up the track of a good-sized bull on the few inches of snow that come with the first falls, and following him up for hours over ridges and across swales, camping on his trail, perhaps for several days, calls for endurance and skill, readiness and infinite caution, above all. Progress must be slow and painstaking, for the breaking of a dry branch or the snapping of a hidden twig beneath the snow may spoil the chance hard won after many hours of severe work. But the hunter has one great advantage in the fall of the year over the earlier season—he can see in every direction a great deal farther than during the rutting period, when the leaves are on.

Hunting in this way, the weight and length of your rifle make a good deal of difference to your comfort. For some years I tried a .44 calibre, a light and handy weapon, the simple construction of which makes it a favorite with many sportsmen. In the old Adirondack days the .38 and even the .32 were popular. Their comparatively light charges, the fact that they could be used on grouse as well as deer, and their light weight—a boon to tired shoulders on a long carry—gave them a certain vogue, especially with the man used to upland shooting, who likes to handle a rifle he can swing as easily as his shot-gun. But even with deer I have come to prefer the heavier gauges. I have seen a small doe with a hole through both lungs from a .44 bullet go plunging through thick undergrowth, pumping out blood at every jump, for two hundred yards before she fell, and making me feel as though I could never pull trigger again. Time and again I have known animals wounded by the lighter bores get away to die a lingering death. Of course the crack target shot who is certain he can put a ball between the eyes of a deer anywhere within a hundred yards may smile at the man who talks about wanting to shoot with a charge which will shock and stop the game at once, even if the first shot does not strike a vital spot.

Indeed, I know a famous rifleman, one of the most expert range shots in the country, who has more than once pricked his score card with ten consecutive bull's-eyes at two hundred yards, off-hand, who invariably uses a .32 calibre in the Adirondack woods. He rarely fails to bag his deer at long range, taking perhaps one sighting shot, and then placing the second ball into the head or back of the shoulder. But for the ordinary sportsman, who is not ordinarily a crack target shot, to use a load which will produce an immediate and paralyzing shock is, to my mind, far more humane and sportsmanlike. For moose and caribou the heavier calibres are a necessity for sure work. A bull moose can rarely be stopped by a small-bore rifle, even if hit in a vital spot. And he may resent a light charge by a charge of his own, by no means light, upsetting your canoe or driving you up a tree. The mishap has occurred to me; since then I have found comfort in a .45–90, though lately I have had my old rifle altered to a .45–70, which carries four cartridges in the magazine, besides the one in the chamber. The carbine length, 22 inches, makes this a very handy weapon for working through the woods when still-hunting. I have also a Winchester of the same gauge, with barrel of the ordinary length, 26 inches, an admirable gun for general use, weighing only 8¼ pounds, easy to swing on a moving animal. Both guns are fitted with the shot-gun stock. As so many of the shots at big game must be taken at dusk or early dawn, or in the semi-obscurity of the woods, I have found the most satisfactory sights to be a large ivory bead front and an open-leaf rear sight, with the V notch filed U shape, so as to minimize the disadvantage of a slight astigmatism which makes it hard to catch the forward sight quickly through the notch. That imagination has much to do with this feeling of uncertainty I am inclined to suspect, for I fancy that most really quick shots are taken without much regard to the sights at all, when the rifle is swung and sighted best by handling it exactly as one handles a shot-gun.

The Lyman hunter's sight, fitted to the stock back of the hammer, and used with the other rear sight folded down, is very convenient for long shots in the open when one has ample time. But I am unable to use this excellent sight at dusk or in the woods, for I seem to lose sight of the object altogether the moment I run my eye along the barrel. Persons at all troubled with astigmatism, I fancy, would experience the same difficulty in focussing. But when one has a long shot to make at a standing object in a fair light, there is a feeling of steadiness and certainty which the Lyman sight alone gives, and for a long time I clung to it for all occasions, until, after knocking down a bull caribou, whose noble set of antlers stood bravely up across an open swamp three hundred yards away, I saw him hobble off on three legs into the woods. I followed, and there, amidst the shadows, missed him twice point-blank at less than forty yards. To Theodore Roosevelt, whose name suggests so much that is dear to the sportsman, and whose word is a guaranty of practical experience, I am indebted for the valuable hint about the kind of sights for ordinary woodland use.

Each man learns, after a few seasons' experience, to make up his own "kit" according to his special needs. What to one man is a necessity another finds a useless encumbrance to his pack. Mindful of this, I have no hints to offer, save one: A moose-hide is thick and tough, and to strip it requires more time, far harder work, and a sharper and better-adapted knife than will suffice for deer. A good jack-knife is far better than most of the "hunting-knives" in vogue, with their long daggerlike blades so pointed that a slip of the hand sometimes causes very disagreeable consequences when removing what the guides call "the life works."

William was anxious to have a knife made of a special pattern, which I drew at his suggestion last fall. On taking the sketch to a cutler to give the order, I found that I had been anticipated by my old school-mate Henry Munn, whose Rocky Mountain experiences had led to a similar result; for a hunter's knife made in Sheffield, after a design by Mr. Munn, was shown me, and the very thing I wanted. The knife and leather sheath look like the illustration accompanying this article.

Speaking from an experience too limited perhaps to justify generalization, I must yet declare my belief that no sport can combine quite so many elements which exhilarate and excite as moose "calling." On a crisp, clear October evening, with the hoar-frost sparkling in the starlight, to sit beneath a fallen "top" in the depths of the woods, or to paddle to some chosen spot on the shore of lake or stream, carefully selected for the range of surrounding hills it commands, and there, with rifle across knee, to listen to the wild, mournful notes of the call as they go booming across the water and rolling up the mountain-side, is an experience that is always intense and forever new.

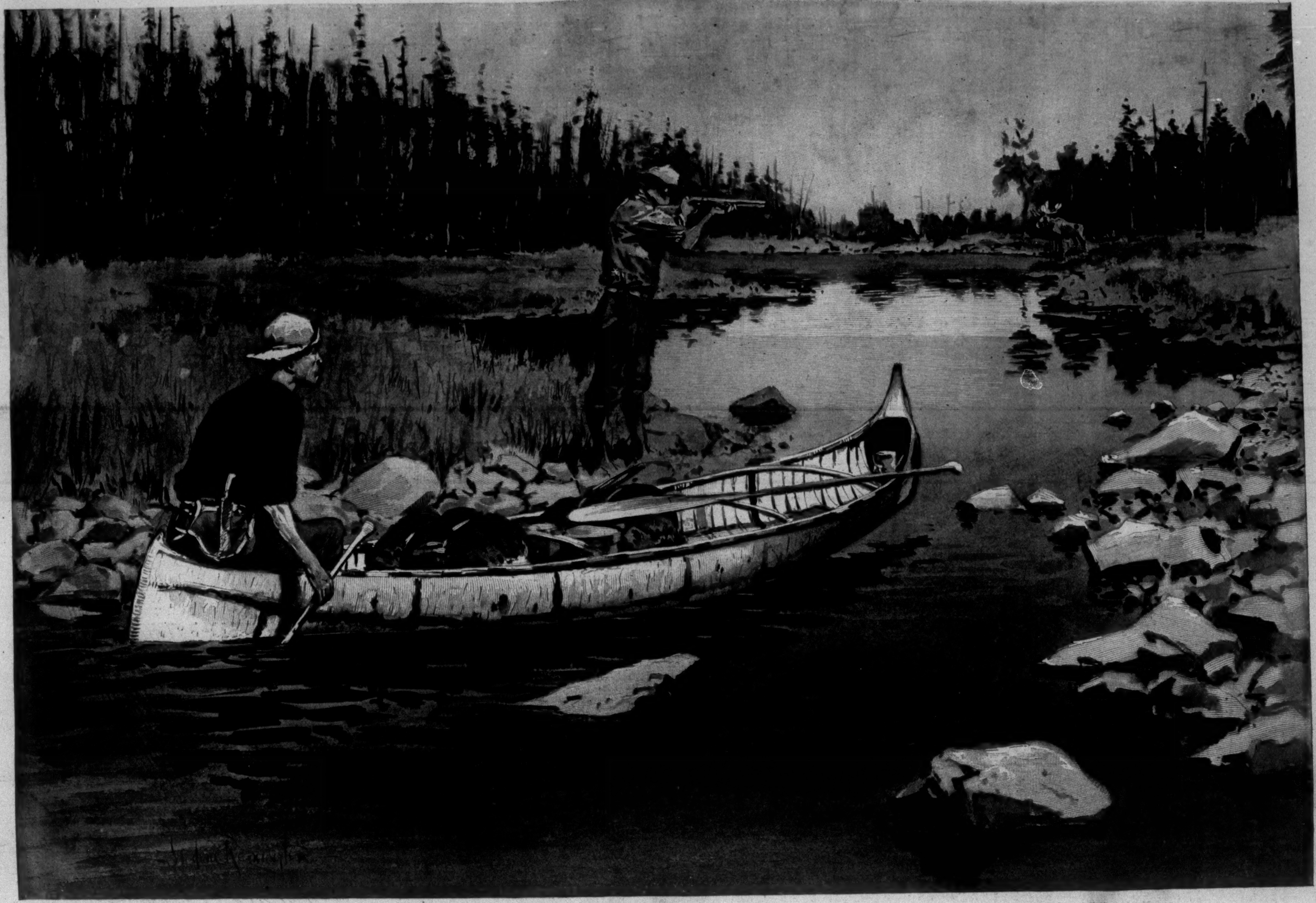
And when at last the deep, sonorous, answering "oof" is heard, and then the rattling of the heavy antlers on the dry boughs, the plunging rush, as the great creature comes crashing through the forest; your companion's breathless whisper that just stirs the crisp, frosty air—"He's comin' now for sure!"—these are things to set the coolest blood a-tingling, while the heart-beats throb loudly on the ear!

I shall not yield to the temptation of Caspar Whitney's invitation, and just on the verge of a personal experience I pull myself up. Nor shall I attempt to describe the "call" taught me by him whom I stoutly maintain to be the best guide in Canada or Maine. No true-hearted hunter will begrudge me a boast like this—when he knows he has at least one to match it, should we ever puff cross-legged before the same camp-fire.

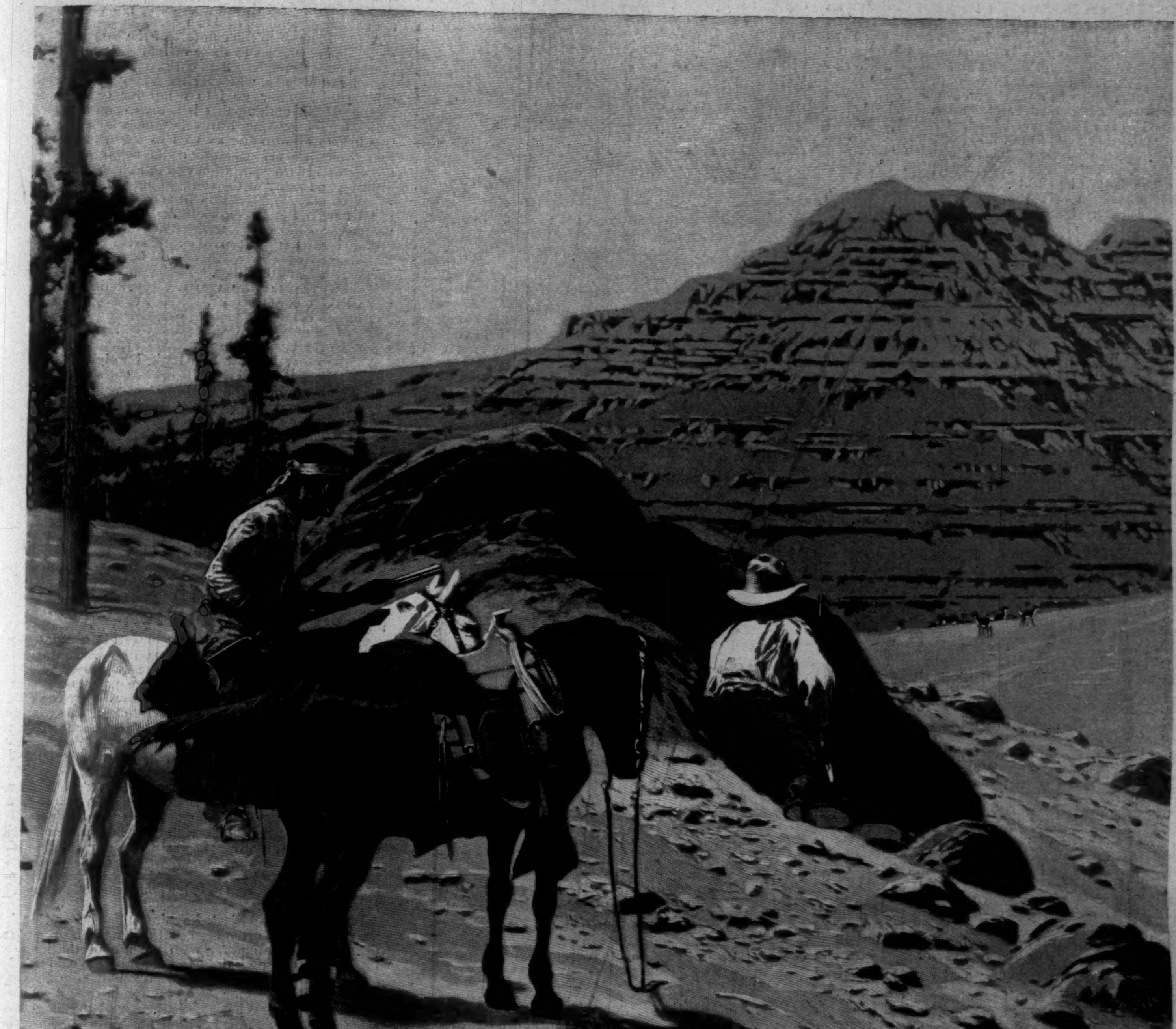
And yet I believe that call, one of the woodland *susurri sub nocte*, could be represented by notes and a staff. Not so the deep-throated, guttural "oof," which sounds neither sharp nor loud, and yet which "carries" so amazing far. Some megaphonic quality there is, I must think, to the huge distended nostrils which send this note responsive to such a distance. And the personal equation wherein lies so much of surprise and variety! There be bulls and bulls.

Why, I know a sportsman (see how gracefully I yield to temptation, after all, while deftly avoiding to break my pledge!)—I know a man who had two answers one night to the same call. One came straight on with noisy rush, rattling the dry boughs with his horns, like the sound of a boy's hoop-stick on the palings, never stopping till he broke cover with amorous grunt; the other, answering only at long intervals, coming leisurely and with little or no noise, taking his time and picking his way, a careless and confident wooer—and yet he was the one who ventured the nearer, and whose great bell and spreading antlers look down upon me as I write. Something startled the more impetuous suitor at the last moment, cooled his ardor and checked his rush; for the next morning we found he had turned sharp at the end of a jump and worked quietly back into the woods.

I have more than filled my allotted space, and come to an end with no little complacency in the reflection that no trophy tales of personal experience have crept into my sheets. Suggestions there have been, and pretty broad hints, I will admit. But these the sportsman will pardon, mindful of the temptation when forest pictures throng the brain and woodland themes are on the tongue. Do you recall Beecher's answer to the warning caution of a reproving deacon? "Ah! if you only knew the things I think of and *don't* say!" Brothers of the rod and gun, bedfellows of the "lean-to," will give me less credit for self-restraint, perhaps, and count it at best as only a temporary bottling up of frothy stuff sure to be soon uncorked, when, as they read these lines, they reflect, with exultant thrill, that the days are near at hand when the glow of the camp-fire loosens the tongue, and, like Dick Steele and Harry Esmond, we shall each of us be listening to the others' talk, so as to take our turn a-talking. Once more, like them, we too shall sit and puff and spin away, until the pipe goes out and the embers fade, and the sleeping-bag with yawn capacious gives us the hint to quit yarning and turn in. George Walton Green.



MOOSE-HUNTING—AN UNEXPECTED SHOT.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 975.]



STALKING ANTELOPE.—From the Painting by Fernand Lungren.—[See Page 986.]

REFORM IN NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

In January, 1895, the Boone and Crockett Club elected the undersigned chairman of a committee the other members of which were Messrs. Elihu Root and C. Grant La Farge. The duties of this committee were twofold—first, to secure for the city of New York a zoological park where the fauna, and especially the game and fur-bearing animals, of America could be seen and studied, as far as practicable, in their native surroundings, and where the race of certain animals, now threatened with extinction in their native wilds, could be preserved; and, second, to put an end to the practice of hounding and jacking deer in this State, as well as of the killing of does. The committee, during the winter of 1895, succeeded in its first undertaking, and the New York Zoological Society is largely the result of its efforts.

The improvement of the game laws proved a much more serious enterprise, owing to the short-sighted opposition of some of the residents of the districts most affected by such restrictive legislation.

In the session of 1895 the committee introduced, through Assemblyman W. W. Niles, Jun., a bill prohibiting the use of hounds and the killing of does. Another bill before the Assembly prohibited jacking, and was, to that extent, supported by the committee.

The opposition of a single representative of a county on the border of the North Woods was effectual in preventing the Fish and Game Committee from reporting the anti-hounding bill, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of Mr. Niles.

When, toward the end of the session, the so-called Donaldson game law came up for consideration, an anti-hounding amendment offered by Mr. Niles failed only for lack of some six or eight votes. This ended our attempts for the year of 1895.

The chief argument used against the proposed legislation was that the deer were not decreasing, but actually growing in numbers to such an extent that they were found *starved* to death from lack of sufficient food in the woods to support so many animals, and this, too, in spite of an enormous annual increase of both hunters and hounds.

Other arguments were that hounding was necessary to keep the deer wild and prevent them becoming a nuisance, and that no one residing in the Adirondacks wanted any such laws, which were alleged to emanate solely from city men, who desired to deprive the poor countryman of his inherited privilege of cutting the throat of a swimming deer if economy of ammunition or inability to shoot straight made it desirable.

Of serious argument against the bills there was none, but a very effective lobby was called into play, and continued its operations on a larger scale in 1896.

The opening of the Legislature this year led us to hope for better results, nor were we altogether mistaken. The report of the State Fish and Game Commission showed, from carefully gathered information, that over 4900 deer had been slaughtered during the preceding season, including 2693 does.

The figures, though containing nothing new to those familiar with the subject, were a decided surprise to the public, and the need of restrictive measures became so apparent that Governor Morton, in his message, especially urged stringent reform in the game laws in order to save the deer. This report stopped at once all the ghost stories about the increase of deer and the beneficent effect of hounding, and reduced our opponents to the ludicrous position of maintaining that the hotel-keepers and guides who had sent the figures to the commission had deliberately lied in exaggerating the number of deer killed in their respective localities, in order to attract sportsmen there.

A strong demand to stop hounding came from many parts of the Adirondacks, and was endorsed by many of the better class of hotel men and guides, who were intelligent enough to perceive that the deer were disappearing, and with them their own means of support. Bills draughted by the undersigned totally to abolish the use of hounds and to stop jacking were introduced in the Senate by Senator George R. Malby, of St. Lawrence, an Adirondack county containing the best existing deer-hunting in the State, and in which hounding had for many years been prohibited.

Senator Malby's earnest support of these bills, coupled with his knowledge of Adirondack conditions and his authority as representing a district where the proposed law had long been in actual and successful operation, could not prevent the Senate game committee amending his bills so as to allow two weeks for hounding and two weeks for jacking; but when the bills were reported to the Senate in this mutilated condition, by a splendid effort he had them amended back to their original form and then passed by an overwhelming majority. Meantime, in the Assembly, the same bills, introduced by Mr. William Carey Sanger, of Oneida, met a like fate in committee, and were amended to conform to the Senate bills as reported from committee. The supporters of the original bill in the Assembly committee, led by Mr. Laimbeer, only lacked one vote to secure a favorable report.

On the floor of the Assembly a long and brilliant fight was made by Messrs. Sanger, Laimbeer, and Ives to change the bills back to their original form, as had been done in the Senate, or substitute the Malby bills, but the attempt was defeated, the countrymen voting almost solidly against the proposed reform. The Sanger bills, as amended by the committee, were then passed and sent to the Senate.

The session of 1896 was drawing to its close, and there was not sufficient time for a conference committee, so the Senate reluctantly concurred in the Assembly bills, Mr. Malby stating that he accepted these amended bills as a step in the right direction, but that he still adhered to his original position that the absolute abolition of hounds was the only effective remedy. The amended Sanger bills were then signed by the Governor on May 15, 1896, and so became law. They reduce the time for hounding from four weeks (September 10 to October 10) to two weeks (October 1 to October 15), and jacking from ten weeks (August 16 to October 31) to two weeks (September 1 to September 15).

The great danger that threatens the continued existence of large game in this State is the presence and use of hounds. As long as there is a valid excuse for keeping dogs by reason of an open season for hounding, however short, they will be used secretly during the prohibited period and allowed to run at large during the winter. Many deer are killed by stray dogs, which become as wild as wolves in the deep snows of early spring.

The serious interference with the natural increase of deer by reason of hounding them, regardless of age or sex, during the breeding season, is obvious, and all those who have any experience with the methods of hunting prevailing in many parts of the Adirondacks know what a contemptible advantage is taken of the deer by driving them into deep water, and how absurd is the claim of "sport" in shooting a swimming deer. The fact is that many of the so-called guides and sportsmen who frequent the hotels in the North Woods are too unskilled to kill deer by legitimate methods, and consequently oppose legislation calculated to protect the deer by allowing them to breed in peace, and designed to place the State of New York in line with nearly every civilized community on this continent where similar conditions exist.

New York is practically the only important Northern State, East or West, which allows the use of dogs, and in the South deer are seldom shot in the water. In Canada, Manitoba and Ontario are the only provinces that allow hounding, and in the latter the game commission announced last winter that either hounding must stop or the deer would cease to exist. The deer of New York can only be saved by prompt action of the Legislature in wiping out the dogs, and by the vigorous enforcement of such a law; and if this is not done in the next few years, the deer will follow their former companion in the Adirondacks—the moose—to the happy hunting-grounds of tradition.

Before closing this article, it is proper to state that the above efforts to secure decent legislation met with hearty support not only from members of the Boone and Crockett Club, but from a number of gentlemen interested in preserving the native features of the Adirondacks, and especially from Messrs. George Bird, W. Seward Webb, William J. Schieffelin, and Comptroller Fitch of New York city.

MADISON GRANT.

IN THE FISHING PORT.

Down by the sea-wall going,
  Where the barelegged babies play,
Where the tides are always flowing,
  And the dories rock all day,
Over the edge of the breaker,
  Far out across the bay,
White acre after acre
  You see the foam-wreaths play.

White as the foam-wreaths flying
  Between the blue and the blue,
The sails of the ships are lying
  Smitten by sunshine through,
Till the darkness falls and the shadows
  Slip on from sky to sky,
And over the dim sea-meadows
  The winds begin to sigh.

And the stars in their shrouds of sorrow
  Drown slowly spark by spark,
While the shattering surges borrow
  Their glimmer of ghostly cark,
And the brow of the storm's pale anger
  Leans up the sea, and hark,
What voices and cries and clangor
  Leap out of the deep and the dark!

Then with heavenly soft erasure
  Of all the ruin and wrack,
The morning with rose and with azure
  Sweeps over the tempest track,
And, the glass by wan hands lifted
  From house-top and window crack,
The wild of the wave is sifted
  For the sail that comes not back.

For the wife forsakes her pillow
  For the phantom that shoreward creeps,
And the lad feels the call of the billow
  Cry to him while he sleeps,
A part of the mighty tillage
  That death the deathless reaps,
The heart of the fishing village
  Beats out on the sunlit deeps.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

COMFORT IN CAMP.

The word camp is one of many meanings. It may signify a summer house in Maine or the Adirondacks, comfortably furnished, provided with a staff of servants, provisioned with every luxury of food and drink that the city markets afford, its boat-houses equipped with a fleet of boats, and some bit of level ground with a tennis-court; or it may mean a few square feet of bare ground, where a tiny fire is dying, and a single tired, twisted human body is shivering the night through. Either of these is a camp in the language of to-day, yet the speaker who is accustomed to one sort of camp talks a jargon unintelligible to him who is familiar only with the other.

In the old rough days men camped because they had to, just as they hunted because they were obliged to kill something or starve, but now camping, like hunting and shooting, has become recreation. Men and women and children go camping for pleasure, and do not confine themselves to the luxurious camps which are really only country houses built in wild or little-settled regions. He who has camped much from necessity has vivid memories of camps of all sorts. He looks back on nights when the water was too alkaline to be used for coffee or was entirely wanting, on bitter hours spent in hanging over the acrid smoke of a buffalo-chip fire while the zero wind swept clouds of dust and snow over the plain, and on charming days passed by trout streams in little parks among the green timber of the high mountains, where the deer and sheep were plenty and fat. To such a one there seems a wide contrast between real camping and playing at it. Yet it is better to play at camping than not to camp at all, since even the pretense insures more or less of an out-door life.

And the pretense may even lead up to the real thing. There are not a few women nowadays who, beginning in the camp of luxury, have come at length to bestride their horses and to start out into the mountains with a pack-train, ready and able to ride as far, to shoot as straight, and to climb as sturdily and as long as their husbands. It is, after all, only a matter of making up one's mind to it, and of a little training. I can think now of more than one city woman who has followed the tireless white goat to his fastnesses and the nimble big-horn over the rocks that he loves. All this is good, and promises much for the coming generation of America.

A few hints as to the comfort of the camper may suggest some new ideas to those of limited experience, even though they merely retell an old story to the veteran.

Men and women, wherever they may be, desire to be comfortable. They go into camp for enjoyment, and should neglect nothing that is likely to add to their pleasure. The experienced traveller, he who has seen the rough side of camping as well as the smooth, tries to spare himself every privation and annoyance. The limitations of his transportation oblige him to forego all the luxuries and many of the conveniences to which he may be accustomed, and this lack he accepts with equanimity, but he makes every effort to be comfortable. Young people who have only read of out-door life sometimes go into camp very ill provided, and seem to take pleasure in living as roughly as they can and in being short of shelter, food, and bedding. They appear to imagine that this shows that they are tough, hardy, and enduring, and is an evidence of fortitude. This is a grave mistake. Nothing is gained by getting wet, sleeping cold, or being short of provisions. One does not go into camp for the purpose of enduring hardship.

On the other hand, only a limited weight of baggage can usually be carried, and therefore one's supplies must be cut down to the lowest possible point. The more baggage there is the longer it takes to pack up in the morning, and so the shorter in time—and consequently in distance—must be the day's journey. When travel is by canoe, or the baggage is transported in wagons, this matter is of less importance than when one travels with a pack-train, but it is always worth considering. It is necessary, then, to balance one's luxuries against one's time.

If obliged to do so, one can carry on his riding-horse all that he absolutely needs for a long journey. A little bundle of dried meat or a sack of pemmican, the blankets under the saddle, and a robe tied behind it have constituted the camp equipment of many a man who had hundreds of miles to ride. In these days no one is obliged to travel so light as this; yet, as every additional pound counts for something, carry nothing that you do not actually need.

So far as material things go, comfort in camp depends in large measure on shelter, bed, and food. In the forest, where straight slender poles are readily to be found, or when it is practicable to carry lodge poles, no shelter is so warm, dry, and convenient as the ordinary conical Indian lodge, or tepee. If properly pitched, it is wind and water proof, and in it one can cook, eat, and enjoy the camp-fire without being obliged to go out of doors, and so, after camp is made, he is independent of the weather. The idea of the Sibley tent is taken from the lodge. This calls for a single stout pole only, but the tent is heavier than the lodge, and is supplied with certain iron rings and chains which, besides adding to its weight, render it inconvenient to pack. The Sibley depends for its stability chiefly on the guy ropes on the windward side, and so, in a heavy wind, is likely to be thrown down if the guys break or the pins pull up. This cannot happen to a lodge properly put up. Where lodge poles can be had the tepee is to be preferred.

It is sometimes objected against this shelter that it is very smoky. It often is so, but never when properly set up. Persons unfamiliar with the use of the lodge are likely to pin it down tight to the ground in cold weather, and even to heap dirt or snow upon its edges, so as to keep the cold outer air from rushing in over the beds on which they sit. When this is done, and the lodge made practically air-tight below, the fire begins to burn dim, and the smoke to hang lower and lower. Now a fire cannot burn unless it has a draught, and unless air is supplied to the lodge fire, it will smoulder and smoke. Draught is readily provided by raising the lodge covering two or three inches from the ground at several points, choosing places where currents of air will not interfere with the comfort of the occupants. It must be remembered that the smoke-hole above the fire is large, and that the air rushing out of it fast, must be supplied as fast from below. If this is not done, the lodge becomes as uncomfortable as it ought to be comfortable. The best way to arrange for this draught is to provide the lodge with a lining, such as the Indians always use. This is a strip of cloth or skin from four to six feet wide, and long enough to reach all around the lodge inside the lodge poles from one side of the door to the other. Its upper margin is tied by strings to the lodge poles, and it hangs down to the ground, where its lower edge is tucked under the outer sides of the beds. There is thus an air space two or three inches deep between lodge covering and lining. The lodge covering is not pinned down close to the ground, and the air, rushing under it into the lodge, passes up through the empty space between covering and lining, and enters the living part of the lodge above and in front of the occupants. Proper draught being provided and dry wood used, a lodge will never smoke.

Next after the lodge for convenience come the ordinary wall and A, or wedge, tents, which, if provided with jointed poles, are readily carried in a canoe or on a pack-saddle. A simple light cotton "lean-to," almost small enough to go into a game-pocket, will shelter four men very comfortably. In shape it is like one-half of a standing A tent, cut in two by a vertical plane dropped through the poles. A good fire built in front of this and kept up through the night will keep it warm and dry. A simple and easily constructed house may be built after the manner of the Indian sweat-house. Take ten or twelve limber willow branches eight feet long, and trim off all the branches except the twigs at the ends, and sharpen the butts. Stick the sharpened points in the ground so as to form an oval, each branch standing eighteen inches or two feet from the next one. There should be three or four branches on each longer side of the oval, and two at each end. Bend over each pair of opposite branches and twist their slender twigs together, weaving the branches at the ends of the oval among those which rise from the sides, so that the frame will hold together well. If this is properly done, you will have a bird-cage-like structure more than six feet long and three feet wide—large enough in fact, for two persons to sleep in. A *manta*, rubber sheet, robe, or blanket thrown over this frame will keep out a moderate storm and form a good shelter.

Quite as important as his shelter is the camper's bed. It is impossible for a man to be well and contented unless he has a fair amount of sleep, and he cannot have this without a good bed.

In the old days the buffalo-robe was the foundation of the Western traveller's bed, and except in the coldest weather he needed little besides this. I have slept out-of-doors in the high mountains well into November with entire comfort, using only a robe for covering. Since the disappearance of the robe, the sleeping-bag has been invented, and a very useful thing it is, though most of them are too warm for any but the coldest weather. Those made of light skins, such as lynx, are to my mind better than those of wolf or sheep skin. A bag of blanket is excellent for mild weather.

For summer or early fall travel, a pair of heavy blankets and an ordinary cotton quilt or comfortable will give warmth enough for most men. The quilt is warmer than the blankets, and the wind cannot blow through it as it does through blankets. If practicable to carry it, a very thin mattress may well be added to the bed. It softens and smooths the ground in a wonderful way. Besides these things, a rubber sheet should be carried. The whole bed, folded so as to be ready for use, should be tightly rolled up in a piece of stout canvas, and the roll should be strapped near each end with a heavy strap long enough to go twice around it. This covering protects the bed from water and from dirt, and keeps it from being torn by branches or chafed in packing. The canvas should be large enough not only to lie on, but also to fold over one at night. On emergency it may be used to make a protection against snow or rain.

The food question is one about which opinions may differ widely. Some men are satisfied with the plainest food, so long as there is enough of it; others long for what in camp are dainties, though commonplace enough at home. As food is heavy and bulky, making up a good share of the weight that must be carried, the list of provisions ought to be carefully gone over and cut down as much as possible before it is ordered. One should never economize on the essentials—coffee, sugar, bacon or pork, and flour—but aside from these the list will bear careful scrutiny. Enough food must be taken to supply all wants if no game or fish are taken during the trip. Personally, I do not believe in carrying canned vegetables, because such canned goods consist largely of water, and the muscle of men and animals is too valuable to be expended in carrying unnecessary water about over the country. A few cans of soup may be very well, but even soups may now be had in cakes, I believe, which are thus much less bulky and lighter.

I believe strongly in the use of cereals in camp. They are compact, good to work on, and offer variety, because they can be cooked in many different ways. Oatmeal, corn meal, rice, and hominy constitute by far the greater part of my provisions. Perhaps I carry my ideas too far for some persons, for once, as I was returning from exploring some glaciers in the northern Rocky Mountains, I overheard one of the men discontentedly reply to some one who asked if we had killed much game. "Oh no; we just lived on mush and glaciers during the whole trip."

The quantity of provisions to be carried by any party can readily be figured out from any table of army rations. For a party of three men for thirty days, I usually take 100 pounds of flour, 25 pounds of sugar, 15 pounds of coffee, 45 pounds of bacon, 15 pounds of oatmeal, 15 pounds of corn meal, 2 sacks of salt, 5 pounds of baking-powder, and sometimes 12 pounds of beans, 5 pounds of dried prunes, 5 pounds of dried apples, 5 pounds of dried peaches or apricots. As I have said, it is very much better to carry too much than too little food, and the cutting down in what is commonly called the "grub list" should be made on the luxuries and not the necessaries.

There is literally nothing so important to the comfort of a camping party as that a right spirit should pervade its members. For the first few days camp life and camp work may seem hard and very trying to persons accustomed only to a life entailing little muscular exertion. The day may seem long and fatiguing, the sun hot, the rain cold, and life a burden. On reaching camp at night the natural—and selfish—impulse is to throw yourself on the ground and to wait until things have been made ready for your comfort—until the fire has been built, the tent pitched, and the beds brought in—and then to crawl to your own and to stretch yourself out to rest till supper is ready. But for your own sake, as well as for that of your companions, do not you do what is natural and selfish. Before the canoe is unloaded or the animals unsaddled, the cook will have started his fire and brought his water. Do you lend a hand at unloading, at putting up the tent, and then at bringing the beds to it. Do not be satisfied with bringing your own bed; bring those of all your tent-mates as well, if they are not disposed to help. Then go for some wood, if more is needed. Keep busy for a little while. Do it all with a cheerful air; talk as you move about; make jokes, or whistle. No matter how you may really feel, make the others imagine that you are not a bit tired, but are having a real good time. Do this for two or three nights, and observe how your good spirits and readiness about camp will react on your companions. Whether it is only because man is an imitative animal or because they are ashamed to appear tired and worn out, you will find that, after observing you for a day or two, they will be as brisk, as bustling, and as helpful about camp as you have been. For the rest of the trip there will be plenty of hands willing to do work.

There is nothing more melancholy about a camp, no more certain destroyer of comfort, than a fault-finder, a man who is constantly complaining; one for whom the ground is too rough or too hard, who is dissatisfied with the cooking, who grumbles at the food, whose clothing hurts him, who is always too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry. Every one knows that there are always things that it is possible to find fault with while in camp, and, knowing this, the man given to complaining should avoid camping, or, if he must camp, should do so strictly by himself, and spare others the discomfort of listening to his wails.

Nowhere in the world is a cheerful spirit of more importance than in camp; nowhere is it more quickly recognized or more highly appreciated.

I have in mind men with whom I have camped whose cheery song or whistle, even under most adverse circumstances, yet rings in my ears, men who at the end of a long, tiring day of marching or paddling in the rain, against wind and tide, or under a blazing sun, when there was no dry wood and the fire would not burn, while the tent would leak, when every one else was wet, miserable, worn out, and quite ready to quarrel with his best friend, just sang and whistled while they got the camp in order, and by their own cheerfulness calmed the minds and raised the spirits of every one within ear-shot of them. Of such men one cherishes grateful remembrance for a long time.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SALMON WATERS.

THE fisherman may wander through Europe, Asia, and America, and north of the fortieth parallel he will find the Salmonidæ at home. In such waters the salmon family flourishes; outside them its members live in isolated colonies, and depend upon a combination of fortuitous circumstances for an existence. For instance, in the streams flowing from the western flanks of the Atlas range there are trout, but they are small, and moreover confined to half a dozen mountain torrents. In Spain and in the Apennines a few misguided fish vegetate, and in America members of the family may be caught far below the fortieth parallel by following the backbones of the Appalachian and Rocky Mountain chains, but to find the Salmonidæ in all their glory the Canadian border must be crossed, the Land o' Cakes visited, or a foray made into Scandinavia.

From Newfoundland to the Nipigon River, and from the closely preserved streams of Long Island to the distant waters that drain into Hudson Bay, the most beautiful charr in the world, *Salmo fontinalis*, may be caught. Whether dusky from the stain of peat waters, or brilliant with a silver sheen acquired in brackish estuarine floods, the American brook trout is second to no fish that swims, excepting of course his larger cousin, the salmon, with which it is hardly fair to compare him.

Practically we have no salmon-fishing in the United States. There is, to be sure, one pool at Bangor, Maine, that, thanks to the fishery commissioners who restocked the Penobscot, yields a few salmon each spring to the rod, but there are many more fishermen than fish, and the man who has the time and money to spare to visit the Penobscot had better extend his voyage to Nova Scotia, where all rivers are free and the sport more certain than at Bangor.

Salmon run very early in the small rivers of western Nova Scotia. They have been taken (on the fly, mind you) in February in the Port Medway, the fisherman standing on an ice-floe and casting into the swirling black waters between the ramparts of shore ice. I myself have had capital fishing at Greenfield, eighteen miles above tide-water, early in May, and the big spring run is over in Nova Scotia before it has begun on the crack streams of New Brunswick and Quebec. Should any wandering brother be induced by reading these lines to try his luck in the Port Medway River, he will find an orange-bodied fly the great medicine. Any fly blue in tone brought me no rise, but orange was fatal to the fish.

Salmon are "kittle cattle," and their whims must be humored. Theory in many cases is of no avail. I recollect having phenomenal success on Nipisiguit one bright August morning with a tiny green-bodied fly, mallard wings, and a turn or two of gold twist tied on a double hook, when every standard pattern in my book failed to move a fin. The canoe-men thought the Black Fairy ought to kill. So it does as a rule when the water is clear as gin and the sky unclouded, but on that particular occasion the fish, like the Irish, were devoted to green.

There are other rivers in Nova Scotia that may be recommended to the man of moderate expectations. Gold River, Tusket, La Have, and one or two at the eastward of Halifax. Big scores are improbable, but these are free with the exception of a slight toll demanded of non-residents. The same may be said of Newfoundland, but there the streams have been so shamefully netted that good sport is the exception.

In New Brunswick, Quebec, and Labrador all the better rivers are under lease or are owned outright by anglers. The Nipisiguit, Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Cascapedia, Bonaventure, St. John, and York rivers drain into the Bay de Chaleur, and are famous for the sport they furnish, but the outsider may not wet a line in any of them, and $30,000 has been paid for a single pool. Even in Labrador one must visit the bleak barren coast beyond Belle Isle to find free fishing.

My earliest salmon-fishing was done in Norway, and when I found myself beside a Canadian stream the resemblance to Scandinavia impressed itself forcibly. Here were the same sombre forests lining the banks, the same ice-cold waters, and apparently the same bloodthirsty mosquitoes and gnats had followed me across the Atlantic. The fish were twin brothers to those I had left, and I do not think the most expert ichthyologist could distinguish between a salmon from the Namsen and one from the Restigouche.

Norway's bold western coast-line is eleven hundred miles long, and from end to end it is cleft every few miles by a salmon river. Nearly all are leased to Englishmen, who visit them for the brief fishing season, and leave enough golden guineas behind to support the frugal Norsemen throughout the long dark winter. But Norwegian fishing is not equal to Canadian. There are no birch-bark canoes, full of the poetry of the wilderness; stolid Lapps, and scarcely less stolid "bonders" or farmers, replace our quicker-witted backwoodsmen and Indians; and lastly, instead of casting from a ticklish craft as fragile as a bandbox, one must sit in the stern-sheets of a heavy skiff and trail a huge fly zigzag across the pool. This is known as "harling," and if there is anything more dreary than bottom-fishing it is harling. Of course once hooked a salmon is a salmon all the world over, and will leap and rush and sulk as determinedly on one continent as on the other, but here we kill him on a single gut leader, and there they murder him on a treble-twisted trace—which is very much less exciting.

Salmon-fishing in Norway begins about the middle of June and continues until September. Grilse run about the end of June, and, as with us, are small compared with those of the Scotch rivers, for the reason that they go down to the sea late in the spring as smolt, and consequently remain but a few weeks in salt water, where alone their growth takes place. By-the-bye, the only American rivers in which I have caught smolt are those of Nova Scotia. They are as long as herrings, and most beautiful to look upon when drawn from the water, but the bright silver scales are rubbed off with the slightest touch.

The most renowned of Norway's rivers are the Tana, Alten, and Namsen, though the Pasvik, Laks Elv, Ovrefos, Vefsen, Gula, Orkla, Laerdals Elv, and dozens of smaller rivers give good sport. The Tana is a very fine stream, salmon ascending it for three hundred miles, whereas in no other river do they run more than seventy miles from salt water. The mountain ranges are parallel with the coastline and falls usually bar the way within fifteen miles of the head of the tide. Thus it is that hundreds of miles of the upper reaches of Norwegian rivers are inaccessible to spawning fish. In order to overcome this obstacle to the increase of salmon the Norwegian Storthing has voted large sums for fish-ladders, and wonderful results have followed the building of some on the Vefsen. Salmon now pass over the Fosjordfos and Laksfos falls, the latter being, if I remember correctly, some fifty feet in height, and the former fifteen or twenty feet. This example deserves to be followed on many Canadian rivers. If a fish-pass could be erected at the Grand Falls of the Nipisiguit, it would add one hundred and twenty miles of spawning-beds to the twenty miles now available. The New York fish commission is laboring very earnestly to make the Hudson a salmon river, and passes have been built at Mechanicsville and Troy; but I fear the waters of the Hudson at Albany are not sufficiently limpid for salmon. The Merrimac at Holyoke and Lowell has been supplied with ladders, and the fish ascend to the upper waters, but do not appear to increase in numbers, probably owing to the condition of the stream. It is otherwise in Norway; there the fish merely require a "leg up" at the falls to gain access to long stretches of river suited to their needs.

When the Briton speaks of salmon-fishing he means the taking of fish by fly, minnow, or worm, as may seem most expedient. Americans have a stricter code of ethics. The fly alone is considered sportsmanlike on this side of the Atlantic. Perhaps, however, this Spartan virtue has been forced upon him, for I have tried worm, minnow, and eel-tail on Canadian streams, but never hooked a salmon with any of them, and am forced to believe that when rivers are too thick for the fly the rod must be laid aside. I suppose salmon roe would always succeed, but of course *that* is out of the question.

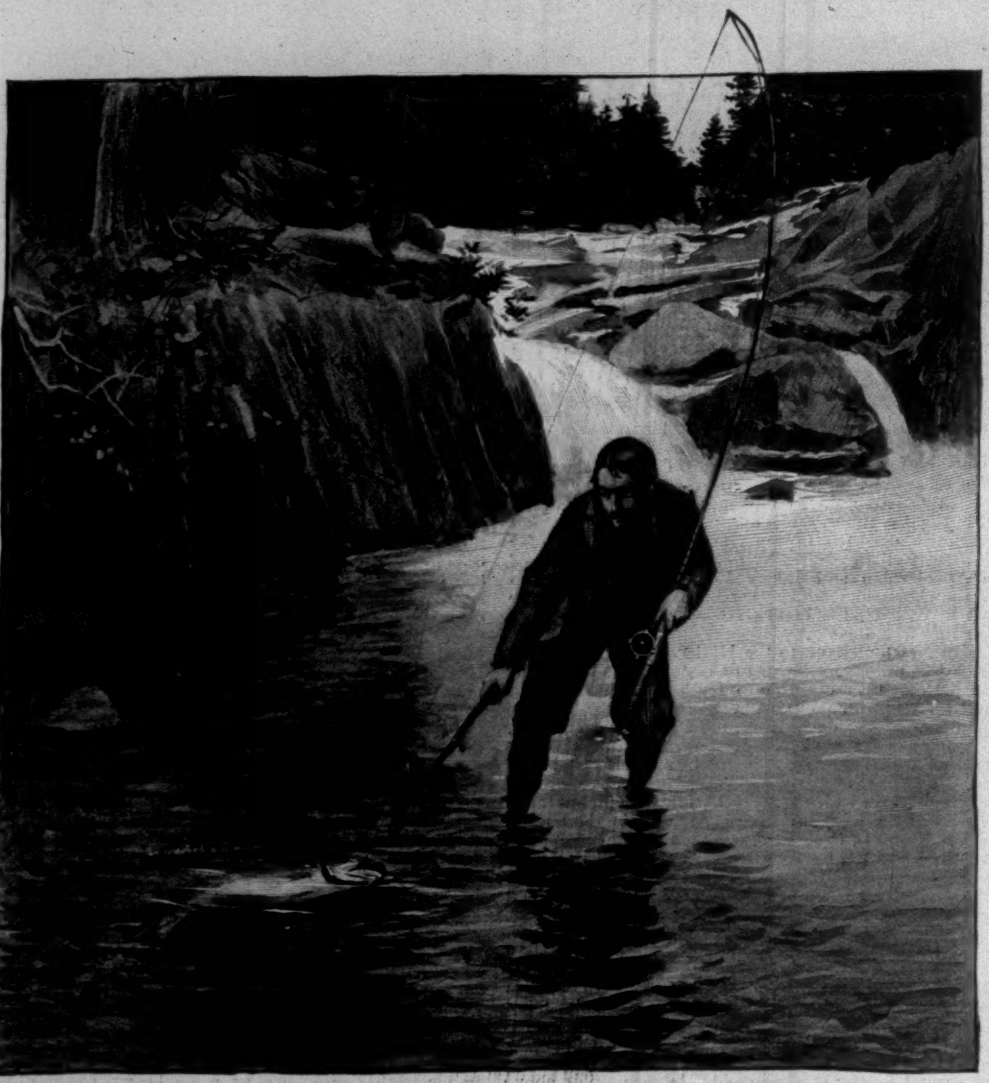
Scotchmen have an ingrained belief that no rod of less than eighteen feet is worth a bawbee for salmon-fishing. They either cast from the bank or wade, big flies are used (No. 6 to 1½), the casting-line or leader is often of treble gut, and in early spring the bitter wind is generally in his teeth, hence he must use a heavy, powerful rod. Canadian fishing is very different. On St. Lawrence rivers the *suaviter in modo* takes the place of the Gael's *fortiter in re*. Light birch-bark canoes make long casts unnecessary, bright skies and limpid pools demand single gut traces and small flies, and so a fifteen-foot rod weighing perhaps twenty-five ounces is an amply heavy weapon with which to tackle the gamest salmon of the Cascapedia or Restigouche. This makes the fun more furious. To steer a lively fish through a roaring rapid by a single gut is surely more exciting than to drown him by pure strength of wrist and tackle.

The author of the Badminton treatise on fishing states that he sees no advantage in the split-bamboo salmon rod, and in almost the next sentence advises his readers to use a small reel in order to save weight. This strikes me as rather inconsistent. The one advantage of the split bamboo lies in its lightness. It costs five times the price of a solid green-heart rod, it is more fragile, and it will not cast one foot further, but it turns a labor into a pleasure, and permits many a man to enjoy the sport who otherwise would be unable to. Very few untrained business men could cast hour after hour and day after day with an eighteen-foot green-heart rod. It requires the muscle of a longshoreman; sawing cord-wood is easy work by comparison. My fifteen-foot rod weighs twenty-five ounces, and I have an eighteen-foot green-heart that weighs fifty-two ounces. My opinion is that for American fishing a split-bamboo rod 14½ to 16 feet long is the tool.

Having said a good word for American rods, I may confess that the reels upon which many of us gloat are uselessly expensive and complicated. A simple click reel, with the handle on the plate, narrow in the beam, and of metal is all that a fisherman should demand. Some makers put as many wheels and cogs into a reel as would suffice for a clock—and charge accordingly. With the reel I recommend, 100 yards of tapered C line, and nine feet of the best single gut money could buy at the end of it, carrying an O'Shaughnessy of approved size and pattern, I should be pretty well equipped for a Canadian river.

Nature has been very lavish in her supply of gaff handles. There are millions of young spruce growing beside Canadian streams that were evidently designed for that purpose. Supply your canoe-man with a forged steel gaff hook with flattened shank and straight point and he will let but few fish escape after you have done your part. I lay stress upon this advice because I once lost a heavy fish through a gaff smashing, and have not forgotten the anguish it caused me.

Salmon-fishing has produced more differences of opinion than perhaps any other sport. Men have agreed to disagree as to whether a rod should be stiff or limber, hooks single or double, fish "struck" or not, gaffed from above or beneath, the fly "worked" or permitted to float quietly at the end of the line. Perhaps the best plan would be to take every one's advice, try the tackle and methods recommended, and then decide for one's self. I gave double hooks a fair trial and abandoned them (except in the case of hooks 6–8, when it is Hobson's choice); because I found I lost a very large proportion of fish hooked. There was no prejudice in the matter. My theory is that when a fish rises he is often hooked by one barb alone; then perhaps he wheels about, and the strain being still on the line the bend of the other hook acts as a lever, forcing the barb that had struck home out of its hold. Then, of course, a slack line shows a lost fish. Yet I know many excellent anglers who use nothing but double hooks.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.—Drawn by Guy Rose.

Twenty years ago we heard a great deal about "sea-trout." Scientific men knew them as *Salmo trutta*—a European fish—and much was written about their habits. I believe it is now generally acknowledged that *Salmo trutta* of northeastern America is merely our old friend *Salmo fontinalis* in a new livery. I suspected this long ago, and finally proved it, to my own satisfaction at least, one autumn on the Tracadie. Those trout winter in salt water, and there acquire the silver coating and rich red flesh that have been held as proof of their being a distinct species. No doubt the Long Island shiner is also a fontinalis.

Canadian salmon spawn in September, October, and November. The eggs are deposited in troughs scooped in the ground by the tails of the parent fish. In the spring the fry swarm in all the backwaters and "bogans" of the stream they were hatched in, and shortly grow into "parr." They are then foolish little things, and often insist on being impaled on a salmon-fly almost as big as themselves. Parr remain in the river until the spring following that in which they were hatched, when most of them go to sea, though a considerable number remain in fresh water for another twelve months, when they too seek the ocean. Before the parr migrate they grow suddenly into "smolts," are nearly the size of herring, and change their appearance. Very few are seen in Canadian waters, because they drop down during the heavy freshets, when the rivers are ten or a dozen feet above their summer level. In salt water the smolts grow rapidly. By the middle of July they are back in the pools, weighing from 2¼ to 4 pounds apiece, and are then known as grilse. The succeeding spring the grilse seek the sea again, and return as salmon of 6 to 10 pounds, and on their next journey acquire mature growth. It is believed that adult salmon run every second year. On a few rivers grilse are never seen—the St. John, at Gaspé, is one of those I have in mind—but numbers of small salmon take their place. In all such cases, I think, the smolts remain longer in salt water.

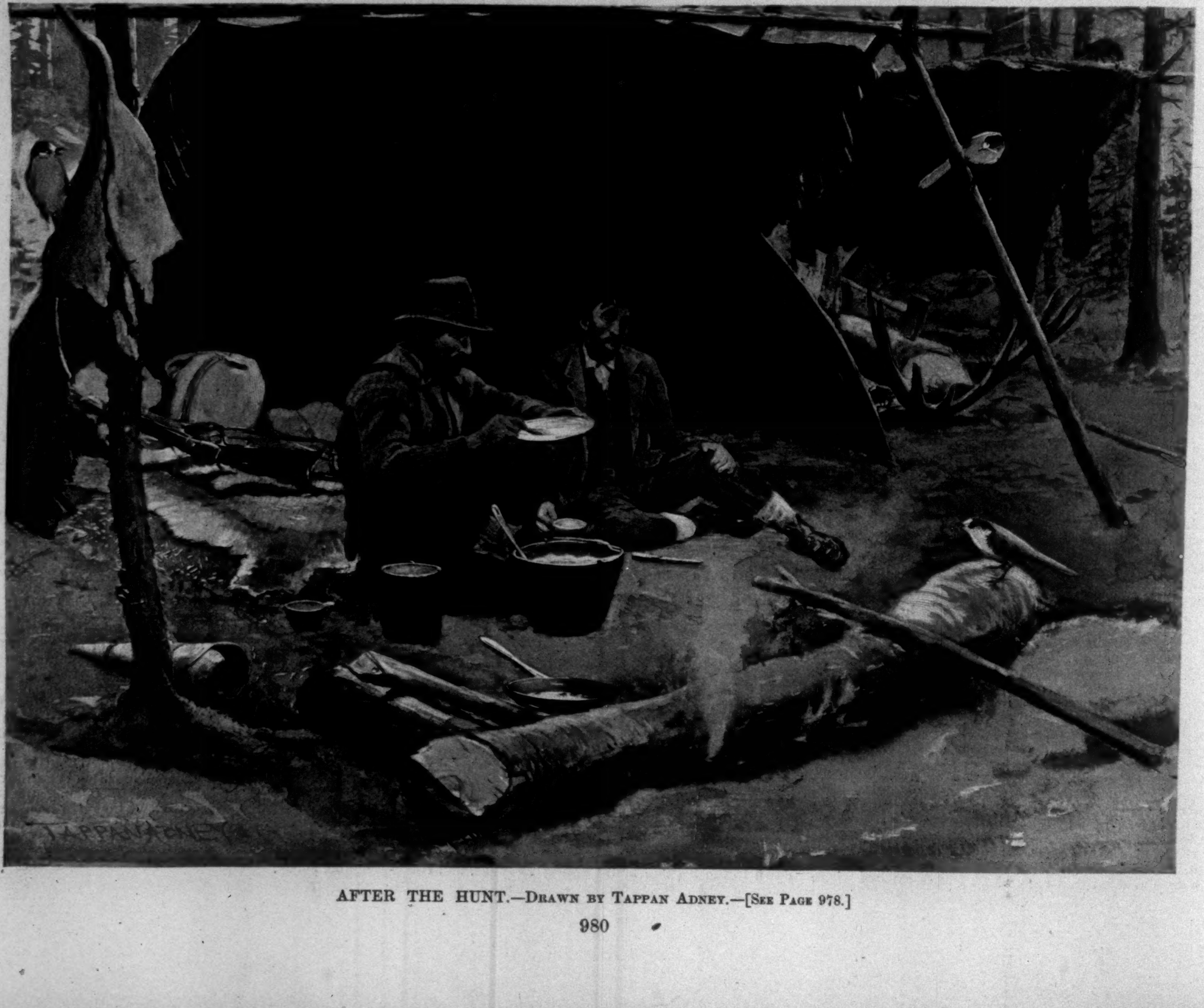
Salmon do not appear to feed while in fresh water; but this has been disputed, and further investigation is needed before the matter can be considered as settled.

I wonder if any one ever learned to cast a salmon-fly, sit a horse over a five-barred gate, or make a smart double on quail by reading how those feats should be accomplished? I doubt it. In works of angling the tyro is directed to let the line straighten out behind before the forward cast is made, and to cause the fly to touch the water as softly as thistle-down, which is good enough advice, but the beginner will hook himself and bunch his line into a hideous snarl many a time before he will succeed in "fishing fine and far off." The great art lies in picking the line off the water at just the right moment, and in tossing it by a flip, impossible to describe, into the air behind at an angle of about thirty degrees with the ground. If this is done, a slight pause may be made before the return cast, without danger of the line falling too low.

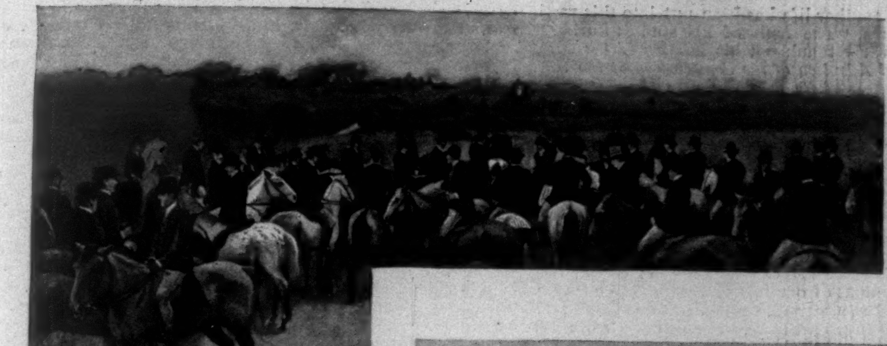
The fly should always float at the end of a taut line; then when the rise comes a slight and almost instinctive movement of the tip hooks the fish. But, after all, salmon-fishing is an art that must be picked up by the river-side; the teaching an old fisherman can impart in half an hour will do more for the beginner than volumes of book-lore. And having mastered the rudiments, he may look forward to seasons of delight passed in perfecting himself in all the subtleties of his delightful avocation.

Given protection, the finest fishing will always be on the American continent. We catch our fish at a season of the year when it is a joy to be in the open air, and the poetry of the wilderness and the delights of camp life enhance greatly the pleasure of angling.

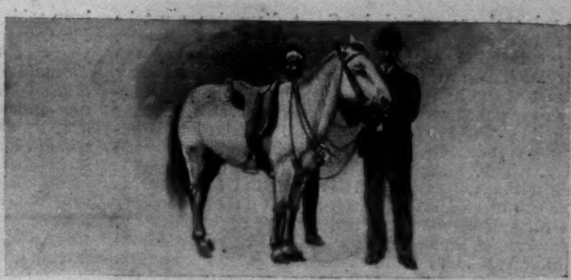
Charles A. Bramble.



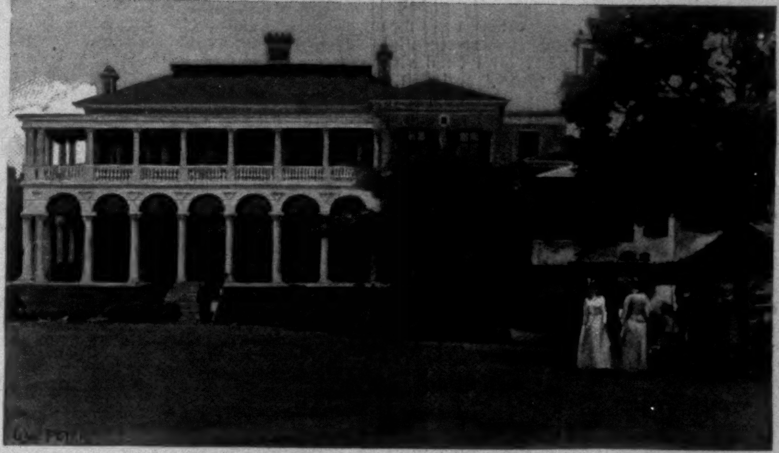
AFTER THE HUNT.—Drawn by Tappan Adney.—[See Page 978.]



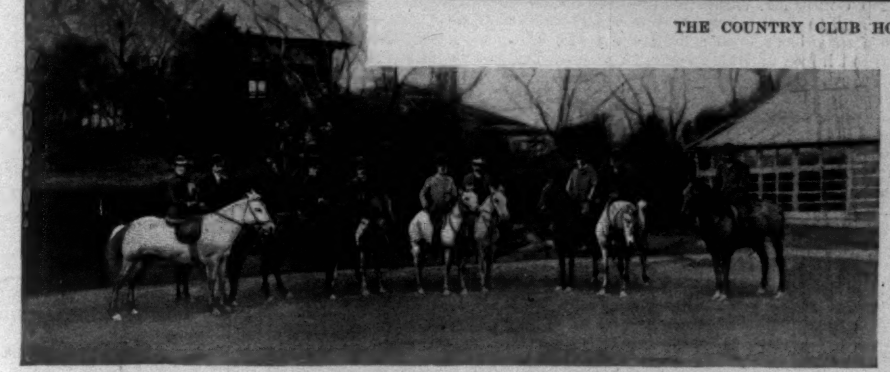
WAITING FOR THE PAPER-HUNT.



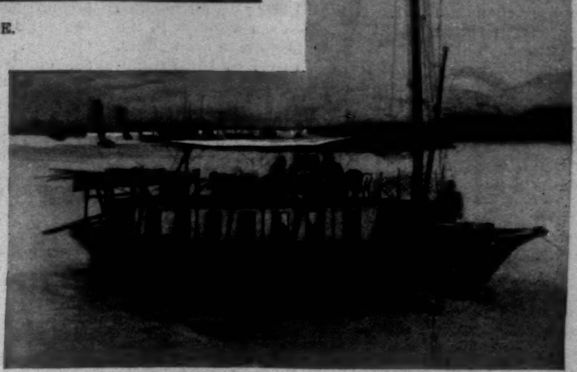
A TYPICAL CHINESE PONY—MALOYA.



THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE.



A START FOR THE PAPER-CHASE.



THE "TIFFIN" IS SENT ON IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN CHINA.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

CROSS COUNTRY IN CHINA.

BY MRS. C. SMITH.

CROSS-COUNTRY riding is enjoyed by foreign residents in several of China's "open ports," and nowhere more enthusiastically than at Shanghai, where the surrounding country is, from a rider's point of view, very fine. In order to irrigate the "paddy" fields it has been closely intersected by artificial ditches, which form many famous "lines," where in rapid succession fifteen or twenty clean-cut jumps can be taken. There are no fences, but the mud walls occasionally replacing them, besides a few hurdles put up by enthusiastic sportsmen, afford some opportunities for high jumping. All the fields are "rut and furrow." This is, however, not objectionable, as the furrows are neither deep nor cramped; indeed, if well mounted, the sensation of bounding over them is delightful. Numerous creeks, too wide to jump, must be forded or crossed on bridges. Fording is generally the safer plan, as the extremely narrow bridges have no railings, and many a "bobbery"* pony dances himself and rider into the water beneath. Nevertheless, when one feels perfectly sure of the unpleasant qualities of Chinese mud (quite a different substance from the American article), and entirely uncertain about the depth of a stream, it requires some nerve to plunge into one. Fortunately when hounds are running there is no time for weighing pros and cons, especially as to be left behind by one's companions is likely to prove a worse misfortune than a ducking. Such unlucky wights are apt to be captured by villagers, robbed of valuables, and roughly treated. Unless a rider "knows the country" well it is not easy to find the way home, most of the creeks and ditches being practicable only at certain points, which, owing to the monotonous character of the scenery, are difficult to place. With the town in sight, a novice may easily spend a day riding about before he is able to reach it.

China ponies are almost universally used cross country. A few "whalers," or Australian horses, are seen, but it is felt that their riders obtain rather an unfair advantage at the big jumps, while in scrambling up and sliding down the steep, slippery banks of the creeks the "whalers" do not succeed as well as the catlike ponies. Strangers always despise the China ponies, which, seldom rising over fourteen hands, with rather thick clumsy necks, are, in fact, not at first sight imposing. One learns in time, however, to admire and to appreciate them; barring the neck, they are often beautifully shaped, while their strength and power of endurance are remarkable. In proof of this, the master of the paper-hunt's weight may be cited. Standing somewhat over fifteen stone, he is nevertheless carried through severe hunts of eight or ten miles in a most successful fashion. Thirteen feet of water is a "good jump." On the "lines" commonly chosen by the drag and paper none exceed this width, which is, however, not a fine pony's limit, fourteen and sixteen feet being often taken. On the race-course, a year or so since, the pony Maloya cleared twenty-two feet seven inches over ditch and wall, his performance still remaining the best on record.

As all breeding is done in Mongolia, nothing is known of the ponies' pedigrees. Among the hundreds sent down every autumn to Shanghai and Hong-kong there are never any mares, it being impossible to bribe a Mongolian to export one. The herds arrive in time to train for the races and hunting season, which opens as soon as the remains of the cotton crop cease to make the country too "blind" for safety—generally about November 1st. These "griffens," as the ponies are called for a year, are sold at auction in the horse-bazar. The racing men, being willing to pay most, get the pick of them. For "likely" griffens they give $500 or $600 (the value of a "known" race-pony varies from $1000 to $5000), while cross-country men do not risk more than $150 or $200. It is very difficult to judge the shaggy, ungroomed griffens. A pony worth several thousand dollars is sometimes bought for $50; very frequently $200 is thrown away on a worthless screw. The races once over, plenty of ponies are knocked down at trifling sums. Many young men take this chance to buy a number, ride them pluckily in the paper-hunts, and find it easy to sell any that jump big at a great advance in price. If a lucky selection is made, the cost of a winter's riding may be covered by this expedient.

Shanghai boasts an excellent M. F. H. in Mr. Daniel, an English gentleman who has filled the position for a number of years. He imports a few fresh hounds every season, as, in spite of great care, some couples are always lost during the summer. In default of foxes, the aniseseed bag is chased four times a week. If not a featherweight, at least three ponies are needed in order to follow regularly. Until after Christmas the hounds go out in the early morning, and followers of the chase who live in the "Settlement" must rise betimes, to drive four or five miles to meet and be in saddle by 7.30 A.M. If the meet is at "Un-ka-za," or some equally hospitable country home, a little dose of "jumping-powder" is administered to all riders before the hounds are loosed.

Not more than eight or nine women ride to hounds, and some seasons their number has been even smaller. The pace is severe, the going rough. A woman who follows needs, if she rides straight, iron nerves and a very firm seat. Indeed, the peculiarities of country and ponies are such, it is always said all new-comers must acquire a "Shanghai seat." Several English steeple-chase riders, and a number of cavalry officers belonging to different nationalities, have wallowed freely in unsavory ditches during the process. It must, however, be confessed that unwary visitors who boast loudly of their feats "at home, you know," are sure to be led over the most difficult places.

During the season paper-hunts occur every Saturday afternoon and on all public holidays. Both "start" and "finish" are advertised, the latter especially never failing to attract a crowd of spectators. All who can ride go on horseback, others select as points of vantage the high grave-mounds which dot the country. As it affords the Chinese infinite pleasure to see "foreign devils" take involuntary baths, they turn out in great force, their bright blue garments (blue cotton is universally worn by the lower classes) adding to the gayety of the scene.

The "wait" often proves very long, but some diversion is usually afforded by two or three old China women armed with agricultural implements, who bravely defend the last jump, the process of pacification being a prolonged one, giving rise to most absurd scenes. Sometimes these women really own little gardens which are in danger of being trampled upon. Their claims, however, are more frequently fictitious, and they fight as a mere matter of speculation, hoping to be bribed by long strings of cash to desist. The arrival of the "foxes" is another distraction. They are always accompanied by a few friends and several "mafoos" (Chinese grooms or "horse-boys"), who carry, strapped on their shoulders, the huge leather bags which have contained the paper.

When the first flight of pink coats comes dashing in there is great excitement. If the winner takes the last jump in good style he is greeted by cheers and shouts of congratulation. By way of souvenir he is given a sovereign, on which to have the date and his pony's name engraved. Another is given to any heavy weight (men standing over twelve stone) finishing among first six. It is not uncommon, indeed, to see one win from the light weights and obtain both prizes. It becomes the winner's duty to choose an assistant fox, and to lay paper for next hunt. The body of the hunt always rides in much reduced in size and looking "worse for wear." The finish is sure to occasion it much "grief," entertaining to spectators who are not true lovers of horses, but the practice of selecting a big jump to be taken by tired ponies at the end of a hunt is a cruel one.

With regard to wearing pink, a sensible regulation exists. Fine birds may be known by their feathers, as no member of the Paper-Hunt Club is allowed to sport it before winning a hunt. As the dues of this club are small, and as it is a thoroughly democratic institution, the membership has become very large. In addition to its many fine riders it contains a number of others, who, while engaged in learning the difference between the head and the tail of a pony, at least afford much amusement to the public—the club differing in this respect from the more expensive and exclusive Drag, whose members are, almost without exception, accomplished horsemen. The excessive crowding at bridges and jumps prevents women from following the paper, although they frequently join the "foxes."

Perhaps even more enjoyable than the hunts are long cross-country rides, taken with a congenial party, from which all *duffers* who must be waited for, advised, en-

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* Pidgin-English for restive or troublesome.

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couraged, etc., are excluded. Great discretion must be exercised in choosing a "leader." He should ride boldly, have good judgment, and a perfect knowledge of the country. These rides, usually preceded by a gay breakfast at the house of some member of the party, begin by easy going, "until the ponies are warmed." After a "big line" has been crossed at full speed, there is another pleasant dawdle, giving time to chat and to enjoy the country, which, although generally dubbed "ugly," is yet not without attraction. It is true that for as far as the eye can reach all is on a dead-level, but there are many lovely tufts of bamboo; the little villages, though filthy, are picturesque, arched bridges span the creeks, while all the odd craft which float in these streams lend animation and variety to the view. One soon grows fond of the common country sights—women winding cotton (always in inconvenient spots), goats browsing on grave-mounds, patient buffaloes turning water-wheels. Hunts are short delights, only lasting about a couple of hours, but on cross-country rides a good part of the day is often spent in saddle—"heavies" being met at some appointed spot by fresh ponies; while, that "tiffin" (luncheon) may be dispensed with, some of the party provide sandwiches and others carry flasks. On returning, the Country Club is generally chosen for dismounting, meeting "mafoos" and traps, thus avoiding riding through the crowded streets of the "Settlement."

Although liberally paid for any damage to their property, the Chinese, by digging holes about the take-offs and landings of jumps, putting obstructions on bridges, and using unparliamentary language, do their best, or rather their worst, to annoy riders. Cross-countryites get somewhat accustomed to being stoned, but when crossing a narrow bridge it is not pleasant. A few seasons since, one of a riding party, in "coming a cropper," let his pony escape. Failing to catch it, he went out next day in search, and succeeded in recovering the *hoofs*, the pony having been killed and eaten by villagers, who, rather than lose an opportunity of making themselves offensive, preferred forfeiting a liberal reward.

The last paper-hunt formally closes the riding season—its date, regulated by the condition of the crops, not often being later than March 1. A notice begging all persons to desist from riding over the fields then appears in the daily papers. This is signed by the masters of both hunts. It is considered very "bad form" to disobey the injunction, but for a few weeks longer lovers of jumping can find consolation in riding along the bank of the Whampoa River to its mouth at Woo-sung. In this direction are no gardens, and the stiff reeds which grow about the ditches do not spring up before April. The only level galloping-ground is found on this ride—a favorite one with large and *mixed* parties, as its timid members can avoid the jumps while riding at only a short distance to one side of their companions. A great many riding picnics take place in the spring at Woo-sung. The "tiffin" is sent on in a house-boat, while a "No. 2" house-boat brings "mafoos," blankets, and "chow-chow"—*i. e.*, food for the ponies.

Those residents of Shanghai whose rides are restricted to a gentle canter on the Sic-ca-wei road, or who never mount a "gee," pronounce the cross-country riding extremely dangerous, but its devotees argue with truth that while tumbles are inevitable and innumerable, the ponies are so low and the ground is generally so soft that few accidents more serious than a broken collar-bone occur. This sport, chief among many pleasures which life in far Cathay offers to exiles, was inaugurated at Shanghai by a paper-hunt in 1863. Several of that season's winners, although they no longer compete for prizes, still frequently appear as keenly interested spectators at the finishes.

CURTIS'S "CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY."

"In Mr. Curtis's skilful and enthusiastic treatment the Constitution almost has a personality." Such was the comment of a reviewer who wrote in 1889, and who had then before him the first volume of an important work which has just been completed by the publication of its second volume. Judging from the rest of the article, which was hardly more than commonplace, this happy phrase may be regarded as a chance shot, but it is not on that account less worthy to be cited as an example of perfect characterization. That is exactly the right thing to say about this *Constitutional History of the United States.* To Mr. George Ticknor Curtis the Constitution *had* a personality, and beyond a doubt it engaged more constantly his thought, his solicitude, than did the career of his brother, Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, or of Daniel Webster, or of James Buchanan, for each of whom he was in turn the chosen biographer. Quite without disparagement of his important biographical works, it may be said that in Mr. Curtis's mind Webster and Buchanan and Judge Curtis were less vividly conceived and less vitally realized than the fundamental law of this nation; for the latter seemed to him to possess a life of its own, more full and much longer than the life of mortal man, yet not less exposed to dangers, nor less in need of loyal defence and the continuous personal service of friends. At the beginning of the civil war in 1861 there was one supreme life hazarded, and, with all that was then put at stake, the fate of his beloved theme was hanging on the issue. Such was Mr. Curtis's way of thinking about it. The note of personal attachment is heard in the sentences he wrote long afterwards: "Until that terrific contest should be ended it could not be known whether we were still to have the Constitution which was bequeathed to us by the statesmen who made it and the generation which put it into execution. And after the war was ended by the triumph of the Federal arms, many more years elapsed before I could feel that the Constitution had come out of the turmoil with its principles in a fair state of preservation." Again, his imagination represented the Constitution as so much more than a mere document or a fundamental *rule* that it occupies the place and is accorded the honors of a paramount *ruler*. "I have not," he says, "attempted a narrative such as is usually found in general histories of a country, in which the reigns of different princes or the succession of different dynasties have followed each other. Ours is one dynasty, one reign, one national continuity, one unbroken national existence, under the Constitution established in 1788."

It will be taken for granted, from what has already been said, that another life has been put into this work—Mr. Curtis's own. The fruit of his studies during the years of his early manhood, his *History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with Notices of its Principal Framers*, in two volumes, appeared in 1854. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, King, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Wilson, and Randolph, as the nine most important members of the convention, and those who exercised the largest influence upon its decisions, received separate consideration in a chapter which interrupted the narrative. These are the "principal framers" referred to on its title-page. Higher praise might easily be justified than the statement of the present editor, Mr. Clayton, that it at once became a standard authority; for the fact is that when a student of our institutions recurs to the controversial sea of that period, standard authorities *rari apparent natantes in gurgite vasto*. The author's professional standing, already among the leaders, was confirmed by this publication: he was of counsel in the Dred Scott case in 1856. It is more essential to know that the original work has been "often cited with respect and approval by the Supreme Court," and that, after its value and its accuracy had been tested during a generation, a revised edition, in one volume, was issued in 1889. At the same time a second volume, covering the period from the adoption of the Constitution to the civil war, was announced as in preparation. After Mr. Curtis's death, in his eighty-second year (March 28, 1894), the still unfinished manuscript of the second volume was found among his papers—with thirteen chapters fortunately more or less complete, and five others barely indicated—a fragment, but a fragment of admirable design and splendid proportions.

MARRION WILCOX.

"HALF A KING."

MR. FRANCIS WILSON is a comedian by the grace of Nature. Providence gave him a genial temperament, buoyant spirits, a voice that hath not its fellow this side of China, a puissant pugnacious nose, and a pair of boisterous legs. No doubt Mr. Wilson would like to be a romantic actor, and to make love in bread-and-butter comedy. There may have been a time when Mr. Wilson cherished fond hopes of blank-verse, calcium-lights, and a Roman sword. Most successful comedians have passed through some such stage of dream life. But this man has had the good sense to follow the lead of Nature, and he is now dancing along the primrose path of public favor, a successful man.

Last season Mr. Wilson made an incursion into the realm of polite operetta. In *The Chieftain*, however, he was wholly false to himself, and his public resented the infidelity. This season he has come forward at the Knickerbocker Theatre (late Abbey's) with a rollicking old-style opera-bouffe, in which he is the capering comic actor of yore, and his public is just as much in love with him as ever. His new operetta is called *Half a King*. The title has little enough to do with the story, but that is of no significance. A poor mountebank has found a mysterious baby on his front steps. Instead of a strawberry mark on the left arm, or a locket, or a set of initials and a coronet on its gown, this baby is accompanied, for purposes of romantic identification, by the half of a playing-card—a king. The mountebank brings up the baby to womanhood, and teaches her to sing and dance for a living.

One night she met a young nobleman. He loves her, though he cannot see her face. But remember that all this happens in comic-opera land. She loves him, of course, or the whole scheme would be a failure. Just as she finds him again, she learns that his papa, after the manner of stern French parents, has betrothed him to a wealthy young woman of noble birth, and "she will be here this very day." But mark the ingenuity of fate. Neither the young Count nor his father has ever seen her, or any of her family.

The poor mountebank girl tells all this to her mountebank papa. "Never mind," he says; "you shall marry the Count. Only be silent, and do as I bid you." And now the fun begins. The mountebanks, in disguise, receive the provincial visitors, and speedily put them in a safe place where they can do no harm. Presto! change of disguise, and behold the mountebanks in the characters of the provincial nobleman, his daughter, and his secretary, received by the young Count and his father, and entertained in state in the ancestral castle!

But of course the cat escapes from the bag. The provincials unexpectedly appear on the scene; the mountebank girl's conscience suddenly wakes up, and she confesses that she is a fraud. But of course it all comes around well in the end, thanks to that half a king. Why, she really is the daughter of the old provincial noble, who was a sad young dog twenty-five years before, and so she is satisfactory to the Count's papa, after all. So ring the merry wedding-bells and on with the dance. It is quite as good a story as one usually finds in a comic opera in these days, and so what more need one ask? It is true that the incidents of the masquerading of the mountebank among the nobility are a little reminiscent of *Erminie*, but they are treated in a wholly different manner by the librettist, and also by Mr. Wilson.

One looks in vain for any literary excellence in the libretto. Its dialogue is humorous, and at times even witty; but the wit and humor are of the kind that springs from the streets. However, the audience at the Knickerbocker Theatre hear the speeches of the operetta with manifest delight, and so the object of the librettist is achieved.

The music of Ludwig Engländer is unpretentious, but very pleasing. Mr. Engländer can write very much better music, and he has told me that he would like to do so. But the stern hand of repression is laid on every comic-opera composer who is infected with pernicious ambitions. The manager, the stage-manager, and the "star" he has always with him, and let but a single strong measure appear in his score and he is promptly hauled into a dark corner and told, "Young man, we are not giving symphony concerts here."

Mr. Engländer is fortunate in having command of all the secrets of the Viennese school of operetta-writers. He can write waltzes, polkas, redowas, or galops with the facility of one born on the banks of the Blue Danube and reared in the shadow of the Theater an der Wien. It is evident, too, that he has been in America for a considerable time, and that he has heard the marches of Sousa and grown wise. Mr. Engländer is not an imitator of Sousa, but now and then he interjects into his score a march measure that certainly could not have been written if the "Washington Post" and the "Liberty Bell" had never been heard.

The performance of *Half a King* is admirable. Mr. Wilson is continuously funny, while Miss Glaser is without doubt the best singing comedienne on the stage to-day. She sings admirably. Mr. Lang, Mr. Brand, and Miss MacDonald do their work well. The chorus is a good one, and the orchestra is excellent. The mounting of the operetta is notably good, and nothing richer or more tasteful than the color scheme of the costumes in the second act has ever been seen on the New York stage. On the whole, *Half a King* is a most inviting bit of folly.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

THE time of the completion of the new East River Bridge from New York to Brooklyn depends largely upon the completion of the proposed Greater New York consolidation. The Legislature has authorized the construction of the bridge, and work has been begun practically. The cities of New York and Brooklyn must each bear one-half of the cost of construction, bonds being issued to raise the money. If the Greater New York scheme fails, the completion of the bridge must be delayed, for the reason that Brooklyn has about reached her debt limit, and it will be some time before she can raise the money legally to pay her share of the cost. On the other hand, New York city bonds have not met with sale at low rates, because of the present business depression. If Greater New York becomes a reality and business conditions improve, it is probable that the erection of the new bridge will proceed rapidly. Contracts for caissons for one of the towers have already been prepared.

The new bridge will be known as the East River Bridge. It will span the East River nearly a mile above the Brooklyn Bridge, just above the bend where the East River encompasses the outermost point of the famous East Side. It will be practically of the same length and height as the Brooklyn Bridge, but it will be 38 feet wider, and will have probably double the traffic capacity of the Brooklyn Bridge. Like its predecessor, it will be a suspension-bridge. It will be a distinct advance on the Brooklyn Bridge in the more extended use of steel. The towers and most of the approaches will be of steel rather than of masonry. Stone foundations, 65 feet deep on the Brooklyn side and 80 feet deep on the New York side, resting on solid rock, will rise 20 feet above the water-level, and on them the towers will be erected. Four immense cables will support the superstructure. The great width of the bridge will allow space for four trolley-car tracks and two elevated railroad tracks, besides giving room for two roadways and two passages for pedestrians. The height of the centre span will be 135 feet, the same as the Brooklyn Bridge. The length of the centre span will be 1600 feet, five feet more than that of the Brooklyn Bridge. The entire length of the bridge will be 7200 feet, as against 7500 feet on the Brooklyn Bridge. The diameter of the cables will be 17 inches, as against 15¾ inches on the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Brooklyn terminus of the bridge will be between South Fifth and South Sixth streets, Williamsburg, and the New York terminal will be on Clinton Street near Delancey. Connections with the elevated and surface railroads will be made at each terminal. The grades of the approaches will be slightly less than those of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The engineers of the East River Bridge say that they can complete it by January 1, 1900. The complications over the money situation, even at the most satisfactory outcome, will probably delay the completion for a year or more. The cost, exclusive of the approaches, will be about $7,000,000; that of the Brooklyn Bridge was $9,000,000. The total cost of the Brooklyn Bridge has been more than $25,000,000. The East River Bridge will probably not cost more than $10,000,000 when entirely finished.

CINCINNATI'S MUNICIPAL RAILWAY.

CINCINNATI has been in a state of agitation over the proposed sale of her railway, the Cincinnati Southern, and finally declared against the proposition by a bare majority. This is the only city in the world that ever built and owned, unaided, a railroad of any considerable mileage. The story of the inception of the Cincinnati Southern road, its construction and management, makes a unique and most interesting chapter in the history of municipal government.

Although long before, and particularly at the time of the first legislation authorizing the construction of the road, there seemed to be an imperative demand for it, not so much to develop the resources of the city as to preserve her commercial existence, yet the experience of Cincinnati with her railroad has not been such as to tempt other cities to follow her example, whatever their needs.

The Cincinnati Southern Railway extends from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, 338 miles, making the northern division of the "Queen and Crescent Route." It traverses the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and makes its way through the mountains of eastern Tennessee, a diversified country, famous in history and story. The road was built to give Cincinnati direct communication with the South, the only field left to her jobbers and manufacturers after Chicago and St. Louis had outstripped her in size and made the North and the West tributary to themselves.

When the Cincinnati Southern road, begun in 1869 and finished in 1877, impeded at every step by legislative opposition, persistent litigation, the unknown character of the country, local unfriendliness, and industrial depressions, was finally completed, it was at once leased on favorable terms. Cincinnati for a time enjoyed pleasing prospect of owning, free of encumbrance, in a comparatively few years, an asset that would pay into her treasury a million and more dollars annually. That such would be the outcome was then capable of mathematical demonstration. Business depression came on. The leasing company defaulted on the rental, and both they and the road are now in the hands of a receiver. Therefore the desire to sell.

AUTUMN VOWS.

No, we do not always know our own minds! Nothing proves the humiliating fact more conclusively than the outcome of the summer's disagreeable experiences. You were not pleased with the place after you were fairly settled in it. Save for the expense and bother, you would have fled it—save for those hinderances, and the fact that somehow you could not decide just where else you would be better suited. Your room was not well situated. The service was poor. Your chambermaid's inattention haunts you still. That waiter was an ignoramus, a cub. The table was not at all "what you expected." The hotel people were not obliging—or, at least, not sympathetic. You did not like the sort of guests that was most represented in the house; hence the season brought no special acquaintances.

You had that one disagreeable experience in particular—never will you forget it, and never will you go again to a spot where such a thing occurred, or is possible to anybody! There was not half enough to do—indeed, the place was one where there is nothing to do. You did not get the worth of your money or time.

And there is the journey, too—so long and dull, and the trip not cheap. You would rather spend a summer in town, braving the thermometer, and learning to be beguiled by the atrocities of roof-garden amusements than rusticate at that resort again.

Resort? The idea of calling it by such a name! You may not take many responsibilities, but you *will* speak your mind plainly to all your compassionate acquaintance about the Pondlake House. You do.

Yes, you do. And you are heard for your much speaking. And you have all the "Oh, reallys!" and "You don't mean its!" that you anticipated. But you have in exchange for your little tale of disgust and resolution a fair quota of just such narratives. And some of these discuss exactly the æstival haunts that you have been thinking will be surely your alternatives for next year.

And months go on, and somehow your retrospect of trouble becomes lighter. You forget things. Your pros and cons mix. After all, it wasn't utterly bad, the Pondlake. To be sure, now, there was—this offset, that one. Possibly you were a bit hipped or out of conciliation with life—anywhere. Winter and its snows succeed. Remembrance quite pales of those hot and ill-fed and annoying Pondlake hours.

Spring comes and the summer question must be faced—decided. After all (again that "after all"), you *know* the Pondlake, what it offers and what it doesn't. Really, that's a great thing, a most valuable position to be in toward a summer-place. You don't want to fly to evils worse that you know not of. And then the Pondlake landlord sends his early circular, and somehow you consider it. On its heels comes a letter offering you "especially favorable" rates.

"But you said that you would never, never, never set foot in the Pondlake again."

"Well, yes, I suppose I did. But then what better *can* we do, on the whole? It ought to be pleasanter, too, this season. And, by-the-bye, the Troop family are all going too—though I didn't speak well of the place, I must say. Still, you might write the Pondlake man."

He is written. You go back to the Pondlake. Perhaps you come away again disgusted, justly. Perhaps you go back yet another year—all the same. Curious.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

SOME HINTS ABOUT GAME-BIRD SHOOTING.

THE general rules that govern success in shooting are not different from those that apply to any more serious occupation of life. The first prerequisite is to learn the technique of the calling—a fact which many would-be sportsmen quite disregard. They suppose that they have only to provide themselves with a shot-gun, and to go into a game country—and shoot; and often not even the testimony of perpetually empty game-bags can rid them of this delusion. Because a shot-gun throws a scattering charge and does not require to be aimed with riflelike accuracy, they imagine that any one can shoot that weapon well enough for practical purposes; and they entertain a similar misconception as to the relative ease with which game birds can be found in their haunts. Yet, in point of fact, the successful use of the shot-gun is far enough from being a tyro's task; and in many regions where game birds are still sufficiently abundant to be well worth pursuing, the skill of the most experienced craftsman is needed even to secure a sight of the game, let alone bagging it.

Of course it is not denied that time was when many species of game birds were so abundant that any one could blunder upon them now and then, and, by dint of much fusillading, secure a fair number of trophies, however unskilfully bagged; but for all but a few distant and favored portions of the country that time is past and gives little promise ever to return. Year by year the game is decreasing, as we all know to our sorrow; and it is becoming more and more necessary that the gunner who hopes for even moderate success should study the technique of the calling. As the case stands to-day in most regions of this country, the would-be sportsman who has not a fair knowledge of the habits of the game he wishes to secure might as well stay at home and shoot at a target as to go into the fields, so far as any probability of handling feathers is concerned. Though there be some game afield, it is not for any blundering tyro to secure it. Even the expert is more than likely to be put to his wits' end to make a fair showing.

If, then, you desire to shoot feathered game, you should give yourself the advantage of every legitimate mechanical equipment on the one hand, and of a thorough and intimate study of the personal habits of the birds themselves on the other. It is by no means sufficient to secure a breech-loader and a job lot of shells of "almost any kind," and to go out and beat the fields in a game country "almost anywhere." Bird-shooting would not be the fine sport that it is if such haphazard methods could suffice to master it. Really to put yourself in the way of success, you must provide your equipment as carefully as for any other sport of the first order—say trout or salmon fishing—and if you are unwilling to do this, you had best avoid the pretence of hunting altogether.

As to the gun required, everything depends upon the particular kind of fowl you have in mind. Obviously the same weapon cannot be perfectly adapted to the capture of, say, a twenty-pound swan and a two-ounce sandpiper. It is desirable, therefore, though not absolutely essential, that one shall provide himself with at least two guns, or, at any rate, with two sets of barrels, the latter being a compromise not strongly to be recommended, but sometimes convenient. One gun should be a twelve-gauge (some sportsmen prefer even a smaller calibre), weighing about eight pounds—a little more or less, according to your strength; the other a considerably heavier ten-bore. The lighter weapon is for general utility—for woodland and general upland shooting early in the season, and for rail, shore birds, snipe, and woodcock. The larger gun is for water-fowl, and for late-season shooting with the grouse on the prairie.

Of course the range of utility of either gun is to be much extended by provision of a variety of charges in your equipment of shells. Each gun should be carefully targeted over and over with various charges of powder and different sizes and quantities of shot. This may seem an unnecessary precaution, but it is really of the utmost importance. There are curious differences between guns of the same make and weight, irrespective of the intentional degree of "choking" of bore, in the respective charges of powder and shot, and the particular size of shot that will give the best pattern and penetration. Sometimes, for example, for no explicable reason, it will be found that a particular gun throws an ounce of shot better than an ounce and a quarter; or, say, No. 4 shot far better than No. 5, the one making a relatively even, the the other a "ragged" target. The knowledge that your gun has this idiosyncrasy, so to speak, is obviously important, and well worth the time and pains required to secure it.

Overlooking the whims of individual guns for the moment, it is pretty certain that No. 6 shot has a wider range of applicability than any other single size, and, in making general preparations, shells so loaded may safely be given precedence as to numbers. But these should be supplemented with a sufficient supply of varying sizes—from 9's or even 10's for snipe and shore birds up to the very largest size that your gun will throw even reasonably.

Guns and ammunition provided, another absolutely essential prerequisite is a hunting-suit of proper color. The material of this suit and its exact cut may be left to the taste and purse of the purchaser, but not so its color. It must be of a neutral tint—gray or drab or light brown—and in any case of doubt, let the error be on the side of lightness rather than darkness. A man wearing a black coat or even a black hat becomes a veritable scarecrow to all the shyer game birds, and places himself at a disadvantage he will find it impossible to retrieve.

Then, of course, there is the question of a dog. One of the greatest merits of bird-shooting is that in almost all of its varieties the companionship of a trained, intelligent dog is indispensable. As every one knows, the choice lies principally between two breeds, the pointer and the setter. Opinions, based largely on individual prejudice, differ as to the relative merits of the two. Personally, I greatly prefer the setter; and beyond question this breed must be given the preference on merit alone in certain kinds of work, such as retrieving in cold weather; but for general all-round work either one is good enough to meet all reasonable demands—good enough, that is to say, if properly trained; but the training is absolutely essential. The bird dog takes to the field by instinct, and tends naturally to range and scent game. But he does *not* instinctively look to the waving of his master's hand as a guide to the extent of his ranging; nor is he sure to stand unflinchingly with game just at his nose until his master comes to urge him on, unless he has been trained to do so. Above all, he most certainly will never restrain his native impulse to rush on the game when it flushes, unless he has served a hard apprenticeship; yet a dog that does not "charge" when the game flushes, and lie there till ordered on to retrieve the dead bird or find other living ones, is an abomination calculated to wreck the temper of the most easy-going gunner.

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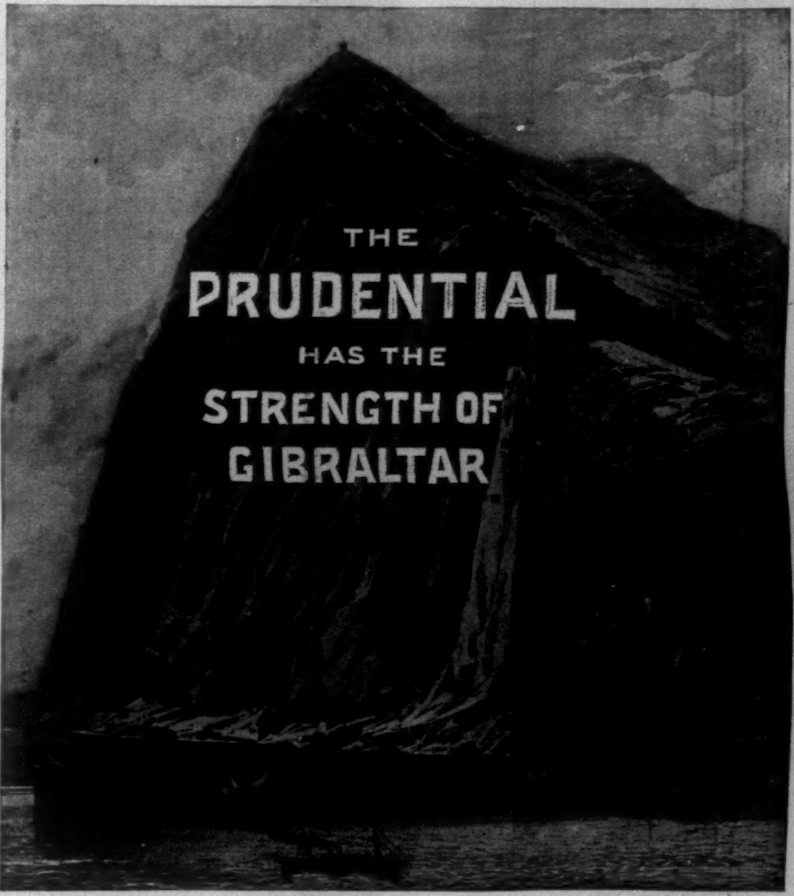

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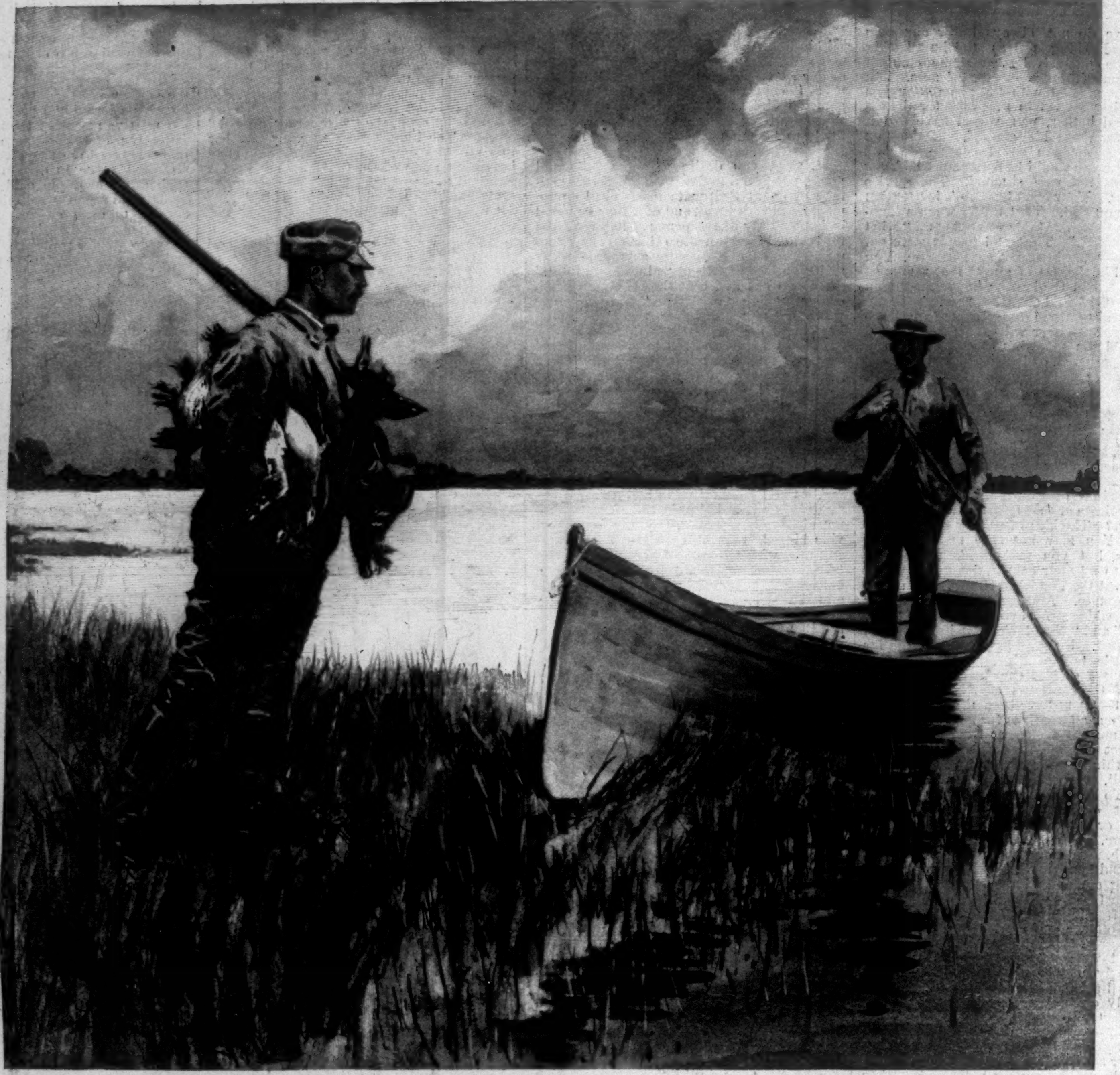


HIS BAG.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

presence in the field is a joy in itself, even should game be altogether wanting. But you must not for a moment imagine that he can thus satisfy you without specific training, merely because he has blue blood in his veins, and has perhaps been taught to come at call, to follow at heel, to charge at command, and to meet the other requirements of every-day companionship. Your affection for your pet will be sorely shaken should you put it to the test of a field trial under such circumstances.

Field training is quite as essential for the master in learning to bring down the game as for the dog in properly finding it. No kind of target-shooting will take the place of practice on actual game. A man may shoot a shot-gun capitally over a trap, and yet fail miserably in the field; and, contrariwise, I have known good field shots who, when placed before a trap, missed glass balls or clay pigeons with the most consistent regularity. Of course trap-shooting can accomplish something in the way of teaching the tyro to handle a gun properly, but, considered as mere practice, it is a very poor substitute for field shooting; and considered as sport, it has no rank whatever.

If one wishes to "keep his hand in" during the close season, the most efficacious plan is to shoot at a target with a rifle. This, indeed, is excellent practice at all times as an aid to wing-shooting, though seemingly the two are so very different. The value lies in this, that rifle-shooting teaches one the necessity of accurate aiming, which the bird-shooter is apt carelessly to overlook, and corrects the tendency to jerk the trigger prematurely, which persons of a nervous temperament are prone to acquire, particularly in woodland shooting. Many a man, under the stress of the excitement incident to the flushing of game, acquires the bad habit of habitual and almost involuntary snap shooting, regularly pulling the trigger as soon as the gun is at shoulder, though he may be fully aware an instant later that the aim was nowhere near the bird. Rifle practice, better than anything else, will tend to correct this, teaching the almost automatic mental mechanism that governs one at the moment of snap-shooting, to demand at least an approximately accurate aim before releasing the trigger. Of course no successful handler of the shot-gun expects his aim with this weapon to be absolutely riflelike, but the more nearly one approximates that standard the fuller will be his game-bag, on an average, at the close of the day.

But proper equipment and the ability to shoot, though very essential, are, after all, only the alphabet of bird-shooting. The real test of sportsmanship lies in the ability to find the game and to come within range of it, quite as much as in the capacity to cut it down once it is flushed before you. And game birds are of so many species and of such diverse habits that one may study them long without feeling that he fully knows them. Where it is practicable, the sportsman will find it greatly to his advantage to go into the haunts of the game in the breeding season—leaving his gun at home, of course—to study the exact habits and local habitats of the various species. Birds, like most other animals, have a very strong sense of location. Even migratory species, though spending the winter thousands of miles away, return habitually by the same routes to the old haunts; and such resident species as the grouse, for example, seldom wander far from a restricted territory, unless molested there or forced to migrate in search of food. It is a great advantage, therefore, to "locate" families in the spring, when their presence is revealed by the telltale mating-calls, though the game will not be ready to seek with the gun for months to come.

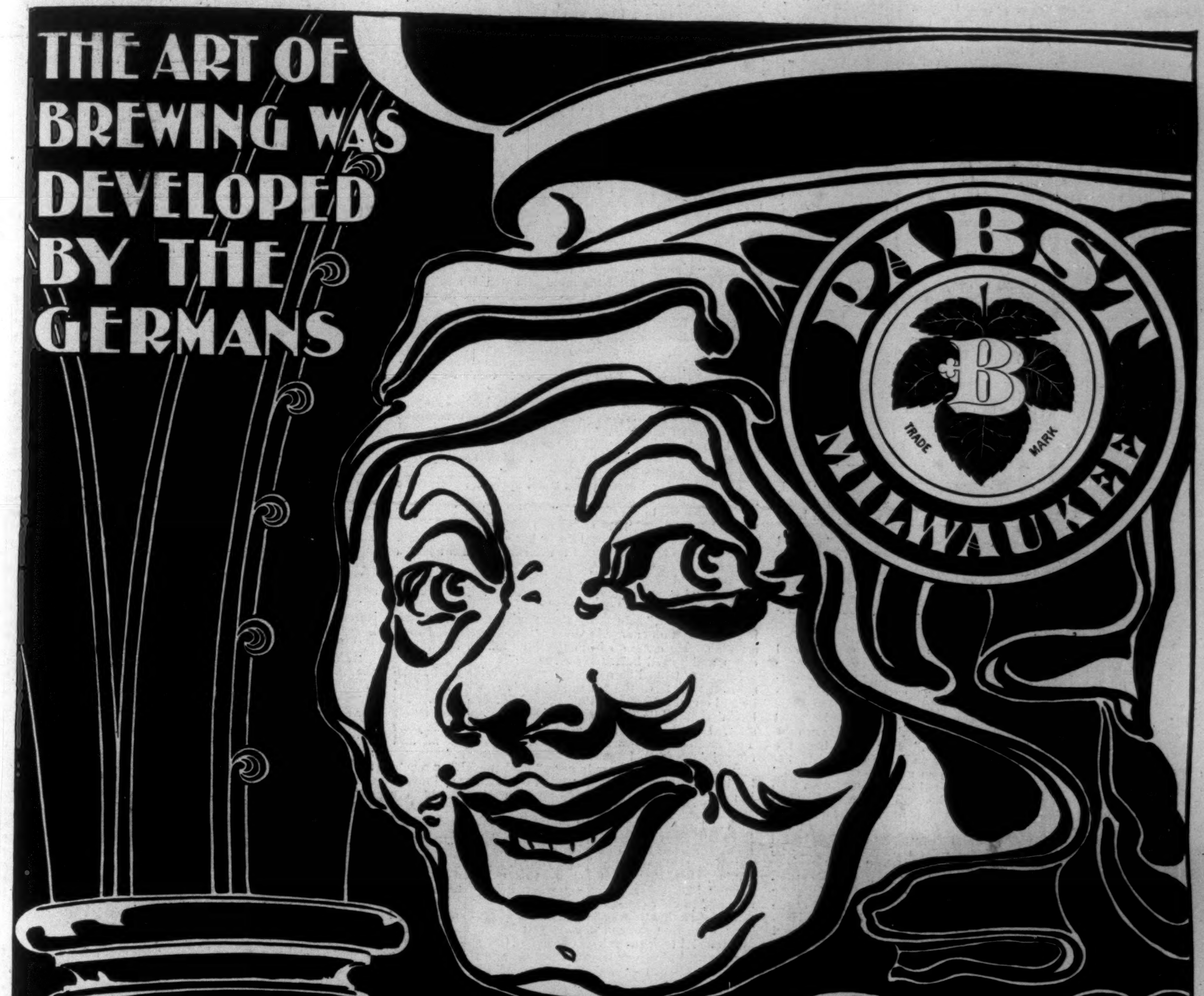
Wherever you hear a ruffed grouse "drumming" in the spring, for example, you may feel reasonably sure of finding some of his offspring in the fall, and if you chance upon the nest of one of his mates, or startle the mother bird with her fledglings, you can yet more closely locate the future quarry. Many a covey I have marked thus while they were still in the shell, regarding the secluded corner of the woodland in which I had found the nest as my own particular game-preserve when I came back to it in the fall. Aided by this special knowledge, I have often been able comfortably to fill my game-bag while equally competent sportsmen, hunting at random through the same general territory, had hard work to secure a meagre brace of fowl.

But whether or not one is able to study the birds in the spring-time, he must persistently study them while engaged in their immediate pursuit if he would hope for any large measure of success. It is not enough to know that any given species frequents the "open country" or the "woodland," as the case may be. Each species has its minor likes and dislikes that must be carefully noted. The prairie-hen, for instance, is usually hunted in the stubble; but unless you know that it has a most decided predilection for wheat stubble over that of other cereals, you may waste much time in searching for it in fields which, to casual observation, seem very inviting, but which perhaps do not shield a single bird. Again, the chickens seek their feeding-grounds in the stubble for the most part in the early morning and toward evening, while in the heat of the day they are much more likely to be found in the high grass of some neighboring slough, or perhaps in the shade of "rosin weeds" among the shorter grasses of the upland.

Just where you are likely to find the game in a region you have not previously explored you may help yourself to predict, not merely by noting the general aspect of the country, but by examining more carefully for such berries and insects and seeds as you know to be favorite food supplies with the particular species you are seeking, having determined what these are by examinations of the crops of birds shot on earlier occasions. But you must not forget that birds have a good measure of adaptability, and hence may have accustomed themselves to a diet in one region which they quite neglect in another. To return to the previous example, the prairie-hen will eat oats if wheat is not to be had, and in some regions it has forsworn stubble almost altogether in favor of bean and corn fields. A consultation with some farmer-boy of the neighborhood is a useful source of information regarding such local peculiarities of habit when one is hunting in a new region.

But, after all, such marked changes of habit are exceptional, and usually to be explained by necessities imposed on the bird rather than by voluntary vacillations of taste; and, as a rule, when you have once pretty fully come to understand the habits of any given species anywhere you will find your acquaintance stand you in good stead everywhere. Most species do not extend their habitat into regions widely differing in topography. Speaking broadly, you find the ruffed grouse in the same manner of copse in New England and in the Mississippi Valley; the bob-white in the same manner of pasture or thicket; the woodcock in similar bogs; the snipe in similar sloughs and marshes. So the observant sportsman, knowing the habits of his game, will instinctively seek out its haunts with a good degree of certainty, even in a region he has never visited before. And the unobservant would-be sportsman, ignorant of the intimate habits of the game, never will be able to seek it with any large measure of success, though every foot of the territory be as familiar to him as his own door-yard.

H. S. Williams.


THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS
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MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

SHAKESPEARE DIED of Fever and Ague.

He lived on the damp, marshy banks of the Avon. Thousands to-day are compelled to live in damp, dank, unhealthy places. Tens of thousands are exposed to bad air, bad sewerage, bad sanitary conditions. Malaria and Diphtheria result. These should protect the system, fortify it, brace it against chills and fever and all intermittent diseases. How? Make bright clear blood, enhance your muscular strength, calm your nerves, eat and sleep well. In what way? By using

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HAGGERTY'S WOOING.

Just where the river road took advantage of a shallow place to ford the Llano River and to wander on its winding way up into the little-known regions above, Hezekiah Blakely had fixed his ranch; and as if further to embarrass the drivers, whose horses had, even with the aid of the brakes, all they could do to keep their footing, he had put a strong, substantial gate half-way down the steep incline. It was built of cedar poles, and likely to last until that indefinite time, often referred to, "when the cows come home." Clad in home-made garments of bleached homespun, which his wife always kept washed white and clean, Hezekiah looked more like a plain, quiet farmer in an agricultural district than the owner of one of the finest horse ranches in the country; but he was afraid of horses, and seldom rode one of them if he could help it. He had gotten into that business by accident. It was Sally-Fanny who managed the ranch; she was not afraid to ride anything, and all the cowboys and ranchmen of the surrounding country had a word of praise for Blakely's plucky daughter.

The horses had come in to water. There had been the sound of hundreds of hoofs clattering down the steep hill-side, helter-skelter, pell-mell, the young ones prancing and kicking up their heels, the mothers and older heads following sedately. Sally-Fanny stood in the kitchen door and watched them. When the jingle-jangle of the bells ceased, as the herd stood quiet, drinking their fill, she went across the little garden where a few stunted tomatoes and shrivelled onions made a brave fight for existence, and spoke to the two horse-men across the low rock wall.

"You're to pen a bunch of them two-year-olds this afternoon," she told them. "Dan Haggerty 'll be along to break them. And send word to Abe Scaffer to come and help with the herd."

"Dan's comin', is he?" said one of the herders. "Well, I 'low some of these yearlings will be a match for him. That blaze-face and half a dozen more won't let a body come nigh 'em."

"Dan's got a neat hand on the bridle, though," chimed in the other, looking after the girl's retreating form, "and, I say now, I shouldn't wonder if McCree didn't roll in here to-day: he went down to the junction yesterday. Guess Haggerty would as lief not see him round this ranch after that fuss down to the dance t'other night, 'bout his partner."

No gladiator, performing feats of wondrous skill and strength in the arena, could have elicited more applause than did Haggerty that afternoon, breaking the two-year-olds in the high-railed enclosure up on the hill. Sally-Fanny sat in the doorway working in red cotton some plump-looking angels on a square of white cloth intended as a pillow-sham, the cherubs supporting a scroll with the legend, "Sweet be thy slumbers." She could hear the shouts and cheers of Haggerty's audience and assistants.

"Dan must be gettin' in some good work up there," remarked Bob McCree, a tall, red-faced young man who lounged against the wall near her, whittling a stick. McCree had driven up a short while before, saying he would stop overnight and pull out for home in the morning. He gave Sally-Fanny a bundle of "sweet stuff," he called it, and produced his fiddle from the wagon, saying he "'lowed to play for 'em some that night."

Sally-Fanny liked McCree, and was pleased at his attention, but she was sorry he had come just when Haggerty was there, because, when she had danced with him at the Wotten girl's dance, which she went to with Dan, Haggerty had got into a towering rage, and gone off and sulked by himself till it was time to go home.

"I should think you'd like to walk up on the hill and see what's going on," she replied to McCree's remark. "I 'low it's mighty good fun to see a man manage a wild horse, 'lowin' he *kin* manage it," and she put the last stitch in the "S" she was making.

"I think it's a long sight better fun to stay here and look at you a-workin' them flowers," rejoined McCree.

"These ain't no flowers," said the girl.

"They ain't?" coming nearer and examining the design.

"No! they's angels, like what comes round folks' pillows when they're sleepin'."

"Angels!" echoed her companion. "Well, I know a sight o' folks what never has no angels a-floatin' round their pillows."

"Who?" asked the girl.

"Several I know of," he responded. "Not you; you're jest as good as I want anybody to be. What must I play after supper, Sally-Fanny; that tune we danced to down to Wotten's? That was a ratlin' lively tune."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Blakely, quickly; "don't play that."

"Why not? You 'peared to like it to the dance."

"Well, I don't like it now, and I wish you wouldn't play it."

"I know," said McCree, frowning, and noticing the quick color coming into her face; "you don't want me to play it 'cause it 'll make Haggerty mad. Let him git mad—mad as a hornet; who cares?"

"I care," said Sally-Fanny, decisively. "He's stayin' here, and it's no use puttin' him in mind o' that night to the dance; he 'lows he axed my comp'ny 'fore you did."

"Don't make no difference, noway," went on McCree. "Haggerty can't dance! He oughter knowed you'd rather dance with me."

Sally-Fanny folded up her work. "Don't you go to fiddlin' out that tune to-night," she said, "and make him cross. The sun's gittin' low, and I's got to see 'bout supper."

"Hold on a minute, Sally!" said the young man, stooping his tall form till his face was on a level with hers, "you jes kiss me once, and I'll promise not to rile that evil-tempered friend of yours."

For an answer Sally-Fanny took her two hands and giving such a vigorous push as almost to unbalance him, went into the kitchen.

Sally-Fanny was milking. The first light of the fresh summer morning was just giving place to the rosy flush in the east. They were early risers at Blakely's ranch. Bob McCree's heavily loaded wagon had just rumbled through the queer old gate as he "pulled out" for his sheep camp ten miles above. A half-dozen cows stood outside the pen patiently waiting their turn to be admitted to their eager offspring, while inside the enclosure the long-horned mothers stood about, each caressing the calf by her side. All these had been milked, and a big pail of creaminess stood on the wall by the gate. Sally-Fanny's sun-bonnet lay by it. It would be an hour or more before the warmth of the sun's rays would remind her of it. Dan Haggerty stood near and watched the girl as she lassoed a calf with the skill of an expert, then dexterously held him off with one firm hand while she milked with the other. It did not occur to him to offer to help her. He was used to seeing women do this sort of thing; besides, his thoughts were on other things. How pretty the girl's figure looked in her stooping posture! What thick hair she had! A round, plump arm, too, for Sally-Fanny wore an old faded dress to work in, and the sleeves had shrunk half-way up her pretty arms. The young man noted all these things mechanically, but it was not of them he was thinking. He had long known all Sally-Fanny's good points. He stood there so long saying nothing that the milker paused and looked round at him.

"Reckon you might hold off the calf for me," she said, smiling. "I most commonly ties him onto the post, but when I'm in the notion I kin mind him well as not."

Haggerty stepped forward and took the rope from her outstretched hand.

"Course I kin hold him," he said. "I'd do most anything for you, Sally-Fanny, 'ceptin' talk to you when that fiddlin' fool McCree's standin' round a-gapin' down your throat. He 'ain't got no more sense than one o' them long-eared jacks his men herd muttons on! Can't he see as you's done promised to me?"

"Watch out!" said Sally-Fanny. "It looks like you 'ain't got no sense to spare, yourself, if you can't make out to mind a calf no better;" and the young man perceived that he had allowed the calf to have rope enough to reach round to the other side of its mother, where it was quietly sharing the milk with Sally-Fanny.

The girl laughed merrily and stood upright, holding the milking-pail in her hand.

"Go turn me in another cow," she told him; but either the first bright ray of the rising sun, which touched her as she stood, or something she saw in her companion's eyes, caused her to look down and commence to push about a little loose rock with her foot.

"Sal," said Haggerty, putting his hand on her shoulder roughly, "I want you to quit all this foolin'. Did you ask McCree to come here last night?"

"No, I didn't," said Sally-Fanny, giving the unoffending little rock an energetic shove; "but I would if I took a notion. He came up from the junction on his way to camp, and 'lowed he'd stop overnight."

Haggerty looked incredulous. "The divide road is the shortest way from the junction, 'specially with that load he had on and these strainin' hills. It's mighty queer his havin' that fiddle and all, and packin' you that sweet stuff. Look here, girl, you ain't fixin' to trick me, is you? You meant what you said that time 'bout lovin' me and marryin' me when I got stock enough together?"

"Yes, I meant it sure 'nough," said the girl, wrenching herself out of his reach; "but I don't know as I means it now. I don't 'low to have no man what doubts my word." Then, after a pause: "Bob's a rare hand to play, and mar says it 'minds her of the quiltin's they used to have in Georgy when she was a gal. She 'lows there ain't no s'ciety 'bout here like where she come from."

"Well, that's all right 'bout your mar," said her companion, somewhat mollified by this explanation, "but I don't like the way you act when he's round, the red a-comin' in your cheeks when he looks at you. Your mar never hearn that tune he fiddled on las' night to no Georgy! That were that doggoned tune you an' he danced to, to Wotten's! I took enough off of the fool that night"—growing enraged afresh at the recollection and feeling for the pistol at his belt—"and, Sally-Fanny," turning quickly towards her, "if that sheep-puncher is anything to you, you'd better tell him to *keep out of my way.*"

Sally-Fanny's head had been turned away from him, but she looked at him quickly enough now. There was no mistaking the menacing tone of his voice. "Dan," she said, stretching out her hand and touching his clinched fist—"Dan, you don't mean *that!*" with a frightened emphasis on the last word.

"That's just what I do mean, little woman, and you know which of us two is the best man. See here, Sally," taking the girl's chin in his hand and raising her face so that he could look into the gray eyes, now dark with excited feeling, "if you was in any trouble, Dan Haggerty 'd wade through fire and water to help you. If you was sick and in pain, he'd wear hisself out a-waitin' on you; you believe that, don't you?"

The girl nodded assent. "But," she said, slowly, "it 'pears like we never is to agree and git 'long smooth. Sometimes I lots on you more 'an I kin say, and then you makes me more mad than I ever is with anybody else. You worries me with your bad temper and never wantin' no other man to fling eyes on me. A gal's bound to have more than one what likes her. Bob McCree don't never say nothin' to worry me. He jist talks pleasant like and 'lows as how he likes my comp'ny."

Haggerty's brow darkened again. "No doubt," he said—"no doubt he tells you he likes you, and you's pretty enough and sweet enough to make him say it, but *you're* for *me*, and if he looks at you again like he looked at you last night, I'll fix him so he won't know a pretty woman from a scarecrow."

Sally-Fanny looked across the hills, where, in the distance, she could see the horses feeding. There was a long pause, then, as if having deliberated what to say, she answered slowly: "Dan, I's 'bout made up my mind; I thinks a sight o' you, and I b'lieves you set store by me; but Sally Blakely ain't the kind of a gal to be browbeat by no man. If you's a-goin' to take on in this here fashion we may as well part first as last, 'cause I ain't goin' to stand it."

Haggerty looked hard at her crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, then threw back his head and laughed a laugh that was not pleasant to hear.

"Sally," he said, in a harsh, derisive tone, "'ain't you seen me ride one of these unbroke 'K. C. B.'s' as has laid off to have his own way?"

He paused, but the girl kept her head turned away from him and was silent.

"'Ain't you seed how I'd stick to him and make him do my way, no matter how he'd pitch and jump?"

No answer, and he went on, "I 'low you's noticed who always gits the best o' the tussle."

Still no response, but he noted the scornful toss of the averted head, and continued: "An' I 'lows to git my own way *now*. You think I's *likely* to give you up when I's got my heart set on you? *You're for me*, I tell you, and don't you be flingin' no sweet looks on other fellows."

The girl straightened her tall form and turned towards him, contempt and defiance in her face.

"You's makin' a mistake," she said, "talkin' to me in that tone of voice. I's done with you now, finally. No man's goin' to rule me. You kin travel your own trail, and I'll keep comp'ny with any man what I choose."

Haggerty stared at his companion for a minute, unable to recover from his astonishment sufficiently to speak, then asked,

"Does you mean that?" Sally-Fanny.

She nodded a response, her features set and stern with indignant feeling; and he strode out of the pen, his wide overalls slapping against each other, his spurs striking against the rocks as he walked with that peculiar rolling gait common to men who spend most of their time in the saddle.

"I'm goin' to Johnson's, to help him a bit," observed Haggerty to Hezekiah Blakely, as he threw his saddle on the young horse he had selected to ride, the creature quivering with excitement at every movement. "It's plumb thirty miles, but I 'low to make it by sundown, and take some of the life out of this here devil in the bargain."

"Shouldn't wonder if you was to catch up with McCree on the road," drawled Hezekiah. "He can't have got far with that load of camp stuff he has."

"Shouldn't say he could," returned the other, slinging his Winchester over his shoulder as he leaped into his saddle.

The horse reared and backed, pitched forward, and strained every nerve to unseat the rider, then finding that impossible and feeling the spurs in his sides, he plunged forward through the gate the old man had obligingly opened.

A cowboy rode by the ranch that afternoon, and spoke to Sally-Fanny as she sat at work on her red cotton angels. "How's all?" he asked.

"Pretty well," she replied. "Won't you git down and stop a bit?"

"Reckon not," he answered, leisurely. "I am to make it to the junction by night; 'low to tell McCree's folks as how Haggerty shot him this noon."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Blakely, coming to the door.

"Fuss up the road," said the cowboy, idly hitting at the rock wall with his riding-whip. "Haggerty shot McCree, or McCree shot Haggerty, one."

"Is Bob goin' to get over it?" asked the older woman, for Sally-Fanny, white as death, was winding up her red cotton and folding up her work.

"Reckon not," was the careless reply. "He's done for, but he lived long enough to shoot Haggerty in the thigh."

"What was the fuss about?"

"Well, there warn't no witnesses, 'ceptin' old man Starlin', and he didn't git there till it was most over. Haggerty says Bob McCree called his brother Jim a liar, an' you know them Haggertys always takes up for one another. He claims he wouldn't 'a' killed McCree so quick if that young horse he was on hadn't a-shied when he went to shoot."

"What they goin' to do with Haggerty?" asked Mrs. Blakely.

"Oh, he'll go to jail sure, though there's some says as how this not bein' no reg'lar organized county 'twon't go hard with him. Anyway, he'll have to be mended up some. He's hurt pretty bad, and his folks is all over on the Nuaces. I don't know who's goin' to 'tend to him, I'm sure."

"What you aimin' to do, Sally-Fanny?" asked her mother, as the girl, her face white and set, dragged her saddle off the shelf where it was kept.

"Goin' to ride up there and have 'em bring Haggerty here," she answered. "He was to ha' been my man."

Three months after, when Haggerty had succeeded in getting bail and had recovered from his wound, they were married.

Olive F. Gunby.

HUNTING AMERICAN BIG GAME.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and since the first break of day I had been pressing steadily forward with only an occasional five-minute spell for a pipe. Two days before I had discovered moose sign that was very fresh and unusually plentiful—unusually, because the moose is a monogamous beast, is never found in large herds like the other members of the deer family, and rarely in greater numbers than of four or six—comprising a bull, one or two cows, and their calves or yearlings. More generally they are found in pairs, and in the case of bulls, most frequently alone.

I had been on the trail three days, leaving my camp, which was about five miles from this particularly moose-favored section, every morning before dawn, and returning to it after dark on each night of the two unsuccessful days.

I was in one of those pieces of country moose love so well—stretches of heavy spruce running down in points and islands to occasional marshy swales covered with rank grass, where a brook had spread into a pool, and back of all the mountains with more open and heavier timber, fringed with young quaking-aspen, and here and there upland meadows, which moose shun, but that are among the most frequented feeding-grounds of elk and deer in certain seasons.

Two days I had stealthily travelled this country without even catching a glimpse of my quarry, and now my third day was nearly spent, and the head I sought still lured me to the chase, somewhat baffled, but persistent. Some of the time I wriggled along laboriously on my stomach to a point of vantage in a swale, anon I crawled on hands and knees to the protection of a hummock whence I might cautiously overlook a pool, and much of the time I threaded my way as silently as possible through the thick underbrush and dead timber that made progress in the spruce exceedingly arduous, all the while watching closely and listening intently. Not a twig broke in that cool autumnal air but sounded on my sensitive ears like the crash of a falling tree; not a squirrel jerked his little body in convulsive chatter but to my highly strung nerves seemed a warning to the moose of my deadly mission. No foot was placed before making quick, sharp scrutiny of the ground, nor a bush passed without extraordinary precaution less it slap loudly against my clothes.

And yet once I heard a moose start suddenly and go crashing through the undergrowth some hundred yards or so in front of me, and once I came to where by the hoofprints I could see one had been riding a sapling before startled into flight. These were both on the first day. The second day I heard nothing, saw nothing except a wild-cat, which, by-the-way, is unusual, for they are seldom viewed until treed by dogs.

The sun had set, and the fairly stiffish wind of the day had died away to that deliciously gentle, still fresh air that comes so often with twilight in the mountains. I was working back to camp, though hunting every step of the way with utmost caution, and had passed out of the thick brush into the timber's edge. Here in the gloaming I had little fear of being seen, and the absence of dead wood and undergrowth made walking practically noiseless. It is the ears and the nose of the moose that you must consider. The eyes are not so very sharp. I was nearing the bottom of a swale when I heard a breaking of brush, and came to an instant halt, crouching in my tracks. On the opposite side of the swale, probably four hundred yards distant, was a big bull moose just coming out of the timber and heading towards the bottom of the swale. The little breeze stirring seemed blowing from me to the moose. There was not much of it, but I did not wish to take any chances with such wary game. I had been hunting three days for that moose. I was sure he was going to a pool at the bottom of the swale, and that he would probably stay there awhile luxuriating in the reeds. My plan, swiftly determined upon, was to make back four or five hundred yards towards the head of the swale, cross over, and approach him from leeward.

Aided by the long grass and unevenness of the slope, I made the passage successfully on hands and knees. Then I kept in the timber's edge, on the side whence the moose had emerged, until I was nearly at the bottom of the swale. There he was, sure enough, a big fellow, enjoying himself, unconscious of danger, though his comically ugly head was thrown up now and then and his great ears set forward in search of it.

And then began a piece of cautious crawling. I was too far off for a shot, and my only avenue of approach lay through the swale. There was no way under cover by which I could reach him. I could not possibly have attained striking distance but for a little depression that cross-sectioned the swale and partially protected me from observation. After some moments of distressfully anxious stalking, I got within one hundred and fifty yards, as nearly as I could judge; and as he was almost broadside on, I put in a .45–90–300 behind his shoulder. He wheeled instantly and made for the nearest cover, several hundred yards directly away from me, and despair crushed my hopes with the possibility of a "miss" suggested by his flight. Again I shot, breaking his hip, and he stopped and faced about, but dropped dead in another minute. The first ball had really done the work. It was one of the most difficult pieces of still-hunting, from beginning to ending of the three days, I ever did. But I was fully rewarded; for I had met this wary brute in his own country, had fairly stalked him to his death, and captured a very good head (with fourteen points on each side) to remind me in other days of the work, the exhilaration, and the triumph of the adventure.

And that is big-game hunting.

Sometimes it is more trying, many times it is less so, and at all times it demands something of that quality which makes the world go round. The hunter of big game must possess energy and resolution and capacity for quick, decisive action on an emergency. This, in addition, of course, to skill with the rifle and learning in woodcraft. The hunting of big game is the sport of the vigorous and the masterful. I speak of hunting by fair and manly methods, and of him who is actuated by the spirit of the chase and love of adventure, and not of him with the tendencies of the butcher. I can recognize nothing commendable, nor even excusable, in the thirst for simple slaughter that betrays many men into regarding the mere size of bag as the sign-manual of a successful sportsman. To my way of thinking it is an outward and invariable sign of a vicious and petty soul. Were I a woman, and the conventionalities reconciled, I should wish to see my prospective husband afield with rifle or shotgun before I married him. There are no conditions under which a man so unconsciously reveals his true nature.

There are methods of securing certain kinds of big game other than by still-hunting, legitimate methods too, but, in my estimation, productive of rather poor sport. One may get bear by baiting or deer by shooting them at a runway, and yet not offend the ethics of sportsmanship. I confess this manner of attaining trophies has never appealed to me. I want to test my endurance and skill and woodcraft against the keen nose and vigilant ear of my quarry. I want to feel, when I behold a head on the walls of my den, that I won it in fair chase. I have no liking for playing the rôle of assassin, of standing on a runway to shoot the deer that the hounds drive past me, or lying in wait at a bait for bear. Nor do I care for sitting in a sink-box or behind a blind awaiting the ducks that decoys may tempt within my range. Many good sportsmen do all these things, and my objection is merely founded on personal prejudice. The resort to such subterfuge seems to make paramount the desire to kill, and, for me, destroys the element of sport.

As for "jacking" or "crusting" deer,—the practice is too ignoble to be discussed outside the criminal courts. Sportsmen do neither. And it is gratifying to know that our State law-makers are gradually, though slowly, awakening to their duty in the premises. To hound deer into the water by daylight for the purpose of slaying them is illegitimate, but at night first to dazzle, by throwing a light into their eyes, and then to shoot them, is work for shambles. Only the man in dire necessity or the wanton butcher runs a deer to its death in deep snow.

I began this paper with a bit of personal experience in moose-hunting not to exploit my adventure, for there are many of other sportsmen more worthy of recital, but to give the tyro, for whom this article is primarily written, an idea of the difficulties of hunting this ungainly though elusive member of the deer family.

Of all deer kind the moose is undoubtedly the hardest to stalk. First, I think, because of the character of the country in which he lives; and second, because of the remarkable keenness of his smelling and hearing powers. He is the most wary beast that wears antlers, and the most difficult to locate. Preferably he lives in marshy country where there are pools for wallowing and reeds and lily-pads and rank grass to feed upon, or he roams in woods where dead timber and thick underbrush are plentiful, and young pine and spruce and quaking-aspen furnish him with nourishment. He is almost invariably in dense cover, and always hard to get at. An unexpected shot at a moose rarely comes more than once in a hunter's lifetime.

His usual gait is a long swinging trot, and he is astonishingly light on his feet. Oftentimes on being disturbed he will steal away through the thick underbrush and over the dead timber with scarcely any noise—very little more than you will make in your painstaking advance. Then, too, the moose is unique in being the only one of the deer family whose hunting provides on occasion the spice of serious danger. And yet the dangers of moose-hunting have been very much exaggerated.

A wounded bull is a gentleman from whom it is always wise to keep a safe distance, and it is well to be sure of stopping him if he charges. The cow moose with a calf is a lady with also considerable acerbity of temper, once aroused, but their charging is the exception rather than the rule. If you are caught in close quarters with a bull in the rutting reason, or a cow with calf, the chances are even of their charging you when wounded. And to be charged by either is no trivial matter. The antlers of a bull are most formidable, but the more usual and the deadliest weapons of attack, with which the cows are especially expert, are the fore feet, which they use with the power of a horse and the skill of a pugilist. The hoofs are sharp and strong, and will cut and stamp the life out of a man in short order. An old hunter once told me of an encounter he had with a cow in which his dog was ripped wide open by a single stroke of that terrible fore foot. Although the chances of being attacked are few, nevertheless one should not hunt moose unless he is a good shot and has a rifle of power and accuracy.

What I have written about stalking moose refers to some of the Northwestern States and to parts of Canada. In Maine, moose are hunted in the rutting season by "calling"—*i. e.*, by imitating the call of the bull through a birch-bark horn, and thus tempting him within range. To call successfully requires long experience, and the sport is said to be thrilling, though I know nothing of it by experience. I think, however, I should prefer stalking.

Probably, all things considered, elk furnish the most enjoyable hunting. Not that the actual hunting of elk *per se* is very exciting. On the contrary, they are rather easy to stalk—certainly the easiest of all deer, especially so in September, when they are calling or "whistling." But elk roam in the most delightful sections of the mountains—where the brooks are clear and cold, and likely as not full of trout, the scenery superb, and feed for your pack animals plentiful. In the spring and autumn they are to be found in or about those upland meadows surrounded by open timber, which, of whatever size, are invariably called "parks" in the States of the far West. In summer and in the early autumn elk climb as high as they can get, often to the tops of the mountains, and it is then their hunting calls for most experience and considerable endurance, providing meanwhile the grandest sport.

There is much that might be written of the pleasures of elk-hunting had I the space to dwell on the natural beauty of his habitat, with its inspiring panoramas and invigorating climate. Suffice it to say that the quarry of no land dwells in more soul-stirring environment. And when the shadows of the autumnal sun are growing long, and you hear the challenging calls of the bulls reverberating through the quiet of a September evening—if your pulse does not beat the faster, I must conclude you are not a sentient being.

At a distance the "whistle" of the elk is melodious, and to the stalking sportsman thrilling; near by it degenerates into a wheezy roar with a whistling finale. Next to moose, elk are the most pugnacious of deer, but the chances of a bull elk charging are not considerable. In the rutting season they are noisy and spoiling for a fight, but, unless cornered or painfully wounded, they are not apt to attack a man. If they do attack, they are dangerous antagonists, for the brow prongs, or "dog-killers," as they are called, are long and stout, and the buck is very vicious when enraged. There are instances recorded of men being assaulted and seriously injured by a wounded bull, but elk, like all other of the deer family, as a rule, fly from mankind.

The hardest of all deer, and, in fact, of all wild animals, in this country, to hit while it is running is the black-tail. The most common of all deer, but the most difficult to stalk, is the white-tail. It is a matter of opinion whether moose or the white-tail deer is the harder to still-hunt. I think it is generally conceded that the eye and nose of the moose are keener, and for that reason I consider the moose more difficult to kill. But the white-tail is as shrewd and wary a beast as travels on four legs. Being so commonly distributed throughout the land, it is naturally most continuously hunted, and, I may say in passing, suffers most by unsportsmanlike methods of killing, such as hounding and jacking. It is found in very thick cover, and sticks closely to it most of the time.

The running of the black-tail may be best described by likening it to a succession of stiff-legged jumps; but, though so difficult to hit, it is by no means so hard to stalk. And yet it is very wary too. Indeed, all game is wary nowadays; much more so than it was ten years ago. The black-tail lives in a country much easier of approach than that haunted by the white-tail. It never frequents such thick cover, and keeps more generally to the park sections in the mountains, or in broken and hilly and sparsely wooded districts. It should be remembered that, generally speaking, deer lie close to cover while their antlers are in the velvet, but are constantly moving during the rutting season in September. In the mountainous park country you are likely to come upon them anywhere, and should be continuously on guard; look for them in burnt-over ground, along the edges of open timber, by little creeks, at the heads of ravines and swales, and on the ridges that stretch from one ravine to another. Of all admonitions, the most important to heed and most difficult to follow is—see the deer before he sees you. It is not always possible at once to know if you have scored on the black-tail, as he will frequently continue his peculiar bounding flight although mortally wounded; not so the white-tail, for when hard struck down goes its "flag," as the tail is called.

Antelope have always been difficult to stalk, and now that they have become comparatively so scarce, it is only by utmost patience and consummate skill you may get within range. The prong-buck is not the quarry a hunter will be likely to get until he has served his novitiate. Antelope differ from deer and moose and elk in never seeking to elude observation. Their home is on the plains or in kindred country, where there is no cover, and I have no doubt more cartridges have been wasted on them than on any other game. They will sometimes stand and watch the hunter, just too far off for scoring, and, defeating his attempt to get nearer, finally tempt him into some very long-range shooting. To get a shot you will probably have to steal upon them through the foothills, where, if you are mounted, you must leave your horse, and crawl from hummock to hummock, sometimes for a mile, until you are in striking distance. At times your shot may be spoiled by the pert little prairie-dogs that on your approach set up their hysterical squeaking, and thus direct the antelopes' attention to your whereabouts. At times, too, you may reach your game by exciting its curiosity, of which it has a plentiful stock. Antelope rely for protection against the advance of an enemy almost entirely on their eyes, which are the sharpest of all game's. They can see an incredible distance, but their nose and ears are not so acute.

The hunting of musk-oxen, Rocky Mountain sheep, and white goats makes its greatest demands on the hunter through the inaccessibility of their respective habitats. Musk-oxen are found only in the Barren Grounds, 1200 miles from the railroad, and on some of the arctic islands. Sheep and goats live in the tops of the Rocky Mountains. One must freeze and starve and run thirty to forty miles per day on snow-shoes to get musk-oxen, besides incurring the risk of a funeral without ceremony; one must have perseverance, a sure foot, good wind, and trained muscles to get sheep and goat. Of the three, I think sheep furnish the most exciting sport. They have very keen vision, and you must travel high and keep above them; they watch the valleys, and it would be useless to attempt hunting them from below. No trophy will give you greater satisfaction than the head of a "big-horn," for few will cost you harder work. Goats are more stupid than sheep, and easier killed, once you reach them; when you set out for either, make up your mind that you will have some of the worst climbing you probably ever attempted; but once in their country remember to keep always above them.

Bears, I make no doubt, have been the subject of more controversy among hunters than any other wild animal on this continent;—whether they will invariably charge; as to the best cartridge to use; as to species, and as to weight.

I suppose really there have been as many lies told about the weight of bears as about the weight of trout,—and how could a man lie more? The alleged weight of bears varies according to the difficulties of the hunt. A 500-pound bear usually weighs 800 in the mountains, and if he has been an ugly customer, at least 200 pounds more. Probably the actual average weight of bears killed will run between 400 and 500 pounds.

As to species;—men are still talking and writing of the different families of the grizzly, cinnamon, bald-face, smut, silver-tip, brown, and black. What I have learned from old hunters and mountaineers who ought to know, and from my own experience, inclines me to the belief that there are but two families, viz., the grizzly—with coarse hair, and fore claws much longer than hind ones,—to which family belong also the cinnamon and silver-tip; and the black bear family, which includes the brown, and whose fore claws are but very little longer than their hind claws. This bear climbs trees; the grizzly does not. That is why it is well to have a tree in your neighborhood when you shoot into a grizzly.

There is no doubt of the grizzly being a very dangerous animal to hunt, the most dangerous of American game, but of course bears, like animals on two legs, vary in disposition, courage, and strength. A grizzly may or may not charge as you advance to attack, but, wounded, he more frequently charges than not. And when he does charge, you need a level head on your shoulders, steady nerves, and a clear eye. A grizzly has such tremendous vitality that even though you mortally wound him, he may have strength enough remaining to maul you to death if he can reach you. I have killed five grizzlies: two charged me, one turned tail and ran, one growled and made a bluff, and one I dropped in his tracks. Many men have been badly mangled or killed by grizzlies, but in the majority of instances because of their inexperience, and especially from following a wounded bear into close cover. That is an old trick of Ephraim's—luring the hunter into thick cover and then pouncing upon him. Do not take any chances nor do any haphazard shooting. In coming on game suddenly there is always a strong desire to shoot quickly. Avoid doing so except when necessary. Get your breath and take careful aim. It will repay you in the end.

No one should hunt the grizzly unless he is a good shot. When you pull trigger, be sure of your aim, and remember, if you are charged, that sign of fear gives the bear additional courage to his already full stock. Extreme caution is always necessary, and particularly when a bear is wounded and in retreat. An experienced hunter is chary how he follows such a one into cover. A tyro should never go bear-hunting alone, or with other tyros, and it is best for men of experience to hunt in pairs. If alone, it is not a bad idea to look around and to locate a tree before you shoot. Such precaution saved me a mauling by an old she grizzly once upon a time. And do not be in a hurry to get your knife into his hide after he has fallen; there is often a bone-crushing cuff left in his powerful paws although he may seem dead.

The grizzly is exceedingly intelligent, always on the alert, and very difficult to still-hunt. The best season is early spring or autumn, when there is a tracking snow; and probably the spring is better, for then bears are very hungry, more in the open, and constantly on the move. The late summer, when the berries are ripe, is also an excellent season for hunting, but beware in going through bushes if they grow thickly.

The black bear is a coward. Curiously enough, I have

(*Continued on page 989.*)

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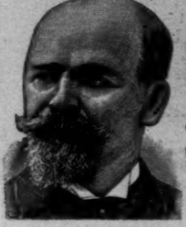

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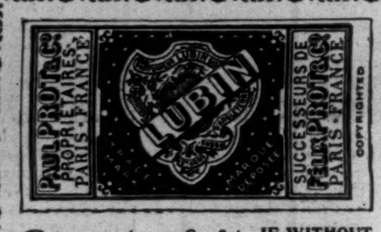

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(*Continued from page 987.*)

never killed one, though, when after other game, I have several times seen them.

On the best calibre of rifle, weight and character of ball, and degree of charge there are many opinions. It is useless to be dogmatic with regard to rifles. Every experienced hunter has ideas from which he cannot be shaken. The wonder is that where experience has been so good, the ideas are not better. Really experienced big-game hunters agree on the advisability of employing a cartridge that will shock as well as penetrate. Whoever has interviewed a grizzly on his busy day has probably concluded that a .45, with 90 to 110 grains of powder behind it, is none too large. Penetration is not the only desideratum; you require shock; you want something to stop the charging beast—something to make him "sick." And, besides, it is more sportsmanlike and more humane to kill instantly. Of course the relative proportion of powder and ball must be exact, and in hollow pointed balls ("express" and "expansive," as they are called) the diameter and depth of the hole must not make the point of the ball so thin as to break too soon, nor so thick as not to break until its force is spent.

Pure lead balls are unreliable beyond seventy-five yards, and an alloy of tin of from five to ten per cent., according to the size of ball, is used to give accuracy and penetration. Remember, if you take from your ball and add to your powder, you flatten the trajectory but lose in accuracy; on the other hand, heavy ball and light charge give high trajectory but great accuracy. You must choose a medium. For grizzly I have used a .40–90–270, a .45–90-300 (the best factory cartridge made), and a .45–110–340 express. I prefer the last. For black-tail and white-tail deer and antelope I have used a .40–82–260 and .45–75–300. Some hunters use the .40–110–260 express for this game; I have never tried it. Mountain-lion (cougar) and wild-cat I have killed only with a .40–90. For moose and elk and sheep and goats I prefer a .45–90–330 express. You need a cartridge that will drop goats and sheep in their tracks, otherwise in their death struggles they are likely to tumble down the mountain-side and break a horn, or you may lose them entirely. I should think a .40–110–260 express would be a good sheep and goat gun. I used the .45–90–330 on musk-oxen, also, which take a lot of killing. The .45–125–300 seems to me hardly needed for any of our game.

There is equal variety of opinion on the choice of single-shot or repeating rifle. Personally I prefer the .45–110–340, as a single-shot, but all others in half-magazine. The single-barrelled gun, in my opinion, is the one for grizzly—there is no chance of a cartridge getting jammed at an exciting moment, and it shoots with more power; moreover, a good breech system and two or three cartridges in your hand are just as effective as a magazine-gun.

The best sights I have found, and which I should use on rifles of all calibre, consist of an ivory bead front sight well protected by the metal in which it is set (for snow you need copper or gold tipped front sight), a rear sight of plain straight bar, with a triangular piece of ivory set in but not projecting above, and an elevating peep-sight on the stock. I have no pistol grip on my rifle-stocks, but a shot-gun corrugated rubber butt-plate, and three-pound trigger pull. I have found the straight plain bar for rear sight quite as reliable for fine work and infinitely better for quick shooting than the buckhorn or any of those rear sights with ears or V or U notches.

CRICKET AT HAVERFORD.

THE RECENT ENGLISH TOUR.

THE recent tour of the Haverford cricketers to England afforded the first opportunity for American collegians to measure their strength with the elevens of the English "public schools" and colleges.

At first sight such an enterprise appeared presumptuous. The Eton-Harrow match at Lord's great cricket-ground in London is an athletic as well as a social event of the first magnitude. England is permeated with cricket, and everything pertaining to the game is studied with the most painstaking care. To be a great cricketer is the goal of the hopes of many a boy, and of his parents as well. Dr. W. G. Grace, with his hundred centuries, is a kind of national hero. "To play cricket and to tell the truth" are said to be the two chief accomplishments learned at Eton. From infancy the English boy owns a bat adapted to his size, and if he does not have the vertical swing peculiar to cricket as a hereditary gift, it is very early developed. The "public schools" vary in size from 400 to 1000 boys, and the best elevens of these are the players the Haverfordians have had to meet.

They were not unmindful of these facts. It would not be correct to say they expected to play a game equal in quality to their opponent's, for they had no opportunity to measure themselves with the English elevens. Comparisons of scores are deceitful, for conditions vary so greatly. What they expected to do was to play so good a game that, whether defeated or not, they would have an enjoyable and exhilarating recreation, and perhaps aid in procuring the same for their English opponents. They were not going for victory, but to make a pleasant tour of games and to play well enough not to make themselves ridiculous.

Even this hope may have seemed delusive, but to appreciate how the Haverfordians felt it must be understood that the game has been played at their college for about sixty years, and for thirty of these has had an undisputed supremacy over all others.

The oldest of Haverford's graduates, Dr. Thomas F. Cock, of New York, has told the writer of his cricket experiences when a student. He left in 1836. For a few years after this it was rudely played under the tuition of William Carvill, an English gardener employed to supervise the planting of the extensive grounds. Then there are no records till about 1856, when there was a revival, and in the sixties several successful contests were engaged in with the University of Pennsylvania and local amateur teams. For about ten years there has been a triangular competition among the elevens of Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Haverford, three games being played each spring. Haverford has been as often defeated as successful, but now holds the championship cup.

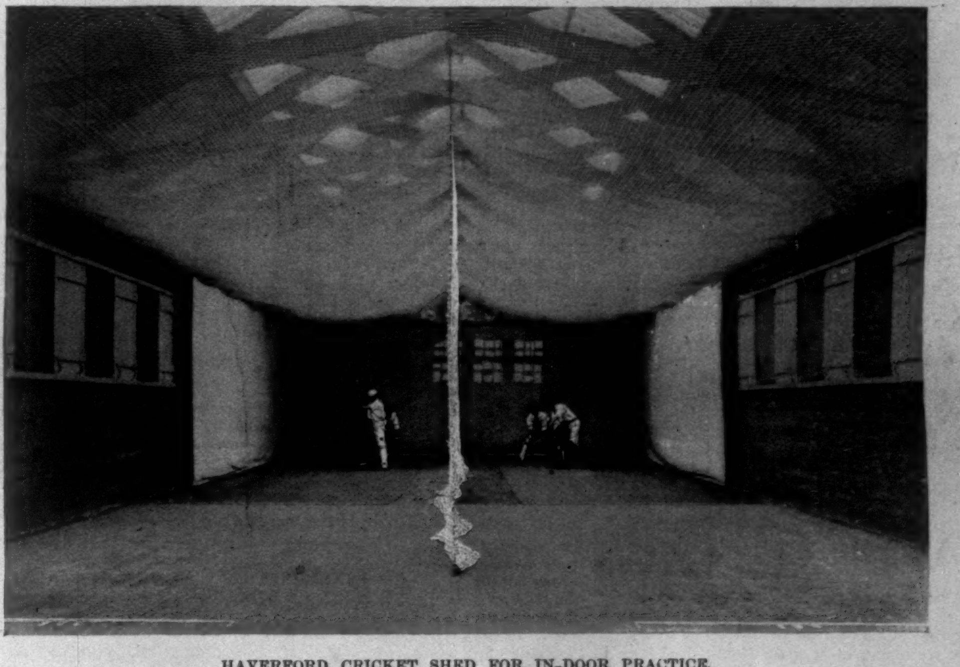
This record in cricket has been much stimulated in recent years by two influences—the introduction of an English coach and the erection of a shed for winter practice in bowling and batting. In 1887 Arthur Woodcock was engaged, and remained for seven years, and was followed by E. M. Hall. A trial winter shed was erected also in 1887, and a much superior one in 1893. Two creases made of clay, covered with cocoa matting, were laid side by side. The roof was a continuous skylight. Canvas was hung around the sides and ends to take up the force of the balls. Netting protected the lights above and separated the creases. A board floor covered the part whence the bowlers delivered their balls.

A sympathetic faculty, many of whom are old cricketers, is rather lenient in the matter of arrangements, and two or three half-holidays per week often find three elevens in the field, while class matches occupy the intervening days from four to six o'clock.

The culminating matches are the two with the university elevens, played alternately on each other's grounds.

Nothing is much finer than a college match on a May day on the beautiful grounds, with their greensward, their fringe of great maple-trees, their clusters of interested visitors eagerly watching the play and consulting the score-board, and, as so often comes in cricket, full of excitement in the crowning moments. The game does not set men and women wild with joy or blank with despair as football does. There is leisure and inclination for comfortable enjoyment and easy conversation, but the audience is quick to see a fine play, even if to the uninitiated it seems a very simple thing, and applause is meted out with impartiality by the same company to a good exhibition on either side.

Eleven cricketers with three substitutes were chosen to constitute the team by a committee of alumni and undergraduates. They, with a number of interested friends, embarked from Philadelphia on the *Belgenland* on June 13, the day after Commencement. The managers of the line did everything possible to make the trip pleasant, so that they reached Liverpool on the 24th in excellent physical condition and spirits. The first scheduled match was at Cheltenham on the 29th and 30th, but finding several days on their hands, they took on an extra game with Shrewsbury on the 27th. They surprised themselves and their friends at home, who always read very full accounts the next morning in the Philadelphia papers, by running up a score of 181 for 3 wickets, of which Captain Lester had secured 96, when they declared the innings closed and sent their opponents to the bat. When the time was up they had accumulated 72, also for 3 wickets, leaving the advantage on the side of the Americans.



HAVERFORD CRICKET SHED FOR IN-DOOR PRACTICE.

At Cheltenham the Haverfordians went first to the bat, securing 154 and 156 in the two innings; Cheltenham had 230 in the first innings and 85 for 4 wickets in the second, thus winning the game by 6 wickets. Wood and Wistar played excellent cricket.

Winchester made 133 and 176 (declared) in her two innings, and Haverford 119 and 65 for 3 wickets, thus leaving it a drawn game in Winchester's favor. The feature of the playing was the work of Scattergood behind the wickets, he being responsible for the overthrow of four of the Wykehamists.

Special interest attached to the Rugby match because of the universal knowledge of the school in America, and because it was played on the Fourth of July. Haverford went first to the bat, and maintained themselves till within two hours of the conclusion of the time, making 261 runs. Of these Captain Lester contributed 135 and Scattergood 44, both not out. The Rugbeians by slow and steady play converted the game into a draw, scoring 177 for the loss of 8 wickets.

The Haileybury game also proved a drawn one. Haverford first made 245 for 3 wickets, of which Mifflin's 86 and Adams's 123 were responsible for nearly all. They then declared the innings closed, hoping to witness the downfall of Haileybury's wickets within the limits of the time. In this they were disappointed, as 137 runs for the loss of 8 wickets was the record of their opponents.

The Marlborough match was also technically drawn, on account of the rain. It was a two days' match, but only one innings was played by each eleven, the score standing Marlborough, 230; Haverford, 273. Adams's 78 and Lester's 91 were the principal features.

A selected eleven from the Marylebone Club of London next met the Haverfordians in a one-day match at Lord's famous grounds. The Englishmen made 169 and the Haverfordians 373, being thus easy winners by 204 runs. There was almost uniformly good scoring, led by Lester for 105 and Howson for 42, with Mifflin, Adams, Wistar, Hinchman, and Scattergood all over their quarter-centuries. The Marylebone men were good batsmen, but not so good in the field. The Haverfordians fielded sharply and neglected no opportunities.

The Americans had now played cricket and travelled incessantly for about two weeks. They were almost exhausted, and fortunately their schedule allowed them a week of rest to visit the Eton-Harrow and Gentlemen-Players matches at Lord's. They there received every hospitality, and witnessed the great concourse of fashion that annually assembles on these occasions. They also spent their spare time in sight-seeing, and this in the great heat was not good training for future cricket.

On resuming play Haverford was badly beaten by Uppingham, making only 131 against 347 for 6 wickets for the Englishmen. They felt better, however, after a two days' match with Repton, which they won by an innings and 27 runs—123 and 131 for the Reptonians against 281 for the American collegians. Lester made 91, Hinchman, 46, and Scattergood, 51, while Adams distinguished himself as a bowler.

The next match was with Harrow, where they made a pitiful exhibition. One of those disastrous series of failures characteristic of cricket set in, and Harrow found no difficulty in putting them out for the small scores of 81 and 33, making herself 230 for 4 wickets. This was the most disastrous defeat of the trip.

The Charterhouse one-day match which immediately followed was a victory, 174 runs to 82.

The Eton game was a draw. Probably fortunately for the Haverfordians, the time expired before the first innings was concluded, leaving the score Haverford, 152; Eton, 118 for 2 wickets.

At Clifton there was another draw decidedly in favor of the English team—Haverford, 145; Clifton, 400 for 2 wickets. They were only saved from defeat by most careful and steady cricket, by which they prevented what at one time seemed inevitable.

They were defeated by the small margin of 37 runs by Malvern in a closely contested two days' match.

The last two games were scheduled with Oxford and Cambridge universities. The former, however, failed to come off, because the captain found it impossible to collect his eleven during the long vacation. A Cambridge team afforded the opportunity for an excellent finish to the tour. Cambridge had two innings, which yielded 202 and 109, and Haverford one, which brought in 334, of which Captain Lester contributed 136. Adams carried the honors in bowling, securing 14 Cambridge wickets in the two innings.

The record stands thus: Haverford won 4 games, lost 4, and 7 were drawn. Of the seven, four would probably have been Haverford victories and three almost certainly defeats. The Haverford eleven therefore stands about midway among those of the best cricketing schools and colleges of England. Unquestionably inferior to the best, but taking a fair rank among the others. One superior bowler added to the team would have given her an excellent place among them all.

Haverford people are amply satisfied with this showing in their little college. They know their standing, and that in the game which they have been playing and enjoying for half a century they are not ridiculously inferior. The many misgivings with which the trip was launched have been proved ill-founded. The much larger numbers, the longer and better training of the English cricketers, have not made them invincible at all points.

In the matter of individual scores Lester's batting average was 79, he having on the trip made a total of 1185 runs. Adams's average was 29; Scattergood's, 22; Coca's and Mifflin's, 14; Hinchman's and Howson's, 12. As so often has been observed in cricket, which requires a combination of physical and mental powers, the best players are nearly all excellent students.

Nothing could exceed the generous hospitality accorded to the visitors. The two teams would dine with the head master after the game. The Americans were lodged and fed in the houses of the masters during their stay about the colleges, and pressing invitations were given to make this stay cover any intervening time between the matches. Coach drives, garden parties, and concerts were given to interest them, and American curiosity concerning the old customs and traditions which exist at such historic schools as Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby was afforded every opportunity for gratification. Apart from the cricket the trip proved a most delightful one.

I. S.

AMATEUR SPORT

The question of yacht-racing for cash prizes has from time to time created much unevenly divided though earnest discussion among yachtsmen hereabouts. The matter has never been considered officially, or even seriously, by any of the clubs, simply because the preponderance of the opinion is against disturbing American traditions by hanging up a purse in place of the time-honored cup. This sentiment is, of course, as well known as it is sound; therefore to exploit for mere argument that on which the majority are agreed would be a pointless enterprise indeed. Fugitive paragraphs based on superficial and wholly mistaken premises find their way into the provincial press and create incorrect impressions, but the fact remains that yachtsmen—not mere yacht-owners, and the distinction is decided—along the Atlantic coast are united in opposition to racing for cash.

The class which favors the substitution of purses for plate is small, and its influence inconsequential. It is chiefly composed of men whose wealth and yachting proclivities are of recent acquisition. They have bought yachts because yachts are the means to luxurious and therefore popular entertainment, and they have gone in for racing because it is an agreeable and oftentimes exciting medium of self-advertisement. These men invest in yachts for the same purpose that seven men out of ten buy horses, to wit:—as means of locomotion, or to satisfy the desire for an "establishment" commensurate with their income. But as for sport!—as for appreciating the ethics of amateur competition!—we must not for a generation or two expect so much. As yet they are neither yachtsmen nor sportsmen.

A number of American yacht-owners have raced privately for money, but if the Larchmont, the New York, the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, or the Eastern yacht clubs have ever hung up a purse instead of plate, the fact has not been given publicity. The nearest approach to such innovation has been made by the New York Club in its "Autumn Sweepstakes" races, and the fact of this club being so prominently before the public, because of its age and custodianship of the *America's* Cup, attracts to its actions more than ordinary attention. For the self-same reason extreme caution should control all actions. The particular departure in this instance was a clause on the club's official announcement sent by the Regatta Committee to club members, and reading, "In each division two-thirds of the entrance money [the entrance fee being $25 each] will go to the winner, and one-third to the second boat."

Undoubtedly the inception of this scheme of making a sweepstakes out of the entrance fees was a desire to provide prize-money for the crews of the successful boats. The offering of handsome cups for first and second winners in each class clearly shows the Regatta Committee had no other plan in view—and an excellent one it is, too, in the abstract. However, as there is so much ignorance on the subject of sporting ethics, it would simplify such matters and leave no room for perverted deductions if the New York Yacht Club's Regatta Committee would, on future circular announcements, correct that clause to read, "In each division, two-thirds of the entrance money will go to the owner of the winning boat for distribution among the paid members of his crew, and one-third to the second boat for similar use." This may sound like advising arbitrary measures, but those to whom the welfare of our sport is nearest, and whose judgment is clearest, are agreed that in our sporting development there should be no opportunity for equivocal conclusions.

As for the institution of cash prizes!—there is absolutely nothing to commend and enough to condemn in the exaltation of a yachting fetich so meretricious. English yachting, in which racing for cash is tolerated, is continuously cited as precedent by those who accept merely what they see, and know nothing of, or, knowing, ignore the totally dissimilar sporting traditions and atmosphere of the two countries. Customs prevailing there would, if brought here, lead to scandalous abuse and eventual disgrace, if not dissolution. That is not wholly because the customs themselves are so reprehensible, but because of the varying dispositions of the two peoples. The Englishman has been trained to sport from his cradle; to us it is a comparative novelty. He knows intuitively where to draw the dividing-line between sport and business. We do not. He accepts his games (of course I speak of the average Englishman) as recreative diversions that provide health and sport, and he stops short of turning his play into work. We plunge into our play with that concentrated intensity which recognizes nothing worth while except the winning.

I cannot make my meaning clearer perhaps, nor illustrate the difference between Englishmen and Americans at play better, than by saying,—at Oxford and Cambridge universities there are no athletic rules prohibiting the bringing back of star performers to strengthen football elevens or crews, or forbidding illegitimate athletic recruiting, and yet such offence is very rarely, almost never, committed. At our American universities there are for every branch of athletics codes of rules that cover every possible exigency; that recite at sickening length what the college athlete may not do, and what will happen to him if he does, and yet it requires the constant and co-operative vigilance of faculty, athletic committees, and graduate advisers to have those rules respected.

Now why? Is the American boy or man more vicious at heart than the Englishman? My study of specimens on both sides the Atlantic has not so taught me. No; the reason is that the Englishmen go into sport to play, and we go into sport to win. So our *alumni*, who are old enough to have more sense, impress the athletic managers, and the managers adjure the coaches, and the coaches exhort the captains and players, and the rules are strained and twisted and sometimes broken, to find an opening the rival has not found,—and to win.

The deadly business of winning is the curse of American college sport. It is that which is accountable for professional trainers, professional coaches, professional managers, and other things professional in character, of which the sending of twenty odd football candidates, for a month's preliminary practice, to a hotel hired for the purpose, is, at present, the most patent illustration at hand. But of this more anon.

So it would be in yachting. It is altogether illogical to assume that all long-established customs of sporting England can be transplanted without modification to the United States and operate healthfully for our athletic institutions.

We may speak the same language, but we are as little alike in disposition as are the Germans and the French.

Moreover, even in England cash prizes in yachting, golfing for wagers, and indirectly remunerating "amateur" cricketers are this very day creating considerable discussion, and meeting much adverse criticism.

The whole question of dollars and cents in amateur sport is having a thorough overhauling wherever in the civilized world sport is an institution. Why, therefore, should we, the youngest and most progressive of all nations, for a moment consider the adoption of customs which others, after years of trial, are abandoning as unwholesome and undesirable?

If our ethical education is deficient, surely our perspicacity is not impaired!

There is yet another argument advanced by the minority in justification of yacht-racing for cash, viz., the partial reimbursement of the yachtsmen's expenses during the racing season. I scarcely know whether to consider seriously so specious a plea. Its only parallel in sporting history is the supplication made by the North of England Rugby football-players to the Union. They first asked pay from their respective clubs for the time lost from their trades or shops in practice and match-play. The clubs acquiesced for fear of losing good players, and then, coupled with a threat of secession, demanded license of the Rugby Union for transgressions already committed. The Union not only stood firm, but banished the offending clubs, which at once organized for professional football.

And the lesson may be found in the present condition of Rugby football in the North of England. The interest of sportsmen has been lost to the game; the clubs, once prosperous, are put to daily struggle to meet increased and increasing expenses, and there is no health in the sport. We of America need not seek in England examples of the vitiating influence of semi-professionalism. We can find them within a one-hundred-mile radius of New York. There is unquestioned evidence of what it has done for club baseball, club football, and club track athletics.

Should a man actively engage in amateur sport with the expectation of being reimbursed for his time or outlay? If he should, then all the canons that have guided us through generations of athletic endeavor have been at fault, and the very essence of amateur sport is destroyed. No man is obligated to engage in sport of any kind. If he cannot spare the time from his trade or his desk to play football or baseball or to run or to jump, certainly he is unwise to jeopard his commercial career by neglecting business for sport. But is any reason furnished in this illustration why the ethics of amateur sport should be outraged so that a given individual may indulge his athletic propensities? It is unfortunate, of course, if a man has the inclination for big-yacht racing and lacks the income to permit a full enjoyment of his taste. But must purses be provided and the traditions of Corinthian yachting be violated for such as these? There are others.

Many of us would like a box at the opera, and a large cold bottle and a small hot bird afterwards, but we appease our sybaritic tastes with a rarebit and a bottle of beer. And our appreciation of the opera is none the less.

If our alleged yachtsman cannot afford the maintenance of a racing ninety-footer, there are many other classes within his means, mayhap, which will supply his desire for sport—if it is sport he really seeks—and fully test his skill as a sailor-man. He would be much more the sportsman in racing a cat-boat for pewter mugs than purse-hunting in a ninety-footer.

However, there is no danger of cash-prize giving being established in America. The prominent yacht clubs, all sportsmen, and the best class of yachtsmen are resolutely opposed to it. If our purse-hunting yacht-owners want a chance to even up the expenses of the racing season, they had best hurry over to England before the cash-prize system is forsaken, or get into next year's inter-lake championship deal between Toronto and Chicago.

There remains one other side of this cash-prize question to touch upon before we may cast the subject aside as fairly exhausted. And that is the status of the man who accepts money as the reward of his winning. Nothing so dolorously demonstrates our crudity in sport as the affirmation, by some who ought to know better, that a man may accept a money prize in one branch of sport and remain an amateur, while in another to receive cash is to become a professional.

It is advanced that a man continues to be an amateur until he makes his living by a particular sport; then he becomes a professional. A truly wondrous definition. Were it generally accepted, we should have so perplexing a state of affairs as even the most discerning cash-prize advocate could not disentangle.

On such a basis professionals in America would be scarce. John L. Sullivan would have been a professional but a few years of his long pugilistic career. Corbett would be an amateur boxer while engaged in his dramatic vocation, and a professional on such occasional times as he pursued his pugilistic avocations. Indeed, there would be considerable just doubt as to whether Corbett might at any time be declared a professional, since a man who fights for money but two or three times in five years can hardly be said to make his living out of pugilism. Outside of the League baseball-players, the jockeys, trainers, and instructors, and a small number of pugilists, there are very few men indeed who make their living out of sport. The professional runners and scullers and pugilists, with rare exceptions, all have some trade or other industrial occupation upon which they really depend for livelihood.

And what would be the state of college and club amateur sport if such an insane definition obtained? Football and baseball elevens and nines might be gathered hither and yon, track-athletic honors awarded to the club or college having the most corpulent treasury. And that would be amateur sport, by the grace of those wise gentlemen, the cash-prize advocates! Is it possible that human beings having the average amount of common-sense allotted to mankind can advance such idiotic theories and ask serious consideration of them?

What is an amateur? What is the incontrovertible distinction between an amateur and a professional wherever civilized man has his abode? Obviously that one plays for sport and the other plays for gain. There are no degrees in amateurism. It makes no difference in the classification whether a man plays for one dollar or for one hundred. Whether he be the son of a millionaire or the son of a mechanic. It is the spirit that reveals his true status. It matters not whether he shoots pigeons, sails a yacht, runs a foot-race, rides a horse-race, plays football, golf, tennis, racquets, baseball, polo, or enters the pugilistic ring; if he accepts money as the reward of his winning, he is a professional. It is the character of the prize and not the character of the game that determines his status.

The idea advanced by some, that a man may bet on himself and not forfeit his amateur status, because if he wins he takes in his own money, is a ridiculous subterfuge. If he wins he takes in his opponent's money, naturally, and that is a money reward for his play. Or I suppose these sophists would advance the rubbish that if he loses he remains an amateur because he gets no part of the pot. If a man plays for money he is quite as much a professional whether he wins or loses.

All these matters are fairly well understood and adjusted in this country. New rules touching the amateur definition are making in golf, the cash prize is an impossibility in general yacht-racing, and the trap-shooters have long since been given over to the professional ranks.

That was a splendid lesson in sportsmanship which Mr. Henry W. Harris administered to Mr. W. Gould Brokaw last Friday.

The two schooners of these yachtsmen, *Quissetta* and *Amorita*, are matched for a best two out of three races for a special silver trophy offered by the Larchmont Yacht Club. On Thursday, the first day of the race, *Amorita* (Brokaw, owner) deliberately luffed into *Quissetta* as she was going about under *Amorita's* stern, breaking *Quissetta's* bowsprit, and leaving her helpless at a time when she was the winning boat. Mr. Brokaw kept right on, finishing the course and claiming the race. The Regatta Committee, however, disqualified *Amorita* and, as *Quissetta* did not finish, ordered the race resailed.

On Friday *Amorita* parted her bobstay, which let her bowsprit and all her head sails go by the board, and disabled her as effectually as *Quissetta* had been the preceding day. At the time of the accident to *Amorita*, *Quissetta* was again the winning boat. But Mr. Harris did not keep on; he declined to take advantage of Mr. Brokaw's misfortune; he had no wish to win over a crippled opponent. So he withdrew from the race.

On Saturday a third and successful attempt was made to sail the first race of the series, and *Quissetta* won easily by nearly five minutes without her allowance of 3 m. 16 sec.

The Lenox Golf Links seems particularly to the liking of Mr. A. H. Fenn. It was there, if I remember correctly, he made his first successful tournament appearance in the North, and again he has come and conquered. He won the Sloane Cup by a score of 85, establishing a new record of 44 in the first round, on the opening day of the Lenox tournament, and closed the week by winning the Lenox Cup, a $500 trophy to be played for annually over 36 holes.

The first round for the Lenox Cup found Cutting in fine fettle, and Fenn not up to his Sloane-Cup form and in rather hard luck besides. Cutting made the course in 192, thereby winning the prize for best score. Q. A. Shaw was a strong rival, and returned a score of 193. Fenn did no better than 199; Leeds fell off considerably, and was sixth, with a record of 206. The wind blew, and the course was very muddy.

The exciting match of the second round was furnished by Winthrop Rutherford and George M. Smith, the latter winning 1 up. Smith proved his form was not haphazard by beating Sweny the same day 3 up. The surprise of the round was provided by J. Barker, who, to the wonder of the on-lookers, put Shaw out of the game, 2 up, and subsequently beat Kerr easily, 5 up. Fenn regained his form and won from Leeds, 6 up, 5 to play.

This left the semi-finals to be played between Fenn, Barker, Smith, and W. B. Cutting, Jun.

Barker made a hard fight for victory over Fenn, and started off encouragingly by winning the first hole. The best golf of the day was shown in their match, the flight of the ball being particularly accurate on the drives. Fenn finally won, however, by 2 up.

The other contest in the semi-finals—between Cutting and Smith—was not so interesting. Indeed it was rather disappointing, since Smith's good showing against Sweny had presaged an exciting contest with Cutting. But Cutting outplayed him at every hole and eventually won, 7 up, 5 to play.

With another year of experience Cutting, who is but eighteen years old, will in all probability be equal to defending the Lenox Cup successfully against Mr. Fenn or most any other challenger. His form is strong in about every department of the game, his approach shots, probably the most important, being especially good.

The final round between him and Fenn revealed the best golf of the week, and was closely contested from first to last; so closely that at the 33d hole they were even up; at the 34th Fenn made a remarkable putt of 30 feet, winning the hole, and being 1 up in 34 holes. Fenn won the 35th hole by another long putt, and the match by 2 up and 1 to play.

All round, the Lenox golfing week was very successful. The entry list was the best this autumn, and the golf proportionately good.

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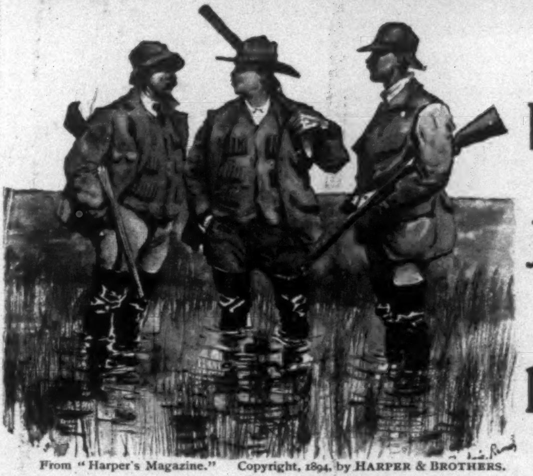

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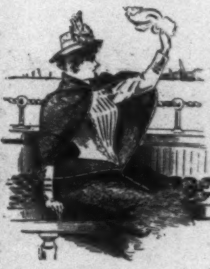

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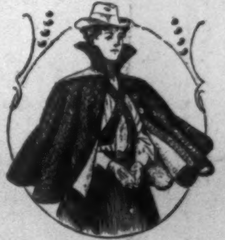

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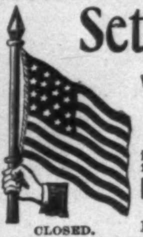

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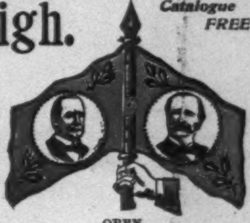

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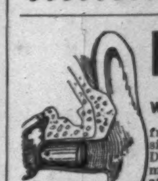

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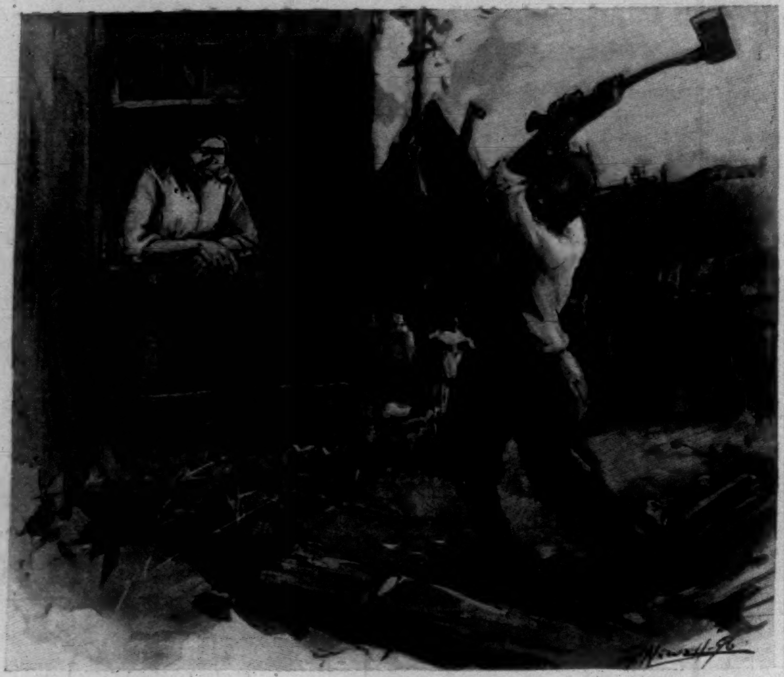

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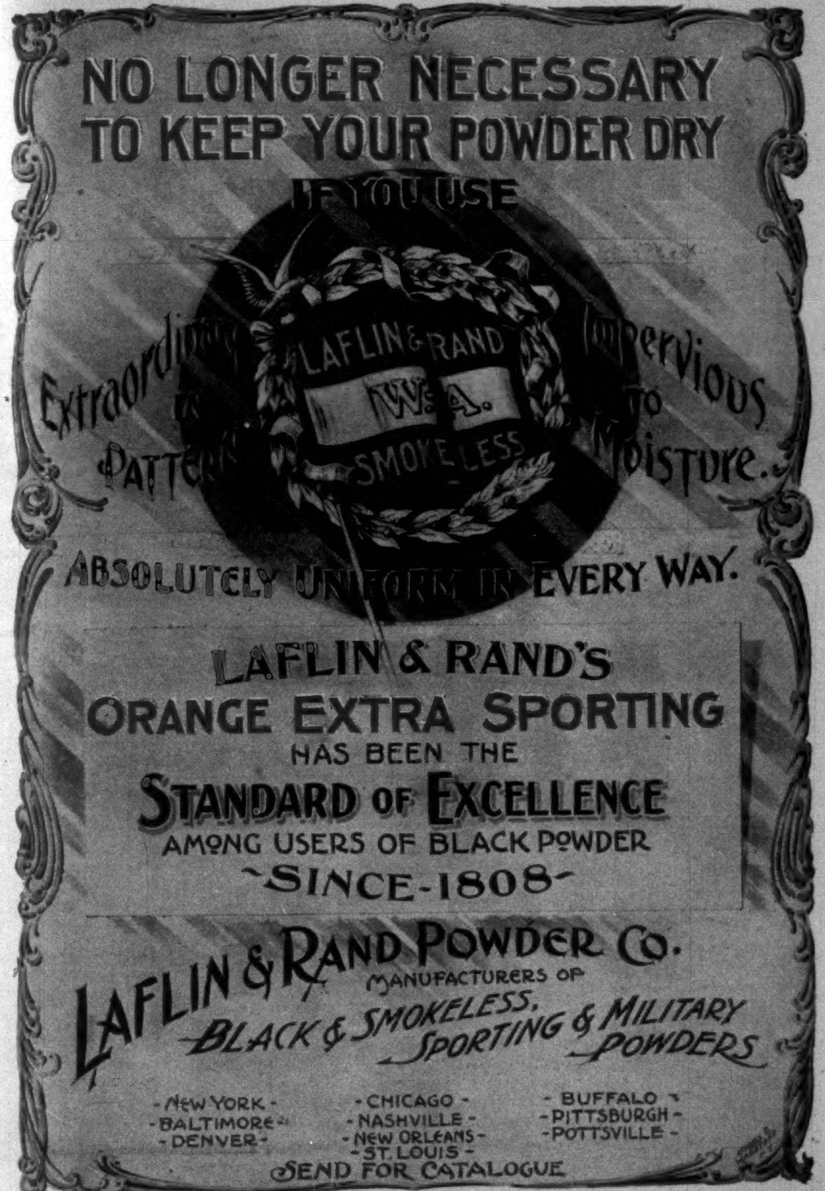

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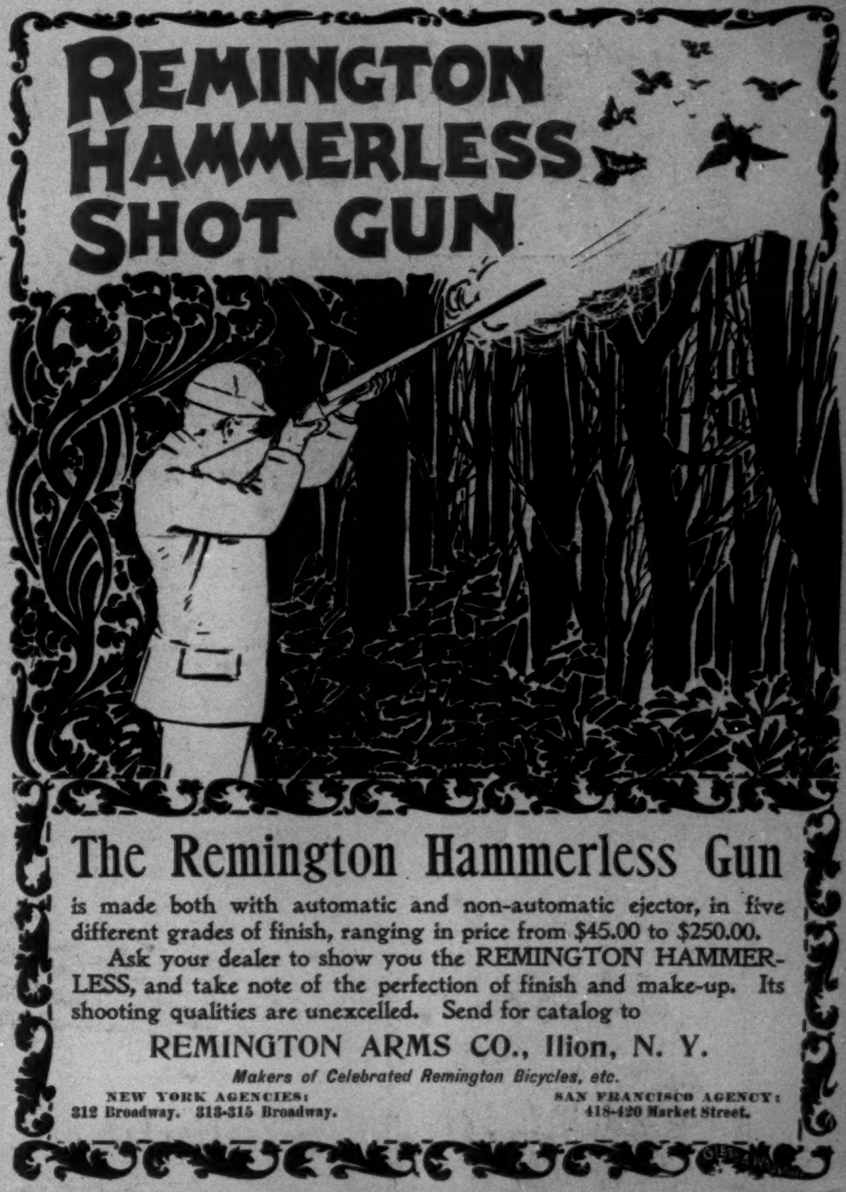

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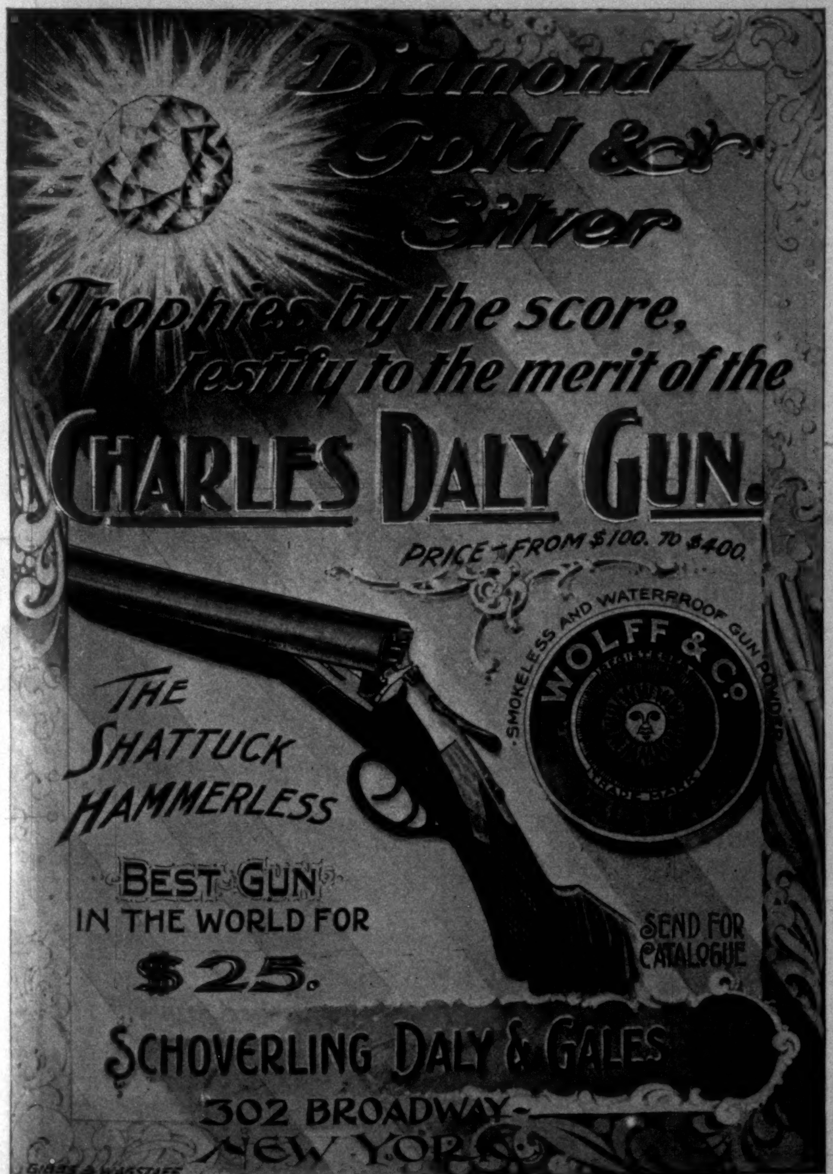

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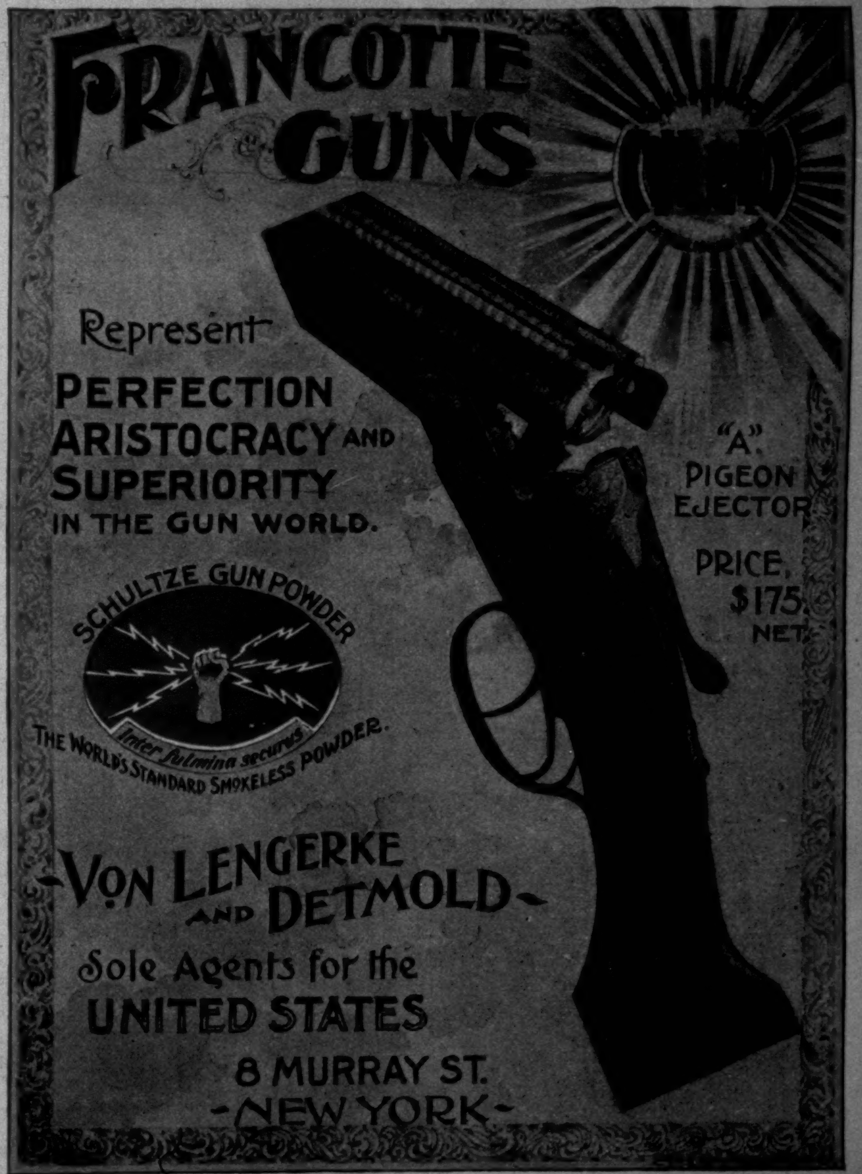

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